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BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE MYSTERY OF SHUBAEL WYER.

BY W. H. MACY.

THOSE who now visit the little island of Nantucket for aquatic sport and recreation during the heated term can scarcely imagine the place to have been the mart of industry that it was forty yerrs ago. In the days of my boyhood, we had never heard of such innovations as water-pipes under our streets, or a narrow-gauge railroad along our sea-shore to meet the requirements of elegant leisure or to carry on the work of active idleness. But our well kept wharves were then lined with stout ships, arriving from and departing upon long voyages, while the fleet of fore-and-afters in the coasting trade far exceeded in number the fleet of little pleasure boats which now, with the exception of a solitary steamer, are the only craft that vex the waters of our harbor. The boys, in those days, took to the water as naturally as ducks, and many of us became practical boatmen before we were stout enough to get a berth for a voyage round Cape Horn. Half a dozen of us "North-Shorers" who were sworn friends and comrades in all sorts or aquatic adventures had scraped our united savings into a common stock and bought an old whale-boat for a few dollars, and by hook or by crook, had picked up a complement of old oars for her.

The Sea-Shell—for she answered to that name in large Roman capitals rudely done in red chalk both upon her bow and quarter—had made a voyage quite round the globe before she came into our ownership; and had encountered some hard knocks in her many battles with leviathan. But scarred and patched as she was, no champions of Harvard or Yale were ever more proud of their gaudy craft on a racing day than we were of the Sea-Shell when we pulled away out beyond the Bar to test her qualities in a seaway, and pulled all the way back again with hungry stomaches and blistered hands, declaring that she was the most perfect seaboat that ever swam, and as to her leaking, why one boy could keep her free and not bail more than half the time. Many were the cruises we made up harbor in this old boat, often visiting the old hut of Abraham Quady, the half-breed, who was the last know descendant of the once powerful Nantucket tribe.

But even Abraham himself, possessing as he did the strongly marked characteristics of the Indian race, was not invested with more interest in our juvenile minds than was old Shubael Wyer, the hermit of Coatue. It was plain enough to us that Shubael was of our own Caucasian stock, and it was even said that he had some near relatives in town, but they never talked of relationship, while he himself avoided the haunts of men and seldom went out of sight of his own queer little home. We could never have any words with him, for as often as we appeared we were warned off by gestures unmistakable, showing that no communication was desired, and the sinister appearance of the man, added to the fact that he never stirred abroad without a gun or a long heavy rake for digging quahaugs, usually carrying both, was sufficient to enforce his warning and keep boys hovering off at a respectful distance.

We could make him out tall, cadaverous, wary-looking old man, with an aquiline cast of countenance and heavy gray beard. In the summer-time, the season when our visit that way were most frequent, we always saw him in his shirt-sleeves, with his gaunt arms bared to the shoulders, and his grizzly head topped by a broad Payta hat, or a slouched Sou'wester according as the weather might be sunny or overcast. Often when cruising around the point or lying on our oars, we heard the crack of his fowling-piece in the distance; at least we always gave him credit for all the shots we heard fired, for no one ever poached upon his manor, and he had become, so far as a certain extent of beach was concerned, a sort of Selkirk, "monarch of all he surveyed." We thought Coatue Point was about the last place that any civilized man should have chosen for a dwelling, but that was his own affair, and if our parents knew anything of the man's past history, they did not choose to be communinative to the younger member of the family.

Shubael's shanty in which he dwelt, though not commodious in size, looked as if it might be comfortable enough. I used to think that to see the interior of it I would have given anything I possessed except perhaps my undivided fractional interest in the Sea-Shell. Old Wyer had a small dory or skiff of his own in which he came across the harbor to town when necessary to purchase supplies; but this was very seldom, for he picked up most of his living from the sea, the air, and the sands of the beach, and would purchase enough at one of his visit to last him for a considerable period. He paid for everything in gold, gave brief and cold answeres to all questions, wasted no words, and never asked for aid or charity from any, man or woman. He was surly and rude to all who came near his hermitage to gratify curiosity, and gave every one to understand that he desired to be left entirely alone.

Of course it seemed to us boys that he must have lived in this manner from time immemorial and might still continue to do so for another century; but the real fact was that this Crusoe life covered only the last twenty years of Shubael Wyer's earthly career. And at last one day, when we were out in the Sea-Shell,—that was when I was forteen, the last summer before I shipped for my first Cape Horn voyage,—on approaching Coatue Point, we saw some one on the beach near the shanty, making the most frantic signals for us to draw near, but the figure was not that of old Wyer himself. Obeying the call, we ventured in, and soon made it out to be Harvey Burgess, a young man well known to us all. He explained that old Wyer was lying in his house stricken down with paralysis, and urged us to pull for the town as fast as possible. He did not think much could be done even by old Doctor Bartlett with all his reputed skill, for it seemed to be a death stroke with the old hermit, but at any rate no time was to be lost. He, Burgess, had come over to Coatue on a gunning cruise, and it was by the merest accident that he had learned the truth. His own skiff was a long way further up the Point, where he had first landed, and besides with our whale-boat and full crew we could make much greater haste, while he himself would remain with the helpless man until the doctor's arrival.

We waited no second bidding, for our generous sympathies lent strength to our young muscles. A human being, even though it was old Shubael Wyer, was in need of medical, and the Sea-Shell had never skimmed the smooth waters of the harbor more swiftly since her boy owners rowed her, than she did on that morning.

When she touched the dock I jumped ashore and ran at full speed for Dr. Bartlett's house, while my companions remained by the boat ready for a start. I was lucky enough to find the doctor at home, and in a very few minutes we were on our return; but although doing our very best, death had not delayed his work to await our coming. The old physician at a glance and a touch pronounced the patient to be quite dead.

"But a little sooner or later would have made no difference," he said. "He was probably beyond any skill of mine even when you first discovered him. By the way, how did it happen? For I think it was seldom that any person but Wyer himself ever entered this door."

"Why, I was shooting about here, and it struck me as a little queer that I did not see the hermit abroad with his gun as he always had been before at that hour, and it occurred to me that perhaps he might be ailing in some way, and I ventured to come and try the door of the shanty. I found him here on his bed, alive, but looking very much as he does now, and he has shown no signs of consciousness at any moment since."

"And now, doctor," continued Burgess, "do you know anything of his history? Of course he is a puzzle to all the young folks, though it is said that he is a native and has relatives here."

"So he has," replied the doctor. "But he hasn't troubled himself about them for many years, nor they about him. I knew Shubael Wyer when he was a smart young man, and he commanded a ship when about twenty-six years old, but I know nothing of the middle period of his life, and cannot say why he came here to bury himself in a desert. I have had some surmises on the subject, but don't know anything that I would care to put into words. If you will stay a while with the body, Mr. Burgess, I'll employ these lads to take me back to town, and I will then report to the coroner, and also notify some of Wyer's relatives."

The scene in the shanty that day left a strong impression which was anything but a pleasant one upon my memory. The romance connected with its interior where I had so long desired to get a peep was now quite dissipated, for everything was so common-place and insignificant to say nothing of the disorder and dirt. But there was a stove in which there had been a fire that morning, and there were provisions in the house, so that nothing indicated want or distress, and it would seem that the hermit had always lived comfortably enough in his way. But the principal object that fascinated me was the old man lying there in a half-doubled-up attitude with the tangled gray hair and beard partially masking the distored features of the face. He was dressed as if ready to start out, and everything showed that he had risen that morning in his usual health, and been suddenly stricken down. There was a kind of hideous attraction about the scene from which it seemed an effort to tear myself away, and yet I was not sorry to breathe the outer air and to be again afloat on our return.

That night at dusk when we made fast the Sea-Shell at her moorings, I lingered on the wharf for a yarn with old Zimri Clark, the watchman, who had come on duty for the night. Uncle Zimre was a veteran mariner who had had his share of beating the seas from Cape Horn to Kamtschatka in the days of his youth, but was hale, hearty and alert at threescore and ten. He was always ready with some story of adventure such as boys delight in, and did not mind beguiling the time in that way while he guarded the property on the wharf against fire and night prowlers. Thus I often used to walk back and forth with him for an hour or two, keeping close to his side and listening with greedy ears.

On this occasion I was full of importance as I related to him the adventure of the morning, and enlarged upon all I knew concerning the death of old Wyer. He listened to it all with only a nod of the head now and then, and when I had finished he only replied:—

"Well, I reckon it has been a rough voyage with him for the last forty-five years or so, and I'm glad for him that it is ended. It isn't easy for us short-sighted mortals to say what sort of port he'll make at the end of it."

"Why, do you really know anything about his life, Uncle Zimri?" I asked with eager curiosity. "Do you know any reason that he had for living that way like Robinson Crusoe?"

"Why, yes," returned the old man a little curiously. "I suppose I do. I should say, as Doctor Bartlett did, that I know little about the middle part of his life beyond what has been picked up from casual rumor; but, as a young man, I knew Shubael Wyer for as smart a fellow as ever jumped. I sailed a voyage with him, and I know the very day that he put the blot on his log-book."

"Oh! he did something wicked then that clung to him ever afterwards," said I, for I was quite accustomed to Uncle Zimri's nautical figures of speech, and generally understood their meaning pretty well.

"Yes, it was remorse that charged the whole drift of his life. No one knows that better than I do, for I was nearer to him and more associated with him than any one else at the time of his great wrong. But there are enough elderly people here, who, like the doctor, guess at the fact in a vague and general way; but never care to talk about it. But now that the man has gone, I suppose it doesn't matter so much, and I suppose the case will be generally talked over, so I may as well tell you how it was."

I kept closer than ever to the side of Uncle Zimri as we paced back and forth across the wharf, at a point where we could see way up into the street, and could not fail to see any person coming down, while he proceeded to relate the story of old Wyer, which I shall give substantianally in his own words.

It was in the year '94 that I arrived home from my last voyage to Walwich Bay, in the old Faith, and felt not a little proud when I was offered a second mate's berth in the Jasper, then fitting to go into the Pacific Ocean. It was only three years before, that the Beaver had made the pioneer trip round Cape Horn, but since then several ship had been that route, and returned with good fares, reporting abundance of both sperm and right whales in the Pacific. The Jasper was a good stout ship, and well appointed; for Shubael Wyer, who was to command her, had the name of a crack whaleman, although a young man, but two years older than myself, and Peter Joy, whom he had shipped as his mate, was also a high-killer, and was well known to me, for I had made a short voyage with him to the coast of Brazil. Sixteen hundred barrels would fill the Jasper, for we did not build large ships for the business in those days, and we apprehended no difficulty in soon getting the quantity of oil where whales were plenty.

Mr. Joy had been married, a few weeks before we sailed, to Dinah Bunker, who was one of the best as well as the prettiest girls of her generation, and that is saying enough. I don't think we have improved any upon women-kind since that day. Of all who were present at the wedding, Captain Wyer was the most discontented and disappointed man, though he tried his best to hide it.

He had offered himself to Dinah, but she was firm in declining his offer, because she preferred and really loved the young man who was going out as his mate. So the captain apparently swallowed his disappointment like a man, and no one had cause to suppose that he would not in time make up his mind, like most others in such cases, that there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

Well, we had a good passage round the Horn in the Jasper, and our voyage was now in a fair way to be a prosperous one if we struck down among the sperm whales off the coast of Chili.

We got on very well together in our end of the ship, though I always fancied that dark and bitter thoughts showed themselves in the old man's face whenever Mr. Joy happened to talk about his wife. I suppose you know, my boy, that "the old man" means the captain of the ship—that is, of your own ship that you belong to—and he is always called so, even by men old enough to be his father. Sometimes when sitting at the cabin table in the first watch below, Mr. Joy would get the picture of Dinah out of his sea-chest, look at it a while so fond and proud-like, and the old man would always take it and look at it too, and his eyes would flash, and then I always fancied I could read the dark and bitter thoughts stirring in him. The picture, I must say, was a very good likeness, though it was only a painted daub, for this new idea of making the sun paint your pictures had not been thought of in those days. In less than a year after we doubled the Horn; we had our hold nearly full of sperm oil, and wanted only two or three whales to chock off the hatchways and then point the Jasper's head toward home. We had worked way off shore, and were cruising far to the westward of Masafuera, when we spoke the Leander, only five months from home, and got some letters.

Mr. Joy had one, of course, from his young wife, and he was so delighted with it, that he read the most of it aloud, in her very words, in the hearing of the captain. And while the mate was on deck that night, I myself saw the old man go and get the letter out of the mate's stateroom, and read it all through, and when he had finished and put the letter back in its place, there was a look on his face such as I had never seen on a human face before, as if the very Evil One himself had full possession of him.

I thought I would tell Mr. Joy of his meanness as soon as the watch was relieved at midnight; but then I took a second thought, and determined to put it off, as some future time would do just as well, and it was of no use stirring up a row between them.

The next day we raised a school of whales, and all three boats went down in chase of them, everybody in high spirits at the prospect of soon having a full ship. The old man struck the first whale, a forty-barrel bull, and Mr. Joy was soon harnessed to another, which proved to be a racer, and started off to windward with him, making such speed that a stern chase seemed out of the question. As the rest of the school had made off out of sight, I soon gave up pulling to windward, and turned my attention to helping the old man.

It was nearly sundown when we got the whale killed, and the twilight was short, so that by the time we had manœuvred the ship to the whale, hauled him alongside, and

got the fluke-rope on, it was shutting down dark. The ship-keeper reported that the mate's boat when last seen was a little forward of the weather-beam, or right dead in the wind's eye from us, and that the whale was still spouting clear and strong, and working to windward.

This was before the ship had run off and luffed to again for fluking our whale. By estimation, the mate must now be at least six or seven miles to the windward of us, and our signal lantern, with its small, dim light, could not be seen by him. It was of no use trying to beat up dragging the whale in the fluke-rope, and the safest course was to lie hove-to where we were. We had, in those old days, no carriage gun to fire signals with, and, indeed, nothing bigger than a couple of old revolutionary muskets. But one thing better than all we could easily do, and this was to make a fire with scraps on the top of the try-works, and the blaze could be seen a long distance, I was about ordering this to be done, when, to my astonishment, the old man interfered, and countermanded the order.

"Don't begin to worry yet about Mr. Joy," he said in a careless tone. "Of course he can find the ship easy enough, and he has either killed his whale or cut from him, long ago. Let the men get their suppers, and all turn in but one boat's crew. I'll take the first watch myself. Keep the signal lantern up at the gaff, and that will be enough."

I looked up at the speck of light swinging aloft, and it seemed like a mockery, when I thought of men several miles off looking for it. I felt rather anxious about the mate and his boat's crew, but I must say that the old man's easy confidence had its weight with me. I knew that Peter Joy was not the man to cut from any whale so long as he had daylight to work in, but after dark he certainly would. With the fire-light on the try-works he ought to find the ship without much trouble, but without it he might just as easily go astray. When I had swallowed my hasty supper, I ventured to make the suggestion again.

"Don't fret, Mr. Clark; there is no need of bothering with any scrap-fire. He'll find us fast enough."

"If he has killed his whale, you don't think he would undertake to tow him leeward, do you, sir?"

"Not he; he isn't a fool. He has cut rom his whale, dead or alive, before this, and he will be here directly, so don't worry."

"But if he don't know positively that we have got a whale alongside, he may have killed his, and then lay by him, waiting for the ship to beat up. We ought certainly to make all the signals we can."

"Oh, of course he knows, he must have seen her manœuvring," returned the old man testily. "You can ring the bell or pound on an empty cask if you think there's any need of it. Or I'll have it done myself; you had better turn in, and I'll take the first watch."

I went below feeling somewhat anxious and dissatisfied, and soon after I heard the tolling of the ship's bell, but it was a small one compared to what our ships carry now-a-days, and could not be heard any distance, against the wind. This was continued only a few minutes, and then there was some pounding on an empty cask, but not very loud, and only by fits and starts as if nobody took much interest in it. Of course, if the officer is easy, Jack before the mast will never burden himself with much care, for his rule is to do what he is told to do, and leave responsibility to those who are better paid for it.

In a short time the noises ceased, all but the tramp of the old man's feet fore and aft the quarter deck, directly over me, and as I was very tired I fell asleep, though not very soundly, for I seemed to be dreaming all the time, and to be in all sorts of queer and uneasy situations.

I must have slept about two hours, for the old silver watch in Mr. Joy's stateroom pointed to ten o'clock when I awoke and jumped out of my bunk. Judging by the roll of the ship and the rushing sound, we must be running off free. Of this I was sensible as soon as I put my head a little way up the cabin stairs. I saw no one moving on deck, but presently the old man, who appeared to have been at the tiller himself, came along with the spy-glass in his hand, as he had heard me moving.

"Keep a sharp lookout forward there! I have been running off a few minutes, Mr. Clark," he said to me; "for I saw, as I thought, a small light off the lee quarter, but I have lost it again, so we may as well come to the wind, and lie still until daylight. I'll call Worth at eleven o'clock, and give you the morning watch. I haven't troubled the men, excepting one on the lookout, as

we had the cutting-geer already aloft, and there was no work to do."

I could now perceive that Captain Wyer was nervous and fidgety, that he seemed anxious to say something, he did not know what, and a horrible suspicion was growing upon me. The ship had luffed to again, for the helm had been put down just as I showed my head above deck. But why should the old man be so very considerate of his men as to be at the helm himself! He was not wont to be so as a general thing. You will understand that the ship had been lying by the whale, having, as is usual, the head-yards braced in aback, and the top-sails, excepting the mizzen, lowered down upon the lifts, so that she would lie as nearly still as possible, making only a lee drift. When I awoke, she was off before the wind, and would probably make about four knots an hour with what canvas she had, and that on a course directly away from where the mate's boat was last seen! How long she had been thus running off of course I could not know, but the old man had appeared to have the deck all to himself, and his excuses were too suspicious.

The idea of the boat's light seen off the lee quarter was too ridiculous, as a boat there would have seen our signal-lantern at the gaff long before her own light could have been seen from the ship. I again suggested making a fire on the try-works, and the old man gave his consent, but much as if he could no longer find an excuse for not allowing it. The blaze was soon started, and its glare lighted up the sea for a space around us, but where were poor Mr. Joy and his boat's crew now? There was to be no more sleep for me that night, and at eleven o'clock when Worth was called, I remained on deck with him, while the captain went below, and remained in his stateroom, brooding in the dark, but I think he never closed his eyes, for he came up several times before morning, and, indeed, after midnight he either was, or pretended to be, thoroughly alarmed. We kept up the scrap-fire all night, banged away upon the empty casks, fired the muskets, and rang the ship's bell, but this was all we could do, for it was better to lie still in one position, than to make sail and steer anywhere at random. We would be quite as likely to be running away from, as toward, our lost men.

The darkness wore away, and we had seen nothing, heard nothing of them. At the first streak of daylight, eager eyes were at the mast-heads scanning the surface of the sea, and the whole round of the horizon, but no signs of a boat were to be seen. But there were two ships in sight five or six miles under our lee, one of them boiling, as we could see the smoke from his try-fires.

The captain and I stood side by side in the maintopmast cross-trees after our scrutiny of the horizon, satisfied that the mate's boat was nowhere in sight. He seemed irresolute and undecided what to do, and as I was roused by my suspicions, I took it upon myself to speak out.

"Of course," said I, "the only thing for us to do is to cut away the whale, pack on sail, and beat up to where we were yesterday."

"But I thought," said he, "it would be as well to run off and speak these ships to leeward. They might know something about our boat."

"Nonsense!" I snapped out, forgetting in my rage all respect to my superior officer. "There isn't one chance in a million that Mr. Joy has gone away down there, and besides if either of those ships had our boat and men, wouldn't she be making all sorts of frantic signals to communicate with us?"

The captain had no logic to answer me with, and I was more and more satisfied that he had the night before basely abandoned Mr. Joy, not only by refusing to make the proper signals at nightfall, but by actually running away with the ship. But perhaps it might not yet be too late, and I resolved that all should now be done to save the mate if possible, even if I had to carry my point by open mutiny, for I felt convinced that in such a case most of the crew would support me.

I swung myself into the rigging, and came down two or three ratlines at a jump, while Captain Wyer followed me, but more slowly. I seized a long cutting spade, and rushed to the side, but for a moment I paused, and looked back at the old man.

"What say you, sir? Shall I cut away?"

"Yes, yes," he answered, in a crestfallen kind of way.

But then, as if recollecting himself, he changed his whole tone suddenly, and took charge of the work, giving the orders to masthead the topsails and make all sail.

I did not wait to unjoint the whale, but with two or three blows of the spade, cut the

strands of the fluke-rope, and our prize was given to the sharks and the sea-birds. In a few minutes we had packed on sail to our three to'gallant sails, and were lying sharp by the wind, with a good seaman at the helm, and several pairs of sharp eyes aloft, and the old Jasper was doing her best, as if she were conscious of something wrong, and wanted to make up for lost time.

All that day we beat to the windward, making short stretches, and just before sundown raised the waif of a dead whale. I lowered my boat and went to it, cut one of the irons out, and satisfied myself, by the marks upon it, that this was the same whale which Mr. Joy had struck. There was also a small waif flying on a short pole, which we knew to be ours, and this waif, as well as the fact that the line had been cut close up to the iron, showed that the mate had succeeded in killing the whale before he left him, and, in all probability, before dark.

I estimated the distance we had beat up to be not less than twenty miles, as the wind had favored us; thus making due allowance for her drift the night before, there were still some miles of distance to be accounted for. I felt quite sure now that Shubael Weyer was a murderer, and that he had been running the ship off at the very time when the mate was pulling in search of her, and that, too, with no signal but the miserable old lantern, a very mockery of darkness at the distance of a mile.

I said nothing of my thoughts to any one, nor did I hear any word spoken by others, whatever they might have thought. But no one else knew all that I did about the circumstances, and the suspicion seemed to me too horrible to be ever shapped into words.

We lay to that night, and the following two days we cruised the ground over, zigzaging on various courses, the old man now playing the hypocrite to perfection and really seeming to be quite anxious and distressed about the fate of Mr. Joy. On the third day we were all willing to give up the search, and bear away for home. We were, of course, short-handed for whaling, and we could not run into port and ship men as can be done now-a-days. But our crew was quite sufficient for merely working the ship, and we brought her home nearly full of oil, so that she made a good paying voyage after all.

During the passage the old man often talked about the loss of the mate, and seemed anxious to smooth matters over, acknowledging that he had made a mistake in not building a fire on the try-works earlier than he did, and also for running off a few minutes for what he thought was a boat's light, though he did not think this last circumstance could have made any difference. I made but little answer to all this, as it was a subject I did not care to talk about, and I was quite sure that he knew my suspicion.

It was a sad, heart-breaking day for Dinah Joy when the Jasper dropped her anchor at Nantucket Bar, and the fatal news was carried into her home. I called upon her but once during my short stay on shore, and then my speech was chiefly in praise of her husband, which I knew would please her, and I said as little as possible about the details of his loss. She, poor girl, knew that he went away from the ship in the discharge of his duty, that he never came back, that we had done what we could to find him, and that he could not be found. This, perhaps, was enough for her to be told about the sad affair.

I soon went out again as mate of the same ship, under another captain, and from the day we sailed I never saw Shubael Wyer again, until he returned here, and took the hermitage on Coatue Point, and then both he and I were elderly men. I knew, by hearsay, that he declined to go into the Pacific again, preferring a shorter voyage, and that soon after we sailed he took command of the brig Vulture for a voyage on the Brazil Banks.

He was absent rather more than a year, and on his return renewed his attentions to the Widow Joy, now that a suitable time of widowhood had passed away. As you well know, long-voyage sailors make short courtships; indeed, they must do so from the very nature of the case. A year and a half will do wonders in blunting the edge of grief, and then Shubael Wyer was called a likely man, and could get a ship whenever he might say the word. And Dinah Joy, though she had a prattling son, was still as lovely and as loving and seemingly as young as ever.

No tidings had ever been received about the lost mariner, and all hope had long ago been given up. It so happened that all the rest of the boat's crew were strangers to the island, and little was known of them, and there had been but one house of mourning in town by reason of this disaster. Now the

cloud was to be lifted from that one, and al the friends of the parties were ready to signify their approval. Surely so young a widow ought not to bury her heart forever in the depths of the Pacific Ocean, when she had a chance to do better.

The guests had already been bidden to the marriage, and the time for the ceremony was less than twenty-four hours off in the future.

Dinah and the fond captain were sitting together in her cozey little room, and talking of the new life that lay before them, when, without a word of warning, Peter Joy, in all the strength and vigor of his young manhood, stood before them.

I was not there, and if I had been, I suppose it would have been impossible to describe just what happened; but of course Dinah fell fainting into the arms of her husband, and when he was ready to turn his attention to any one else, Captain Wyer had vanished. The sea appeared literally to have given up its dead, and he had not resolution to face the man whom he had murdered. He made inquiries of one of the crew of the sloop in which his mate had just arrived from the mainland, and learned the story as they had learned it from Mr. Joy's own lips.

It appeared that having killed his whale, and perceiving by the manœuvres of the ship that she was taking another alongside, and could not possibly beat up to him, he had taken his whale in tow, expecting of course to see the fire-light directly after dark, and that another boat would be sent up to windward to meet him and assist in towing. But being disappointed when he saw and heard nothing, he had thought it prudent to abandon the whale, and try to find the ship; and he was actually pulling with might and main all the time during which I had reason to know that the Jasper was really running away from him! Two or three hours of this work was sufficient to tire and discourage his boat's crew, and then it was impossible to do anything with any chance of safety, if no one could determine whether they might be going too far or not far enough, while a deviation of a point or two from the true course would carry them quite out of all sight and sound of the ship. So the young man took the only prudent course, to heave to and lie still until daylight. When morning broke they found themselves alone on the ocean.

It was decided to make their way eastward, toward the coast, as the only chance of safety, for to run westward was only to go off into unknown seas. They could not again find their waifed whale, though they kept a sharp lookout for it, and as it was idle to think of pulling to windward, the boat was put on the southeastern tack under sail, and the most rigid allowance was put upon the very small stock of food and water. The dreadful history of the succeeding days you must imagine for yourself, for I think it would sound much like the tale of the survivors of the Essex, which I presume you have read.

When picked up four weeks later by an English ship, the mate and one other man were still alive, but in the last stages of exhaustion and weakness. The two were tenderly cared for, but one died, even after he had reached the English ship alive. Peter Joy was the sole survivor out of six; his fine constitution carried him through, and gave him strength to rally. But another day would have been too late to save even him. There had been no opportunity for him to reach home or get aboard an American vessel, and thus he had made the voyage in the English whaler, and gone home in her to London.

The sloop which brought Peter Joy to Nantucket left again next day, taking Shubael Wyer as a passenger, and from that day his history for more than twenty years is a sealed book to all of us. This strange disappearance of course caused much talk for a while; but it was a nine-days' wonder, and most people thought his disappointment in love, occurring for the second time in connection with the same woman, was sufficient explanation. He had gone away for a while to wear off the keen edge of it, and would, no doubt, soon return. But the real truth lay deeper than this. He had indeed been disappointed and thwarted in the one point which was a kind of mania with him,—his passion for Dinah Bunker. He had seen her own chosen husband restored as it were from his ocean grave, and the act for which his soul must burn with life-long remorse had involved the murder of five other men. His crime had been a wholesale one; while in its sole object it had proved an utter failure.

Peter Joy himself, in the midst of his great happiness, had many a tender thought for his old commander, for no idea of treach-

ery had ever entered his mind. He had thought it strange that he could not find the ship that night, or see any lights, but the horrible idea of having been intentionally abandoned had never entered his thoughts. He received the first hint of it from myself, when we accidentally met each other round the other side of the Horn a year or two later. Putting all the facts together, he was entirely convinced of the truth of my suspicions, but to no other person have I ever told all the circumstances until to-night, now that Wyer has gone to his final account. It was a matter which it could do no good to talk about, nor do I think that Peter Joy ever mentioned it again, unless, may be, to his wife. He and Dinah had both gone to rest, and their two sons, who are both now in command of ships, are probably as ignorant of the details as the average of our people are. Suspicious whispers there have been, which would account for the guarded words of Doctor Bartlett this morning, for others of the Jasper's crew did talk and hint, but none of them knew all of the matter.

It is rather more than twenty years since Shubael Wyer appeared here as suddenly as he had left, and immediately settled into that strange way of life at Coatue. He bought that shanty of some fellows who had put it there for convenience on gunning cruises, and he improved upon it, and also bought himself a dory. I have now and then run foul of him during his short and far-between visits to town, but he evidently knew and avoided me, and we have never exchanged a word with each other since I sailed on my second voyage in the Jasper.

It can do you no harm, my boy, to know the truth of the story; and the moral will not be thrown away upon you, I hope. You see how a man may blast his whole life by letting foolish passions get the mastery of him for a single hour, for the worm of remorse has been gnawing at Shubael Wyer's heart-strings for five-and-forty years.

The tale told by Uncle Zimri has always appeared to me like something related in confidence, and though he did not specially enjoin secrecy upon me, I have seldom spoken of it to any one.

Now that I am getting gray myself, and nearly three generations have passed on since that tragedy occurred, there can be no harm in making it public.

Whatever worldly goods the hermit left behind were taken in charge by his nearest relatives, but I think nothing of great value was found. There were queer rumors about his having been a pirate during what was called the cast-away period of his life which included all the years of his prime, and strange dreams about fabulous amounts of gold coin buried in Coatue Point after the fashion of Kyd and other free-booters of classic memory. But no such dreams were ever realized, as but a small amount of money was found among his effects. Before I went to sea the next year the shanty had been removed from the ground, and there was nothing left on that sterile neck of land to mark the site where Shubael Wyer, the man of mystery, had spent the last twenty years of his blighted life.

AT BREAK OF DAY.

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

OVER the hills with rapid strides,
He comes—the King of Day,
And from his golden chariot-wheels
The dusky clouds give way.
As in the East I read the sign,
That tells another day is mine,
My lips are framed in thankful praise
That yet I tread life's pleasant ways.

"Another day," I say, "Thank God,
Another day to feel
That on the heart of him I love,
Is yet my signet seal;"
Another day of dreams so blest
That all my fears they lull to rest,
Another day of pure delight
That leads me where there is no night.

ROB ARMSBY'S GRAVE OFFENSE.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

ALMOST everyone at Greenpoint took boarders that summer; some who regularly eked out a slender income in that way.

Mrs. Eunice Appleby because she wanted to paint her house, the Wickett girls because they wanted a new parlor carpet, and Aunt Polly Weaver, down at Pink Cove, because she "didn't see why she shouldn't have her share of whatever there was going." We wanted to, but we are the minister's family, and father thought it wouldn't do. Dorothy and I don't quite see why, but in the region where we live the minister is expected to entertain friends and strangers alike, without money and without price, and all the ministers who are traveling about in the summer, all the country conference people, and home missionaries, and the Bible agents come to our house as a matter of course. The paper on our parlor walls is dreadfully shabby, and the old hair-cloth sofa has utterly collapsed; and after we had whispered it to each other, for a while, Dorothy and I said boldly that we thought there was an attraction about boarders who paid. But father only quoted a scripture text about hospitality, and Dorothy went out and measured herself on the boys' notches in the wood-shed, to see if she wasn't tall enough to apply for the Corner school, if she wasn't quite sixteen.

But that very night father came in from the post-office with an open letter in his hand, and exclaimed:—

"Girls you've got your boarder."

But when he had dropped into his old arm-chair, and adjusted his glasses, and read the letter through, he shook his head very gravely. It was so disappointing that it seemed as if I could not bear it, and Dorothy cried out:—

"O father, can't we have him—her—it only just long enough to cover the sofa!"

Father looked at her in utter bewilderment, over his glasses, and said slowly:—

"It's a boy."

I must admit that that was a shock. There are five boys at our house, and when every one is a whole, live boy, five will go a long way. I thought by fathers face that he was considering the possible addition to the racket which disturbed his sermon writing, and as for me a vision of endless pans of gems and pop-overs rose before my eyes, but Dorothy looked from father to me with tearful appealing eyes. She said that the new paper on the Sockwood's parlor was the loveliest robins-egg blue, and added, chokingly, that that sofa would certainly go through the next time a minister sat down upon it.

Father is really worried because Dorothy thinks so much of the vanities of the world and she is such a girl to carry her point!

"He is the son of my old friend, Dr. Armsby, who is now the pastor of a New York church. The boy has been expelled from school for a grave offense—a grave offense. If I hesitate about exposing my children to his influence he wishes me to say so frankly. He doesn't say what the offense was," father's face was severe, now, as well as solemn. "I don't see my way clear"——

"You—you said it was a great opportunity when you took in that young man who drank and tried to cure him and he never paid a cent!" said Dorothy, almost sobbing.

"I will take counsil of the Lord, and of your mother," said father.

The up short of the matter was that Rob Armsby came, after two or three letters had passed between his father and ours. Whether father was told what the "grave offense" was I don't know. He didn't tell us.

Rob Armsby was a tall boy of fifteen, just the age of our Luke, but one might have thought him Luke's grandfather by his manner; he was so grave and reserved. He had very plain and rugged features and as honest gray eyes as one would wish to see. But father shook his head doubtfully when I said so; he wasn't one to judge by appearances.

Rob Armsby was evidently very unhappy; he went off by himself, and had but little to say. Although father was worried about having him associated with the boys he didn't like that; he didn't seem natural. But of course he knew that we had all heard that he had done something dreadful and were thinking of it every time that we

looked at him, and I didn't wonder that he preferred his own company. When he did open his mouth it was quite wonderful to hear him talk, he expressed himself so well for a boy; he seemed to chose just the right word without any effort, not too long ones when short ones would do, either, so his talk didn't sound in the least priggish or self-conceited. (Our boys catch all the slang that is to be heard and haven't even a proper respect for grammar). Rob came and sat with Dorothy and me in the orchard, one day, or rather he lay on the grass, near the crotch in the apple-tree where we were busy with our mending, and talked quite unreservedly, for the first time.

I couldn't help saying that I wished he would reform the slovenly speech of our boys, and teach them to talk as he did. I was afraid he might be offended, he was so reserved, but he blushed with pleasure. And then the color faded, suddenly, and a look of misery stole over his face that was pitiful to see.

"I meant to be a great lawyer or a statesman, father wanted me to be a minister; I should have been somebody—but that is all over now. I have disgraced—ruined myself." You would scarcely believe that a boy could speak in so hopeless a tone.

"How can you say so?" cried Dorothy, with tears in her eyes. "As if a little thing that a boy could do"——

"But it wasn't a little thing," said Rob, and rose and walked away.

"I don't believe it! I don't believe he did anything wrong!" cried Dorothy.

But I shook my head, sagely.

"It isn't as if we didn't know what boys are," I said.

"Oh, he may have been up to some prank, like our boy's pranks, but I don't believe he did anything wicked," insisted Dorothy, who never believed in anybody by halves.

That night we asked him to go with us on a picnic to Butternut Cove. The party was chiefly made up from Aunt Polly Weaver's house, where seven or eight boys and girls happened to be staying, and we were going to sail to the Cove in Captain Liakin Doane's boat, the Matilda, which was the fastest small boat on the coast. Rob's face brightened when I told him about the sailing. I knew that he delighted in a boat, because he had told me about one that he had owned when he used to live up on the Hudson.

"Who is going?" he asked, and I began to repeat the names of Aunt Polly Weaver's boarders.

"Perry Huyler!" he echoed, as I got to the third, and every bit of the color went out of his face, as suddenly as a candle is blown out.

"I don't see what could bring him to this out of the way place! It may be another boy of the same name."

"He's queer looking," I said. "A sort of hunchback, and very small"——

"And bow legged," he interpolated.

"And he has such a queer, high-keyed voice," I added. "His mother is an invalid, and came here for quiet, Mrs. Janeway, who came with her, was here last summer—and she has two boys with her, her son Allen, and Ralph Weeks."

"Rip Weeks we used to call him, because he was always forgetting things, and looked as if he had just waked. They were all three school mates of mine." Rob spoke almost as quietly as ever, but oh, how miserable he looked! "I can't go," he added and turned away abruply.

I spoke of him to Allen Janeway, the next day. Allen was lying in the bow of the Matilda, but he sprang to his feet.

"Rob Armsby! You don't mean to say that you have him at your house!" he exclaimed.

"Why shouldn't we have him?" demanded Dorothy, who didn't like his tone.

"Oh, no reason, only I should hardly think your father would like to have you associate with him," said Allen.

"We like him," said Dorothy, stoutly.

"Well, I used to like him," said Allen, "and he and Perry, here, were great friends, when they used to live up at Newburg. They're both awfully fond of animals, I think that was the bond. But there are some things a fellow can do that no one can get over."

"If a friend of mine were to be expelled I would stand up for him!" said Dorothy, who I must admit, has more feeling than logic.

"It depends upon what he is expelled for you know," said Allen. "There was Duff Carter, who knocked down Tutor Drake for bullying little Hoppin; he was a regular bully, Drake was, and Hoppin was a small fellow and week. Carter was expelled, but the tutor didn't stay long after him when the principal found out the facts, and we fellows carried Carter to the station on our shoulders, and made a hero of him. But

when a fellow is caught stealing that is another affair!"

"Rob Armsby never did that!" cried Dorothy, hotly.

"I'm sorry to say there wasn't any doubt about it," said Allen. "He took money out of his room-mate Bowker's desk. No one else had been in the room, and it was found that he had the key of Bowkers desk in his pocket. He scarcely pretended to deny it."

"He did, you know, just at first, didn't he Perry?" said Ralph Weeks. Perry Huyler, who was twisting and untwisting the anchor chain, only nodded; his small, sickly face, looked pale and distressed.

"You ought not to say anything about it to Perry," whispered Allen. "He and Rob were such friends; he was awfully cut up."

We changed the subject, but Dorothy and I thought of little else that day, and we heard our boys, Luke and Daban, talking it over, in low tones.

Rob gave us a quick, inquiring glance, all around, when we met him in the lane on our way home that night. He knew that we were likely to have heard just what he had done. I couldn't help thinking that he looked guilty, but Dorothy, who is so impulsive, ran back after we had passed him.

"We don't believe it! not a word of it!" I heard her cry out to him.

But I couldn't be sure, like Dorothy, and I wondered how a boy felt to be believed in when he was guilty.

After that Rob kept by himself more than ever, but that may have been because we were so much with the Pink Cove young people. When they came to our house he was never visible. Perry Huyler never came; the others said it was because he would not run the risk of seeing Rob.

One day when we went over to Pink Cove to play tennis, we found the whole household in a state of excitement. Aunt Polly Weaver, who was very excitable, was crying out that such a thing never happened in her house before, and it all came of "warming a viper in one's bosom."

The viper seemed to be Dorey Minch, who was sobbing hysterically on the back door-steps. She was a tall, "gawky," girl of fifteen, a poorhouse waif, "bound out" to old Mrs. Simons who "couldn't get along with her." There being a great dearth of servants in Greenpoint, Aunt Polly Weaver had taken her on trial.

"I ain't a viper, and I ain't a thief, neither, if I be town's poor!" declared Dorey, energetically, and punctuating with sobs.

"She's been and stole Mis' Huyler's diamond ear-rings!" cried Aunt Polly. "It's plain enough that 'twas her when I caught her in Mis' Huyler's room, a parading up and down before the looking-glass, with Mis' Huyler's lace dress and bonnet on!"

"I wanted to see if I should look like folks if I was dressed up," stammered Dorey, guiltily. "But I never touched her diamond ear-rings!"

"I'm going to send for the sheriff right away, if she don't give 'em back!" said Aunt Polly Weaver.

Dorothy and I had no heart for tennis, we were so sorry for Dorey. She was ignorant, even a little "lacking," as Greenpoint people said, and we thought she might have taken the jewels without realizing how great a crime it was. We hurried home to tell father. Every one's troubles and wrong doing were father's business, and especially those of a helpless girl like Dorey.

We found Rob with father helping to hoe corn; he was full of restless energy, and could never find enough to do; to-day his father was expected, and he was more restless than ever.

He listened to the story of Dorey's theft, with his color coming and going like a girl's. I thought it no wonder that it should be a painful reminder to him. When his father arrived, an hour afterwards, he was not to be found. His father looked very gloomy and stern at the mention of his name.

"My only son, my only child," he said to father, with a bitterness in his tone.

Father took Dorothy and me to Pink Cove with him, after tea, and Dr. Armsby went, too, in the old double wagon. Father wished to save Dorey from arrest, and we had talked so much about her that Dr. Armsby was interested also.

I saw a figure that looked like Rob's going away from Aunt Polly Weaver's, through the orchard, as we drove up to the door, but I thought it could not be he.

Aunt Polly was still greatly excited. She had had Dorey searched in vain, and was now using moral suasion to make her confess. When we went in, the boarders, who had just left the table, were all in the parlor and on the piazza, and they all still seemed to be talking over the robber. Father

asked to see the girl, and as Dorey came in at one door, Perry Huyler came in at another. He looked like a little old man, with his pinched, drawn face, and the lines about his mouth.

"Rob told me I must tell about this to save her, and I'd just as lief tell the whole!" he cried, in his shrill, high-keyed voice. "I can't stand it about Rex much longer, anyway. It was to save him, my dog, that I stole the money at school, when they thought Rob Armsby did it, and the diamonds, too. I sent them to the man in New York. He said, if I sent an officer he would kill Rex—torture him!" Perry's voice was almost a scream now. "He stole the dog just to get money, and then he wrote to me. It's easy for people to say I was a fool not to have him arrested, to keep sending him money, but they don't know what Rex is to me! Rob Armsby knew that I took the money at school. He caught me trying to return the key to the desk; he took it out of my hand, and they found it in his pocket. Why did he bear the blame and not tell of me? Well, because he's the finest fellow in the world, for one thing; for another, he made me a promise once; 'twas when I saved his dog from drowning up at Newburg. I tipped my boat over, and I came near drowning, but I saved him! And he said: 'if ever I can do anything for you, Perry Huyler, anything, mind, just let me know.' And I reminded him of it then. I didn't think he would be suspected; when he was, and didn't tell—what could I do when I thought of Rex being tortured?" His shrill voice broke, but he steadied it by an effort, and went on. "Rob came here today and told me I mustn't let a girl be injured for what I had done—though I told him all about Rex. He suspected that I did it, because he knew I took the money. I don't care what you do to me; but, oh, won't you—won't somebody save Rex?"

Although I felt so indignant at the suffering he had allowed Rob to endure, he seemed such a weak and foolish little fellow that I pitied him with all my heart.

Dorey had a radiant face, and it was funny to hear Aunt Polly Weaver hinted at so strongly by father that she had to apologize to her!

Dr. Armsby said scarcely a word all the way home, but he seemed to have a constant use for his handkerchief.

"A silly fellow," he once said, gruffly.

"But a fine fellow! Armsby, a fine fellow!" said father. We were going sailing in the Matilda, the next day, and the boys had sent word that Rob must be sure to go, as there was to be a little race with some other boats, and no one knew how to sail a boat like him. I thought they were pretty cool, and so did Dorothy, but we were better satisfied when we looked out of the pantry window, while we packed the luncheon baskets, the next morning. The Pink Cove boys (excepting Perry Huyler, who had left with his mother, by an early train) and our boys, and a dozen or two of the Green pointers, were formed in a procession with a drum and fife, and the wildest uproar you ever heard, and Rob Armsby was being carried at the head, on some tall boys' shoulders, down to our wharf, while round the point came the Matilda, with the morning sunshine gay on her sails.

BEE BATTLES.

STANDING in front of a bee-hive on a summer afternoon, when the flow of honey has been somewhat checked by the advance of the season, one observes several bees waiting about the entrance. On the arrival of a would-be entrant, one of them steps forward and extends its tongue with a little honey taken from its honey-sac, and the sample being found satisfactory, it passes in. Should, however, the new arrival refuse the countersign, one may assure it to be a robber, and in such a case the sentries will immediately attack it with an angry, determined buzz. Should the intruder be alone, the conflict will be short, and the operation of throwing the carcase of a dead bee from the edge of the flight-board will soon be witnessed. If, as most likely be the case, the attack be preconcerted, the position will have been carefully reconnoitred, and advantage will immediately be taken of the confusion by a strong force of bees, which

will endeavor to effect an entrance at another part of the opening. The first sign of warfare will bring down the whole force of the hive, and unless this be inadequate to resist the attacking party, the result indicated before will be repeated on a larger scale. The outcome of the battle will not altogether depend upon the relative sizes of the contending parties. Defensive arrangements have a good deal to say in the matter. A hive open across its whole width would probably be completely at the mercy of a superior force, but as the entrance is narrowed the stratgetic advantage tends to the defenders. When the skilled bee-keeper observes war in progress, he stands close to the hive with a flower dredger in his hand. The bees are two much excited to notice his presence, and he quietly dusts them as they pass in and out. This enables him to trace the attacking party to its stronghold, and a few puffs of smoke administered in the enemy's camp frightens the bees within doors and keeps them there in a state of alarm, which is communicated to each returning maurader until the whole colony is at home in a state of terror. The entrance of the beleagured hive is then narrowed down, or it may be absolutely closed with a piece of perforated zinc. When this has been done, a piece of cloth, saturated with carbolic acid, hung an inch or two from the entrance, will prevent renewal of hostilities. The bees dislike the smell of carbolic acid. The regular inhabitants of the hive will pass it, because they must do so to reach their home, but the strangers associate the odor with danger, and retire when they smell it.

As to the tactics of the bees in warfare, it is somewhat difficult to speak, on account of their rapid movements, but the plan seems to be, when possible, to detach two bees to deal with each one of the opposing force. An intruding bee, when attacked by only one other bee, seldom assumes the offensive. His one object seems to be to get into the hive, and when seized he gathers up his abdomen into a small compass so as to prevent his being stung between the rings of his body, the joints being apparently his only vulnerable points. By collaring him, and following him about into various contortions, the defenders, especially if they be two to one, eventually manage to discover an unprotected spot, and then he is very rapidly stung to death. The combat, like honey gathering, is invaribly conducted by the worker bees. In the event of the attacking party proving successful in achieving an entrance by force, they then assume the offensive and slaughter the inhabitants. Apparently in order to save themselves from this fate, when the hive has been overcome, the remaining inmates will make common cause with the assailants, and even display vigor in carrying off stores to the enemy's hive, which they permanently join. The attacked hive, unless very light, will take one or two days to clear, excepting, indeed, as frequently occurs, the robbers are joined by other hives who wish to share plunder, and then the store disappears with greater rapidity.

Reference has been made to the rapidity of the movements in what may be called hand-to-hand encounters. This exceeding activity is intimately associated with the formation of the sting. It has a series of barbs, there being about nine pockets formed by those on each side. The serration on one side comes opposite the barb point on the other in such a way that although a bee is unable to withdraw its sting, by means of a direct motion, it is able, by making nine turnes, to screw the sting out, and thus free itself. This susposes the sting to have been driven in up to the hilt, which is not usually the case. Numerous other question intimately associated with this fighting occur, but they would gradually involve the entire economy of the bee and its surroundings.

We now come to the "battle royal." Under peculiar circumstances cases have been occasionally of two queens existing in the same hive, though generally no hive can have two queens, but addition occurs in nature when a second queen comes out, the previous queen being still alive, and artificially, when the agriculturist throws two weak swarms together to make a strong one. The peculiarities of this encounter are that the two are left strictly alone to fight the matter out, and by no chance are both queens killed; the survivor is never known to be injured, so it may be assured that the first advantage attained by either is taken hold of with a vengeance. When the two queens got into such position that both might be simultaneously killed, by common consent they withdraw and renew the battle with a fair start.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

CHAPTER IX.

MARM WHITNEY'S DISMAY. MORE ILLNESS.

MARM WHITNEY'S faintness died out gradually as time wore away and Sim did not return. She gained so rapidly, in fact, that when the old clock struck the hour of ten, she was able to rise from her chair and totter across the room to the window. Peering eagerly out into the darkness she failed to see her favorite in one direction or another.

"For lordy-massy's sake, I wonder where Sim kin be!" she exclaimed, going from one window to the other and listening. "Something must 've happened to him, I'm sartin. I never knowed him to stay out so afore. Why under the sun, moon and stars, don't ye g'out and look arter him," she continued, with sudden emphasis, turning to old Jerry.

Jerry's eyes twinkled roguishly at the question. He had a sly way with him, and above all things in the world liked best to tease Marm Whitney.

"Boy's well enough!" he answered, bluntly. "No use in runnin' round arter him all the time. Guess he's out countin' stars."

Now this was in old Jerry's opinion the very height of facetiousness, for he did not know that there was a single star to be seen. He leaned over in his chair, his eyes twinkling harder than ever at his own wit.

"Ef Ise a nateral born fool I'd keep still 'bout it, it 'pears ter me," answered Marm Whitney, as she moved uneasily towards the fire. "Ye'd better g'long ter bed, and leave room for yer betters, ef ye ain't goin' to be any help ter anybody."

Jerry chuckled and settled back comfortably in his chair.

"Why under the sun, moon and stars, don't ye start?" cried out the old lady, her temper getting the upper hands of her voice.

"I'd ruther stay here!" was the cool, quiet answer.

"And I'd ruther ye wouldn't!" exclaimed Marm Whitney, clapping her broad hands together, as though she wished to frighten him.

Still old Jerry remained unmoved, and as stolid as ever. The old lady looked around her, evidently calculating the chances in her favor if she should make up her mind to grow "as faint as death," again. To her surprise she found herself quite alone with the facetious old fellow. They were the only two left in the long, wide room.

"Better wait for him," suggested Jerry, looking into the glowing fire.

"What under the sun, moon an' stars shall I do that for? What good will it do?"

"Keep a light for 'im," answered Jerry.

Marm Whitney looked thoughtfully down to the floor. What strange idea was running through her cunning old head, that she should wear such a queer expression of face?

"P'raps 'twould be better arter all," she said, in a tone that had a touch of softness in it. "Ye can go to bed tho'. I ain't 'fraid ter stay alone."

Oh, strange, strange, Marm Whitney! That tone, that expression was worthy of a woman one third your years! Some women are more susceptible to stolid indifference of manner, than to softness or tenderness. Were you one of that class? Was your dry heart warming toward old Jerry all that time? Charles Reade says that "a woman likes notoriety in a man, but a man adores it in a woman." Was that the way, then, of the queer, comical old man? Of a truth, Marm Whitney was quite notorious, in her way and line. In secret, all to himself, then, Jerry must have adored her. Oh, yes, that was it; the way in which he answered her decided that.

"'Tain't safe for a woman like you ter stay up here all 'lone. It's dang'rous. P'raps I'd better stay with ye."

"P'raps so," answered Marm Whitney, seating herself, hesitatingly, in her broad chair, again. "What under the sun, moon an' stars can 'come of Sim!"

"Oh, he's well 'nough, somewhere," answered Jerry, giving his chair a hitch towards his inamorata. "I wouldn't fret about 'im. I s'pose tho' you feel like a mother towards 'im. It's nateral that ye should."

"Oh, yes," sighed the old lady, leaning over towards Jerry in sweet, womanly weakness, as she spoke.

"Queer 'bout that boy, ain't it? How he kind o' takes ter Mabil Wheaton."

Marm Whitney shook her head and leaned her chin upon her broad, fat palms.

"I think sometimes that he's some 'lation to her," she said, with an air of mystery.

"Ah—ha!" groaned out Jerry, opening his eyes as wide as ever he could. "Ah—ha!"

"But yer mustn't ever tell that I said so. It might make a good deal o' trouble."

A man glories in gaining a woman's confidence. Old Jerry gloried in gaining Marm Whitney's. He gave his chair another hitch, in token of this, and consequently found himself close by her side.

"Oh, I never 'll tell of it in the world. Don't fret about that," he said, with a tolerable degree of enthusiasm, and giving the old lady a sly nudge.

"What under the sun, moon an' stars d'ye mean by nudgin' me like that?" she exclaimed, starting up and raising her big, broad hand, as if in sudden defence.

"There now don't Mis' Whitney," he began, shrinking down from her hand. "I didn't mean nothin', ye know."

"Well, I don't want any of yer nudgin'. Ef yer goin' to nudge like that, ye'd better go right straight up-stairs. I ain't 'fraid."

Jerry saw that a straightforward repentance was quite the thing for him at that moment. So he apologized, and very soon found, in consequence of it, that he was considerably advanced in the old lady's favor. But let me pass over the events of the next half hour, and simply say that at the expiration of that time, the loving old couple were nodding towards the fire, together, and Jerry's arm was around Marm Whitney's waist.

The fire burned low but still Sim did not come. In vain the old windows threw out their cheery light into the darkness, but it did not lead him home. By and by, a step broke through the silence, and a wondering face was pressed against one of the narrow panes of glass. Marm Whitney sprang to her feet, crying out:—

"Jerry! Sim's come! Sim's come!"

"He hain't 'nother!" exclaimed Jerry, rubbing his eyes vigorously. "I hain't heard a single thing; nor seen anything either."

"I heard somebody step, sartin," said the old lady, looking towards the window. "Oh, dear, I'm afraid I shall get as faint's death!"

"Don't, don't do that, Mis' Whitney," exclaimed Jerry, looking about him in sudden fright. "Don't do that, I beg o' ye! don't!"

Marm Whitney heaved a deep sigh. Perhaps it was one of compassion, for she seemed to give up her idea of fainting.

"I sartinly heard some one," she said, in a whisper.

The words had hardly escaped from her lips, when a low rap was heard at the back-door. Jerry scratched his head and measured, with his eye, the distance between himself and the chamber-door.

"What under the sun moon an' stars does it mean!" said the old lady, catching him by the arm.

"Somebody wants ter git in, I guess," was the brief response. "Won't you go to the door?"

"Oh, you old fool of a coward!" exclaimed Marm Whitney, snatching her hand from his arm. "I'd be 'shamed o' that, 'pears ter me!"

Jerry was ashamed, and so, to make up for the ground he had lost—went directly to answer the mysterious summons.

"Why, Alick Sherburne!" he said, as he threw open the door, and the light fell fully upon the young man's face. "What do you want?"

"Yes! what under the sun, moon and stars do yer want this time o' night?" exclaimed Marm Whitney, going forward.

"Is Sim here?" was Alick's eager query, as he stepped into the room.

"No, he's been gone a long spell. That's what we're settin' up for," answered Jerry.

Alick was too much startled to laugh at old Jerry's ingenuity.

"But here is his hat—I found it down the road. Where did he go?"

Marm Whitney gasped, but did not answer. Old Jerry shook his head.

"P'raps he's gone to Mabel Wheaton," he suggested.

"No, I was there not a great while since. I'm afraid something wicked has happened to the boy!"

"Wicked, wicked?" screamed Marm Whitney, at the top of her voice. "Oh, lordy sakes, I am as faint as death, and no mistake!"

She staggered back. Old Jerry rushed from, and Alick towards her. Looking at Alick as he almost supported the portly old woman to a chair, his eye twinkled with roguish light.

Marm Whitney groaned so heroically for the next fifteen minutes, that she raised the whole house, the keeper and his family included.

"My Sim's gone! My Sim's gone! My Sim's gone!" was her disheartened cry.

In the meantime, the town paupers were sent out to search in every direction for the missing boy. But it was a useless task. Morning came and he was not found.

CHAPTER X.

A PLAN AT WORK.

AFTER Mr. Lemuel Richards' unceremonious descent down the steps of the portico, he was more affable and courteous to Mabel than ever. This troubled her more than his anger could possibly have done; for she knew him well enough to understand that beneath his smiles, and underlying his pleasant words, there was some subtle purpose at work, more dangerous because hidden. For herself, she felt every day, more strongly, the depth of the conflict through which she must pass. Thinking of Alick, sometimes she grew almost sick and disheartened, his suffering seemed so great in comparison with hers. And then, the sudden disappearance of Sim cast a deep gloom over her mind, for the poor boy had a firm hold upon her heart. She did not know why, but whenever she looked at Mr. Richards, she could not help thinking that he knew something of him. To be sure he deplored loudly and strongly the boy's uncertain fate, and added largely to the reward offered for him. But this was all lost upon her. She could not help connecting Sim's inexplicable hatred of Mr. Richards with his disappearance or abduction, for she believed with Alick, that he had been carried off forcibly on the night that his hat was dropped upon the old road.

In the face of this trouble, Mr. Richards' splendid mansion grew up rapidly, day by day. Mabel could not look upon its rare grandeur without shuddering. She knew that this was a part of the price that was to be paid for her liberty and her womanhood. She knew, too, that at its completion her hand had been promised to the wily, scheming man. But to this danger she tried to close her eyes firmly, trusting blindly to the future.

One morning, after a night of tedious sleeplessness, as she sat upon the shaded portico, listlessly turning the leaves of a book, she became, without wishing it, a listener to a conversation between Mr. Richards and her mother. Her own name, coupled with that of Alick Sherburne, first attracted her attention, and startled her wearied quietude.

"But for all this, Mr. Richards, I think Mabel trusts Alick wholly and fully," were the first words that awoke her from apparent unconsciousness.

"I do not doubt that at all, although I wish I might," was the frankly-given answer.

"But if she could see him as I do, Mrs. Wheaton, the spell would soon be broken. Men have a better chance of judging each other's characters than woman can possibly have. I might learn more of a man in three days, than a woman could in twice that number of years."

"Very true, Mr. Richards, very true, but Mabel would not accept this from you, I am quite certain. As I said before, she trusts Alick wholly. This is not so much to be wondered at, since she has known him from earliest childhood, and, for all that I know, looked upon him as her future husband for more than half that time."

"I know all this," was the confident answer. "But I have faith to believe that Mabel has too much good sense to believe in him, after once viewing his character from a particular standpoint."

"Indeed!" said Mabel, under her breath, nestling down into the deep shadow of the vines, intent upon hearing all that was said, now that she could not escape without notice. "But it isn't the easiest matter in the world to make me look through your dirty spectacles, sir," she added, to herself.

There was a few moments' pause, after this, which was broken by a question from Mrs. Wheaton.

"And you think that Alick has some knowledge of Sim's whereabouts, then?" asked the widow, in a low tone.

"I do most certainly," was the reply.

Mabel started up. She could hardly trust her senses.

"But what can be his object?"

"The plainest conceivable. Firstly, he wishes to make some one beside himself

shoulder the deed; secondly, he has an eye to the reward which has grown to be very handsome. I have not arrived at this conclusion in a moment. It has grown upon me gradually. Its premises were laid on the morning that"——

"Go on, if you please," said Mrs. Wheaton, seeing that he hesitated.

"The morning that I found the letter beneath the window of your carriage house," he added, slowly.

"Ah—ah, indeed!" ejeculated the widow; a sudden light seeming to break upon her mind. "And he did this"——

"Out of pure malice, I suppose," added Mr. Richards. "He was afraid that I would cross his track, and this was his first annoyance. I felt it very keenly then, but I had no right to speak."

Mabel's lip curled and her cheeks flushed, but she did not reply.

"How did the rascal dare commit such an outrage!" said the widow, her temper rising. "Strange that I did not think of it before, when the evidence was so strong and conclusive. But he shall suffer for this yet, mark me, he shall, Mr. Richards."

"But do not get angry over this, I beg you. Let it pass by, as I have done. It will all come out well enough by and by."

"It shall!" was the emphatic rejoinder. "Mabel must have no further intercourse with such a man. I have tried to break off the intimacy, by degrees, but I shall try no longer. It must be broken by one strong blow, at once."

The words were spoken so terribly earnest that they chilled Mabel to the heart. Still she listened eagerly, as a criminal might listen to hear his doom.

"Do not be too harsh with her," pleaded Mr. Richards, in a deceitful, softened tone.

"Harsh medicines are best, sometimes," answered the widow, in a firm, hard way. "Mabel must listen to me at all events, now. I have been lenient long enough."

Poor Mabel! what could she do—how could she act? She thought for a moment that she would go away from her home, out into the world, and escape from the danger that hung over her. But her heart shrank from this. She would wait a little longer. She would see Alick again. Dear, good Alick, whose whole life had been so spotless and true; a hard struggle against poverty and its attendant discomfort! Was this infamous lie to be fastened upon him as a truth? The thought nearly maddened her. She knew how tirelessly her mother would work against him, and how strong and deep was her influence in the town. She could crush him out, if she wished, and he would never dare to hold up his head in his native place again. Her face brightened. He would be innocent. Thank God for that! she murmured to herself. And, beside, it was Sim who had destroyed Mr. Richards' property. She could tell of this now that he was gone. If she could only solve the mystery of the idiot boy's disappearance! If she dared but accuse Mr. Richards of what she felt in her heart to be true. But no, she must work cautiously and well. Work for Alick and herself as long as there was any hope, and then, if the worst came, make a bold strike for her liberty.

For a little while it seemed to her, as she sat there, that her reason was leaving her. There was a heavy pressure upon her brain, a great load bearing cruelly down upon her heart. The air seemed full of vague whisperings, but when she tried to catch at their meaning, they floated away from her. The sunshine wrote words, rapidly, upon the floor at her feet, she tried to read them and they faded. Twice she started, thinking that a hand was resting tenderly upon her aching head. But no, it was only an imaginative whim. She was nervous and sick. She was weary, too, poor child. She almost wished that she could sleep quietly beside her murdered father.

Her father! How like a torture came the thought of him! She wrung her hands, and strove to choke down the dry, hard sobs that came up to her lips. Mr. Richards and her mother must not know how she had been moved. They would look upon it in triumph. To them she must appear fearless, bold, and, if need be, defiant. Her very weakness she must make them believe strength. Then she wondered what in all her life she had done to deserve this suffering? Why she of all others should be brought to fight against such a great wrong? She had read of such things in books, but they had always seemed like so many far-away myths to her.

She had seen her friends, her playmates who had grown to womanhood with her, wooed and won happily. Why could she not have such a lot? Was she less worthy? Must she be sold to a man whom she detested, when a high, true heart was breaking

for her? Oh, no, a thousand times, no! she would die first Death was nothing in comparison with such a fate. It was only a pleasant rest; a quiet folding of the hands; a peaceful closing of the eyes; a faint struggle, and God's clear light forever. There would follow a little time of weeping, and then the turf would grown green in the village churchyard; the flowers would spring up; the sunshine and rain and the southern winds would come. But life! life with a man whom she did not love; caresses from lips and hands that she loathed; a presence that was the keenest torture. Oh, of all trials upon God's beautiful earth, this would be the most terrible to endure!

At this period of distracted thought, she was aroused by the soft tones of Mr. Richards. Again she listened.

"I shall give a grand fete when my house is completed and furnished. I am determined that it shall surpass everything that has been known for hundreds of miles about. If your beautiful daughter were only to appear as the sweet mistress of the festivities!"

The last was given half-way between a sigh and an inquiry. Mabel waited, breathlessly for the answer.

"It shall not be my fault, if it is not so," answered the widow, in the low, hard tone, which at times was peculiar to her.

"I fully believe you, Mrs. Wheaton," replied Mr. Richards. "And, in the meantime, I will not be idle."

"But the affair of the harnesses, I cannot bear to let that rest."

"I have particular reasons for wishing you to do so. They shall be explained in due time. The fruit is not fully ripe, yet. We shall lose by plucking it too soon."

"It shall be as you say, then; and, now, I have a few moments to devote to my garden. Will you accompany me?"

After they left the house together, Mr. Richards and her mother, Mabel breathed more easily. She arose and took a few unsteady turns up and down the portico. The old house-dog, Rover, walked soberly and steadily by her side. How, at such a time, will the mute love of a beast touch one's heart. In spite of herself, the tears arose to Mabel's eyes, as the kind, good creature rested his head against her hand and looked up into her face.

"Dear, old Rover!" she said, "if you could only know! If you could only pity me! How sober you are! You do understand, after all, more than I think. O Rover! Rover!"

She wiped her hot tears away and went into the house. She knew it was wicked and sinful, but she wished, at that moment, that she might never leave it again alive. How dreary looked the wide old sitting-room. In its cage her canary sat dumpish and silent. It had no bright, glad song for her. In the corner her music lay undisturbed upon the piano. The last time that she sang, Alick had joined her. Would they ever sing together again? She tried to play, but her fingers could awake nothing save dirges. She turned to her little basket of work. How many times Alick had read to her while she sewed. But that was past! yes, dead! She took the basket in her lap and commenced re-arranging it. How full her poor heart was of gloom and grief!

Perhaps a quarter of an hour passed in this way; at any rate, while she sat there, Mr. Richards and her mother came in. She did not look as they entered the room. She hoped they would not speak to her. But this could not be. Mr. Richards had been gathering her a bouquet. He must present it to her. He came forward, his wide, handsome mouth wreathed with smiles. Mabel looked up into his face, and down deep into his mysterious eyes. For the moment, she knew not why, she was dangerously drawn towards him; magnetized, as it were, by his strong, powerful will, or charmed as the snake charms the beautiful bird. But it was only for a moment, the next she was free again.

"Will you accept these flowers?" Mr. Richards asked, regarding her attentively.

She held out her hand for them. They were arranged in perfect taste, white japonicas, and purple pansies upon a groundwork of green. She gave a little shriek as she clasped her fingers about them. It seemed as though a thousand tiny lances had pierced her hand. She looked into the hearts of the flowers, they were sweet and pure. She looked through the scented leaves of sweet-brier and southernwood, but could see nothing save the traces of the summer upon whose bosom they had been sleeping. She glanced up, again, at Mr. Richards, who was still standing close by her side.

"What is it, Mabel?" he asked wonderingly, looking at her,

"Nothing, sir," she answered, turning her head away.

"Nothing! But aren't they beautiful?"

"Yes, very."

"And you have accepted them from me? Thank you!"

How unwise of the wily man to speak in that way to the proud, imperious, willful Mabel! Had she, indeed, allowed him a chance for even that faint tone of triumph? she wondered. She had taken his flowers, she hardly knew why. Perhaps it was because she loved them so well. But now, she hated them. Because his fingers had been clasped about the tender leaves, they were poisoned through and through.

"From me!" Richards repeated, close in her ear, his large eyes kindling and glowing.

She arose as he spoke, while a freakish cloud of red glowed on either cheek. Her eyes were like fierce black clouds that flashed continual lightning from their depths. Her lips were apart, colored like scarlet leaves of autumn. From between them her teeth shone out like pearls.

"From you!" she exclaimed, her voice full of contempt and scorn. "From you, indeed! Look!"

She dropped the flowers upon the carpet, and then crushing them to atoms with her small, firm foot:—

"From you! Yes! and from you, only!"

She went like a queen from the room, holding her full skirts closely back, as she passed him, as though there was the deepest contamination in his touch.

The face of Lemuel Richards was as white as the hearts of the japonicas he had gathered, and his lip quivered as though a great tempest was breathing through them:—

"My gift!" he said, hoarsely to himself, pointing down to the bruised blossoms. "As I live she shall be sorry for this before many weeks. As I live!"

CHAPTER XI.

MR. RICHARDS ANGRY. HIS OFFER.

"I WILL keep these," Mr. Richards said, stooping down and gathering up the crushed flowers, carefully. "I will cherish every torn leaf, and every soiled petal. She will remember them when she sees them again."

He went up stairs, to his room, and placed the bruised bouquet in his trunk, smiling almost fiendishly as he did so.

"It will be my turn by and by," he whispered, biting his dry lip. "My turn! The fine house on the hill will have a mistress, soon; and the proud mistress will have a master. There will be no whining lovers about then; no sickish stories of affection and poverty; no underhanded intrigues with idiots. Bah! how can I wait to feed my anger with this delicious food! But I must work well," he repeated, musingly, pacing restlessly up and down the room. "There are a great many babbling mouths between me and safety. They must be filled, or—silenced!"

He looked cautiously about him as he spoke the last word, then repeated it, softly, to himself. "Silenced—silenced!"

"So far it is well done; I have gained the widow's favor; the idiot Sim is out of my way, for awhile at least; a dark suspicion is beginning to rest upon the proud Alick; beginning—but if I could only hasten it. In this way Mabel could be brought to her senses!"

He sat down by his dressing-table and rested his head thoughtfully upon his hands. From the garden below Mabel's voice floated up through the windows upon the soft September breeze. He knit his brows angrily as it fell upon his ear, and again his white teeth were dented into his dry lips. His large black eyes wore a deep, keen, almost serpent-like expression, as though they were translating all the malice of his bad heart. Mabel sang a few words of an old song. He leaned forward to listen to it, knowing as well as did she, that it was done purposely to annoy him, and that she felt little like singing.

"I'll prove true—I'll prove true, true to my love—
My love will prove true to me!"

"You'll prove true indeed!" whispered Mr. Richards to himself, sneeringly, "and a great deal of good will your truth do you!" he added, drawing back from the range of the window, that she might not see him.

Still the voice, clear, musical and yet defiant, floated up to him, trilling and warbing through the words:—

"I'll prove true—I'll prove true, true to my love—
Oh, he'll prove true to me!
True to me—true to me,
Oh, he'll prove true to me!"

"Well done!" he said, rising, his face looking flushed and irritated. "Well done, my little lady; we'll see about this love of

yours, and what can be done to take down his pride. He is a school-teacher, to-day, this week, what will he be next? By Jove, what a plan I have!"

He brought his large hands together, as he spoke, and walked excitedly up and down the room. From his open window, he could see across the fields, to the very spot where the little brown academy of Cranston stood, and where, for more than a year, Alick Sherburne had been employed as teacher. As he looked at it a great cloud sailed up the sky, and the place lay in a heavy shadow. Was it prophetic? He thought so, and in the exultation of the moment laughed and chuckled joyfully to himself.

"Yes, it must be done at once—done at once!" he exclaimed, starting towards the door. "I must lay this happy plan before Mrs. Wheaton."

He went down-stairs as though his suddenly concocted wickedness had taken twenty years from his life, and left him fresh and young again. His step was light and springing; and his mouth, free from the angry passions of a few moments before, was so lost in smiles that it might have set well upon a better face. He found Mrs Wheaton alone in the sitting-room. Even this encouraged him. To be favored in such slight circumstances, was to him, in his superstition, prognostic of good.

"I have been thinking," he began, seating himself before the window, and smiling blandly, "that if this young man Sherburne could, by any possible means, be brought to absent himself from Cranston for a few months, your daughter Mabel would be more easily led to do what is for her own good. This girlish fancy would soon wear itself out in his absence. Don't you think so, Mrs. Wheaton?"

"True, true," said the widow, thoughtfully; "this idea has occured to me more than once, but how it is all to be brought about is the puzzle."

"A puzzle which I think I have successfully solved," was the prompt answer.

Mrs. Wheaton looked up inquiringly.

"I would not for the world," continued Mr. Richards, in an explanatory way, "deprived a young man whom I believe worthy and honorable—or even aid in depriving him of his means of gaining a livelihood. But I do not think, myself, that Mr. Sherburne is a proper person for your own town's people to trust their children with. If they could be made to understand this, it would, at once, be a good thing for them and for you, and for your daughter," he added, after a slight pause.

"Yes, yes!" said the widow, musingly. "He could not afford to be idle if he should lose his situation here. I helped him to this very situation, Mr. Richards; and he has paid me by insulting my guest. This is a very lucky thought. I must be growing dull; it ought to have occured to me, long ago. A great deal of trouble would have been saved by the means."

"You think there will be no difficulty then, about this?" asked Mr. Richards, anxiously.

"None at all. A nephew of Esquire Marston has been trying to get the situation for some time. He shall have it next term. The change will be easily made."

The widow spoke promptly, and like one who had ample confidence in herself. Her influence in Cranston was strong for good or evil. Poor Alick Sherburne!

"The summer term of the school has been purposely lengthened," he continued. "It will close in a few days. I will see to it before that time. Esquire Marston is at the head of the committee chosen to select a teacher. He need not be greatly urged, I am sure, to decide in favor of his nephew."

"No, certainly not," answered Mr. Richards, his face broadening into a satisfied smile.

So saying the gentleman went to his room. If possible his step was lighter than when he left it. As he sprang up the wide staircase he rubbed his hands together, and shook his head in a way that said, almost as plainly as words could have done—that the game was his; and that every move made to win it from him was wasted, perhaps worse than wasted, if such a thing could well be.

In the meantime, Alick performed his round of duties in the little brown academy, with his usual faithfulness, little dreaming of the cruel disappointment that was in store for him. On the last day of the term known as examination day, which passed with credit to both scholars and teacher, the bitter, mortifying blow fell. He was informed by a letter, signed by the gentlemen of the committee, that his services would no longer be needed, and that an efficient teacher was already engaged to fill his place. There was no chance left for him to demand an explaination. It was a plain, conclusive,

unquestionable dismissal. Standing alone at his desk, in the silent school-room, he read the note over and over again. It did not change by reading. Whether he held it in his unsteady hand, or it laid open before him, it was the same. He was not wanted any longer! His face flushed, and for a single moment his lips quivered, like those of a grieved child. But only for a moment. The next, the letter was crushed in his hand, and he set about gathering up his books and papers that were lying loosely around.

"I am use to it," he thought. "I never knew what success meant; for a year past, I have been a little favored perhaps, but now! It's only worse for me, now—and Mabel!"

The heavy Latin dictionary which he had taken from his desk, fell from his hand as he thought of her. Without a situation he could not remain in Cranston; what would be her fate if he was away? He must work somewhere. His folks were poor; his father an invalid. Yes, he must work. But what could he do there? The same influence, that had robbed him of his engagement as a teacher, would prevent him from forming another in any other pursuit. He felt positive of that. He thought of Mrs. Wheaton and sighed; of Mr. Richards, and clenched his hands firmly together. He knew that it was not right, but in his heart, he could not help despising him. He could not believe that their was a pleasant or kindly trait in his character, or a bright spot; it was to him all darkness.

Sad and despondent, Alick went from the old academy. He did not dare to look behind him as he walked out of the school-room, or even when he turned down the shady way to the road. He had grown to love the place, and the happy cheerful faces that he met there day after day, but it was all passed now; the place was no longer his; the faces he could never meet there again, As he walked along he heard a step behind him. He shuddered involuntarily. It was the step of Mr. Richards. He could tell it in any place.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Sherburn," he said as blandly, as ever.

"Good-afternoon, sir," was Alick's reply, without raising his eyes to his face.

"I have heard sad news of you," continued Mr. Richards, going up to him, and walking closely by his side.

"Indeed, sir!"

Alick spoke quickly, giving one keen glance towards him.

"Yes, and is there anything that I can do to aid you?"

Oh, how like mockery were his words! The angry blood surged up to Alick's face, and he shut his mouth firmly to keep back the bitter reply that burned at his lips for utterance.

"Nothing at all," he said, in a low tone, after a moment's silence.

"You would prefer to remain in Cranston, I suppose?" Mr. Richards queried.

"Your supposition is correct," was the curt answer.

"I can help you to do so!"

"I do not understand you, sir!" said Alick stopping suddenly and fixing his eyes firmly upon his companion's face. "I cannot see the drift of your remarks."

"You cannot?" answered Mr. Richards, smiling, and walking unconcernedly forward. "They are very easily explained. I am having a fine house built on the hill yonder."

"I am aware of it—yes, sir."

"When it is completed, and we are fully established, I shall be able to do something for you."

He put a strong emphasis on the word "we," and kept his glittering eyes fixed upon Alick as he spoke. The young man looked up into his face inquiringly, but did not reply.

"I want to find a young fellow, of about your age, one that I can trust, for a coachman. Would you like the situation? I will pay you satisfactory wages, and give you constant employment the year round."

"Fellow! By the heavens!" cried Alick, springing forward.

The next moment Mr. Richards was lying full length upon the ground, his fine coat and hat somewhat the worse for dust.

"Now, you can try the insult over again," said Alick, as he arose. "I am quite strong enough for you."

Mr. Richards' steadily blazing eyes rested on the young man's face for a minute, then he turned away, a low, clear laugh slipping from his lips.

"You did well, Mr. Sherburne! Ha! ha! —a—ha—ha!"

"Yes, and if my life is spared, I will do better yet! Mark my words!"

"Yes, I will mark them, and I presume these young ladies will do the same,"

answered Mr. Richards, pointing to a group of girls, who were at that moment coming into the road from a by-path across the fields. Mabel was among the number.

"What is it, Alick! What is it!" she cried, bounding forward, and taking both his hands. "What makes you look so white? Come this way and tell me! Oh, what made you do that?"

"He insulted me, Mabel, and I could not help it," he answered, in a low, chocked voice.

"Walk faster," urged Mabel, hurrying along. "Let us get away from him—where he cannot hear us—I'm so sorry! There, now tell me about it? speak low. What did he say to you?"

"He offered me a situation," answered Alick, glancing back with flashing eyes.

"What for—what did he mean by that? What do you want of a situation?"

Alick looked into her face. She did not know, then, of his misfortune. Should he tell her? He hesitated a moment. She would have to know it sometime, very soon. It would be better from his lips, perhaps.

"I am not wanted at the academy any longer. There is to be a new teacher next term. The comittee notified me this afternoon."

Mabel held his hand fast in hers. Her eyes glistened as she raised them to his.

"He did it, Alick, I know he did!" she exclaimed. "It is just like him. I have thought for a long time that he would do something bad."

"I wouldn't mind it, if it was not for you," he answered. "I'm sure I don't care much for myself, but I don't want to leave you, now."

Mabel hung her head, sorrowfully. She had never felt so sad-hearted, before.

"He provoked you?" she said, her thoughts recurring to what she had seen a few moments before.

"Yes, he wanted me to be his coachman, and I"——

"Struck him!" prompted Mabel.

"Yes, and placed myself in his power by the means, hot-blooded fool that I was!"

"I'm sorry for that, indeed, I am sorry, Alick," said Mabel, earnestly; "but I hope you hurt him. I could have cried, I was so frightened, but all the while I was glad as I could be when I saw him stretched out on the ground there. How he laughed! it makes me shudder to think of it."

Mabel looked back, as she spoke. Mr. Richards was walking slowly after them.

"See him dog our steps!" she said. "I always know when he is coming," she continued, shrinking closely to Alick's side. "Sometimes when he is near me I find it hard work to breathe. Let us walk fast, and keep out of his way."

They went along at a livelier pace, but Mr. Richards did not appear to notice them. He walked thoughtfully forward, his eyes bent upon the ground, once in awhile raising his hand to his head as though the bruise upon it was painful to bear.

"Don't mind this, Alick," Mabel continued, in a tender tone. "I know it is bad, but don't mind it!"

"I'm so much in his power," answered Alick. "I have always felt so free before. Now, I have done something wrong, and I know it. Everybody will think so, too. Your mother, Mabel!"

"Yes, I know it, Alick—I know it. But we can't bear everything; and things get worse and worse. I know if I had been strong enough, I should have done, a dozen times, before this, what you have done today. My hands have ached to shake him, more than once. There is an end to human endurance. He meant to insult you, I know he did. But he won't try it again."

"He meant to quarrel with me," answered Alick, sadly. "But I was so angry that I could not see ahead, at all. I only thought of his insult, and it was then that I"——

Alick hesitated, again. Mabel finished the sentence, as though it gave her pleasure.

"Struck him!" she added, her face lighting up.

"Yes, and it will be noised all over town before night. But we must stop here. You are almost home," he said, glancing up the road.

"Don't go yet, wait here a moment. Tell me what you intend to do—where you will go?" she asked, eagerly.

"Heaven only knows, I don't. I thought of the city the first thing, but it's so far off—and you—what will become of you?" he asked, holding her hand tightly in his.

Her small mouth quivered for a moment, then grew still and firm.

"I'm not afraid," she said, looking up into his face, with his deep, true eyes. "I can take care of myself."

"But the evil powers are strong, dear."

"Yes, but I am stronger," she answered, brightening.

"And they'll not allow you to write to me—there can be no communication between us, no matter what happens."

The girl's face grew heavy. She did not reply at once.

"I can outwit them!" she said, at last, a smile dimpling her rare mouth.

Alick shook his head, but did not answer her.

"Mr. Richards is here—close to us," she whispered. "Don't go, yet. Wait until he passes. I don't want him to imagine that we fear him.

As she spoke, Mr. Richards walked moodily by, without once raising his eyes to notice them.

"Well done, Sir Barbarian," she said, under her breath. "I wish you'd always conduct yourself so pleasantly."

A faint smile arose to Alick's face, but it soon faded away.

"I may not see you, again, for sometime," he said, sadly, turning away. "Be true."

"Don't speak in that way!" she cried, her eyes filling with tears. "It sounds so like a parting. I shall see you again. And you must be as brave as you can. I'll never marry that man, never, never! remember that! If they drag me before the altar, I will not take the vows. I'll take my own life first! There, go, now."

She spoke rapidly, a great light shining out from her dark eyes, and the color fading and deepening upon her beautiful face.

"I believe you, dear." said Alick, bending down and pressing his lip to hers. "God bless you!"

CHAPTER XII.

RESTORED SPEECH. FLIGHT.

THE days and weeks spread slowly with poor Sim, in his new home. He longed constantly for his old freedom; for the wide fields that swept down to the blue river; the woods that he had searched restlessly through so many times; for the dark spot, where the winds told him so many strange, weird stories, sending his blood coolly through his veins, and awakening in his weak mind dim fancies that he could never fairly make out or comprehend. He grew poor and pale thinking of the humble place which he had known as his home so long; the wide old kitchen with the bright fire blazing upon its hearth; the pleasant, familiar faces gathered about it; and of the bright, starry nights when he had crept out silent and alone, to search for something—he knew not what—that he sometime should find. Constantly through the boy's mind these thoughts ran; at times strong and clear, and again faint and mistily.

By degrees he became accustomed to Leone, and following her about, like a faithful dog, from place to place. The house in which they lived was old and dark, situated in a place which the sunshine seldom found, and over which the smoke seemed continually brooding like a great ill-omened bird. They were the only tenants, occupying three or four rooms at its back, which were darker, and more destitute of light than those at the front. One apartment of the four belonged exclusively to Mr. Richards, and into which Leone seldom went. Perhaps this was because it was chilly and damp, as the fall came on, or because the rickety shutters had a way of trembling and starting when any one crossed it, as though they had something strange to tell, that sometime must come out broadly and plainly. Upon the floor there was a faded carpet, in one corner a large writing-desk; a few chairs were scattered about here and there, and between the two gray, curtainless windows a mirror hung, reflecting a heavy coat which clung to the opposite wall, like a shadow of Mr. Richards himself—its face forever turned from the light—and the long, lank arms hanging listlessly down. Leone never looked at it without shuddering. What did it remind her of? What hideous fancy swept across her mind, as though for a single second the future bent its dark face towards her, then suddenly withdrew it, before she could read its features.

From the night of Sim's abduction he had never uttered an intelligible word, though not a day passed but what Leone tried by every art which she was mistress of, to lead him back to his lost speech. She piled him with questions, and tried to recall names which she knew would be familiar to his ear, that she might repeat them again and again to him, and so break the wretched spell of silence.

Still every evening when it was pleasant, he would look hours and hours from the narrow back window up to the sky; always smiling to himself, and waving his arms over his head, and then beating them at his sides

as though they were wings, and he was almost ready to spread them for flight. Leone watched him, wonderingly, trying to conjecture, between her smiles and tears, what he could see in the far-off sky to move him so, bringing such a bright color to his face, and such a glad light to his restless eyes.

She had never mentioned Mr. Richards' name in his hearing, or alluded to him in even the most distant way; yet not a day passed but what he searched the narrow rooms through eagerly and carefully, as if he were trying to scent out some secret enemy, always pausing long and suspiciously at the door of the one closed apartment, as though he had an intuitive knowledge of its contents.

One morning while he was wandering about in the back yard, Leone had occasion to enter the chamber of Mr. Richards, on some trifling errand. She had hardly thrown back the rickety shutters of one of the windows, when she heard him coming softly up the stairs, beating his restless arms against his sides. She sprang forward, she could not tell why—to close the door, but he was too quick in his movements for her; his hand was on the latch before hers. With one swift bound he gained the middle of the room, and then stood looking vacantly about him—his mouth wide apart; his nostrils dilating, and his large eyes glaring.

"Sim," said Leone, going up to him and resting her hand upon his arm. "Come with me."

She tried to lead him away, but he would not stir from the spot.

"Come!" she repeated, stroking his hand softly and smiling into his face.

At that moment his wandering eyes rested for the first time upon Mr. Richards' coat. Howling half humanly, half savagely, he leaped forward, and then, as if stricken by a sudden fear, cowered back, stretching out first one hand then the other towards it. After a few moments he found courage to advance a step or two, and to reach his hand out and touch the garment with the tips of his fingers. It did not move, as he evidently expected it to do. It remained quiet and still, hanging long and lank, closely against the wall. An undecided look spread over his features. His mouth worked and twitched as though his disenthroned speech was trying to regain its lost power. He tossed his long arms over his head, then crossed them exultantly before him. The color faded from Leone's lips. Again she tried to coax him away.

"Sim," she said, "do you know who wants you?"

He answered by smoothing her light brown hair, and drawing his own fair locks significantly before his eyes.

"Well, then, come!"

But no. He must cross his arms daringly, before the coat again, and beat his palms together, and then crouch upon the floor and rock himself backward and forward—backward and forward; half-formed unintelligible words wrecking themselves constantly upon his lips. After this he was willing to be led from the room.

Through the day that followed, he was quiet and watchful. When the first faint shadow of night fell, he stationed himself by the window, and commenced looking up at the sky. The little room grew darker and darker as he stood there, and one by one the stars came out before him, as though conscious that he was waiting for their light. Twinkle, twinkle! they shone and glimmered, and sent their golden bars through the darkness like old familiar friends. And Sim smiled in answer, and tried to motion in his strange, awkward manner, of the great plan that was working its way through his troubled mind.

When a lamp was lighted he left the window, and crouched down, as was his custom, at Leone's feet, looking wistfully up into her pale face. By and by, he seemed listening to catch some far off sound. His eyes grew eager and wild in their expression, and he held his long thin hands behind his ears, and bent his head heavily forward. Sometimes his mouth would grow stern and hard, and then a smile would flit across it; first he would look frightened, then elevate his eyebrows as though inspired by a sudden bravery. At last a step was heard upon the sidewalk, and a strong hand shook at the outer door. Every vestige of color receded from the boy's face, and his eyes looked like two fierce flames. His white lips parted, and in his terrible fright the sentinel that had guarded his speech so faithfully, forgot itself.

"I hears him! I hears him!" he gasped, grasping the hands of Leone, tightly. "I hears him for a long time, and I knows him!"

With this he sprang behind the chair of

the frightened woman, and tried to sink entirely out of sight.

She was too much alarmed by the sudden change to answer him, but she looked down into his eager eyes and startled face, and read with a shudder the secret of his fear. Again the strong hand shook at the outer door.

"I knows him—I knows him!" Sim cried, again. "He wants to kills me, he does."

"Hush, be quiet!" answered Leone. "I must go and open the door. Don't be afraid, my boy, he shall not harm you!" she added, fervently, pressing her lips closely to his damp forehead.

The hand at the door was growing impatient. It gave a loud, fierce rap that echoed through the vacant house, and then shook the loose latch, long and lustily.

"I'm coming—I'm coming," said Leone, going rapidly down the old stairway. "Who is it?"

"Who is it? Let me in! You know who it is, well enough!"

Very true, she did know who it was. If she had doubted, that tone would have satisfied her.

"What in the deuce are you trying to do, L'one?" was the exclamation, as she opened the door. "Did you want to keep me on the sidewalk all night?"

"No," was the plain, coolly given answer.

"Ah, what's up now, my lady? Are you freezing? How's the boy?"

"Well, very well."

"That's excellent news. What are you standing there looking at me for? Let us go up-stairs."

"Your face?" she said, inquiringly.

"Is slightly bruised," he answered, bitterly, raising his hand to his purple temple. "A friend marked me for his own particular use, you see. I—shall—serve—him."

The last words were hissed from his lips, and he paused after the utterance of each one. Leone smiled and went before him through the wide, upper hall. The lamp in her hand trembled, as she threw open the door of her room.

"Step easily—don't frighten him!" she said, turning to Richards.

"What! are you making a nursling of the idiot!" he asked, in a loud, harsh tone. "Let me see him?"

Sim was crouched in the further corner of the room, his chin resting upon his palms, and his great eyes glaring and burning in their sockets like those of some wild, frightened beast.

"Bring him to the fire, into the light, L'one. I want to look at the miserable idiot."

Leone did as she was bidden, and sat down with the boy at her feet. Richards regarded them attentively, as though some strange idea was working itself slowly through his brain.

"You like this boy, L'one?" he said, leaning his head forward, and fixing his eyes keenly upon her face.

"Yes," she answered, without looking up.

"It is not to be wondered at," he went on, in the same low tone, still keeping his eyes upon her face. "I have an idea he resembles you. I should say, at once, if I was a stranger, and asked to give my opinion, that the relation between you was as near as that of mother and son. I should say so, L'one."

"You should?"

She answered again without looking up. He bent his head still further forward, his eyes growing decidedly keener and sharper in their expression.

"Yes, I should. And I should say, that sometime in your life you had deceived me!"

He spoke the last words with fearful emphasis. Leone threw up her head, quickly, a slight paleness settling down upon her features. Sim moaned and hid his face within his hands.

"I know, now, what makes the boy so strange, and how he came by these secrets; these secrets which I thought were dead with you and me," he went on. "You gave them to him, yourself! They were born with him, and they are a part of him! Look me in the face, and tell me that it is so!"

She raised her eyes unflinchingly to his, but not a word came from her pale lips.

"You were squirmish in those days, Leone," continued Richards, sneeringly, "and consequently you were in a poor condition to bring children into the world. See what you have made of him!"

He pointed to Sim, who sat trembling from head to foot, his face hidden within his hands.

"You must do something to atone for this, Leone!"

"What!" she asked, huskily, resting her hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"You must"— He paused, and arose from his seat, taking a few hasty turns up and down the room.

"You must choose between the boy and me," he said, stooping before her.

She drew a sigh of relief. Richards smiled.

"That is easily enough done, isn't it?" he uttered.

"The boy is safe here, he can do no harm here," she said, evading his question.

"No, he is not safe here; Satan will help him track me out at any time," was the quickly given answer.

"What can I do—where can I go with him?" asked Leone.

"You can go thousands and thousands of miles away, you can put seas and mountains between us," said Richards, his face brightening.

At that moment Sim dropped his hands from his face and looked up at him, the old hatred gleaming out from every feature. That was not enough, he threw up his arms, defiantly, and before Leone could prevent it, crossed them before him, then laughed and chuckled to himself, as if thinking.

"By"— cried Richards, a fearful oath escaping from his lips, "he must die—the boy must die! I swear it a thousand times—the boy must die!"

"He—must—not—die!" said Leone, starting up, her white lips moving slowly. "You will not, you dare not harm a hair of his head. I have been your slave, your willing slave, for years," she went on rapidly and fiercely, "I have given up everything for you. I have lived an outcast from the world, a wicked, debased woman, without love and without hope, because you have wished it; I have given up everything, and you have trampled me down at your will; I have never complained—but now—dare to touch this boy—my child and yours, dare to bring your accursed schemes to play upon his innocent head, and I will make a hotter, more terrible hell about you, than you have ever carried in your own breast." She ceased speaking, but she stood before him with every limb fearfully rigid.

"You threaten me, then?" he said. "What do you think your threats can do?"

"They can save me my boy," she answered, stepping between him and Sim.

"You stand between us," he said.

"Yes, and will take the blow."

"Take the blow!" he mimicked. "Who wants to strike him, or even thought of such a thing?" he asked, working his hands. "I have no time for child's play, Leone. When I have anything to do, I do not parley."

"Evidently not. Can we come to terms?"

She was anxious to bring the interview to a close, and did not care to conceal her wish.

"Guard the boy closely, and make much of him," he answered. "But look out that he does not cross my path. That is all. You may light me to the door."

Could Lemuel Richards have looked upon Sim at that moment, he would not have left the room so easily. As he turned towards the door, the boy arose to his feet, and crept noiselessly forward, crossing and re-crossing his arms at every step. He even followed them into the hall.

"Are you going back to-night?" asked Leone, as Richards stood with his hand upon the latch of the outer door.

"Yes, to-night. I shall come again soon."

As he spoke he opened the door. The sudden draft of air extinguished the light.

"The deuce is in the luck!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "I have almost forgotten—but I must go to my room for a moment—now the light is out."

He followed her up-stairs in the darkness, neglecting to close the street door before doing so. They passed Sim at the head of the stairs without knowing it. As they did so, the boy felt the strong free wind play across his cheek, and lift his long loose hair. He held his hands together tightly, listened as they closed the door of the inner room, and then sprang lightly down the stairs into the street.

"Where is Sim?" asked Richards, looking around as the lamp was re-lighted.

"Gone to his room, I suppose. He always sleeps well, no matter what happens to disturb him."

"Sleeps well!" Richards repeated, smiling. "I like that. Look, that you guard his slumbers closely."

He turned from her, and went to his room. After a moment's absence he returned, and bade her light him down the stairs again. They parted without another word, Leone drawing a long breath of relief as she locked the door. Poor Leone! she did not know whom she shut out into the darkness with him. Poor Leone!

[To be continued.]

THE GIRAFFE AT HOME.

OF all that wonderful profusion of game with which the continent of Africa has been so richly endowed, the Giraffe is perhaps the most singular, certainly one of the most beautiful. Sharing with the zebra, and its extinct cousin the true quagga, the gnu, and the hippopotamus, the distinction of being peculiar to Africa and to no other country, its towering form, extraordinary shape, and rich coloring, point to it, even among the zoological marvels of the Dark Continent, as one of nature's rarest and most singular efforts. Even in the days, now becoming remote, when this great game was to be found close to the Orange river, its shy habits, and the parched nature of the country inhabited, rendered it always a prime reward for the hunter's skill and labor. At the present time, the giraffe-hunter must wander far afield indeed, before he may hope to set eyes upon this stately quarry. Ever since youth, one of the writer's most cherished ambitions had been to see the tall giraffe in its native haunts. Last year this longing was happily gratified; and in the distant thirstlands of the North Kalahari, and amid the waterless mimosa forests fringing the southern border of the Botletli river, in the region of Lake Ngami, several troops of these long-sought animals were seen, and specimens brought to bag.

To have witnessed these beautiful quadrupeds browsing quietly in their desert haunts; to have witnessed their swift and extraordinary paces when pursued; and, after the fatest gallop that an Afaican hunt-horse can compass, to have at length laid low that colossal form—these are rewards surely sweet and amply enough to repay the many weeks of toil and trouble that have been expended in reaching those remote hunting-grounds.

It has been asserted by naturalist, with some show of reason, that the giraffe was never to be found south of the Orange river. There is certainly no actual and direct evidence that even in ages past it browsed within the confines of the present Cape Colony. There are, too, to be seen to this day in the Bushman caves near Eraff Reinet and other portions of the Eastern Province of Cape, rude but unmistakable likenesses of this animal, which may or may not be considered evidence in favor of the contention that the giraffe did once make its habitat south of the Orange river.

Five or six decades since, the giraffe might have been found in many parts of Great Namaqualand, and in the country of the southern Bechuanas. In the Kalahari Desert, between these countries, it was extremely plentiful. In 1837, Captain Cornwallis Harris met with it in the present Transvaal territory; and in considerable abundance near the junction of the Marico and Limpopo rivers. Even till within the last few years it has lingered in the unhealthy low country lying upon the eastern border of the Transvaal. But year by year it has been hunted from one sanctuary to another, until now the giraffe must be sought in the far corners of Khama's country, or in the waterless recesses of the North Kalahari, before it can be chanced upon. Even, then, its habits are so shy, and its love of extreme solitude so constant, that great precautions have to be taken, and the most skillful of Bushmen hunters employed to track the beautiful giant to its forest fastness.

The giraffe, for at least three parts of the year that is, during the spring and winter months in Africa—seems to be perfectly independent of water. I have taken great pains to get at the truth of this matter; and all hunters, native and European—including of course Boer hunters—that I have met confirm this fact. It is certain that the only giraffes found by myself and my hunting companion were standing in perfectly waterless bush, far remote from water; and it is equally certain that during that season (the winter) they never attempted to drink in the Botletli river, their only possible source of supply. This faculty of going for months without water the giraffe seems to share in common with certain of the South African antelopes, notably the eland, gemsbok, and hartebeest among the larger antelopes; and the steinbok, duyker, and springbok among the smaller. The food of the giraffe consists almost exclusively of the leaves of the giraffe acacia (Acacia giraffæ), known throughout the interior as the "Kameel-doorn" or "Camel-thorn." The Boers know the giraffe only by their Dutch name of "Kameel;" and English hunters and traders in

variably term it "Camel"—a sufficient explanation of the name of its favorite tree. There are few more beautiful sights in nature than the spectacle of the giraffe, its tall neck up-stretched, plucking with long prehensile tongue at the sweet young leafage of the acacia. In August of last year, the writer had the great good fortune to surprise a troop of nineteen, all feeding busily in this manner, fifteen being gathered round one tree. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

Although familiar to the Romans in the days of Empire, when camelopards—doubtless from North Africa—were exhibited in the arena, this animal seems in later times to have become completely known to Europe. There is indeed vague mention of an animal resembling the giraffe shown at Venice some three hundred years back; but until the close of the last century, it seems to have been classed more among the creatures of cnimera of fable than as anything belonging to earth.

It is true there are specimen of the giraffe in the gardens of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park, but these pallid and undeveloped captives do not fairly represent the mature specimens of wild Africa. The color of an old bull giraffe is of the richest dark orange chestnut, deepening almost to black upon the back. Old cows in the same way darken very much with age. The younger and mature members of the troop present the most beautiful array of coloring, varying from a rich ruddy orange to a bright lemon fawn.

Within the last few years, wonderful strides have been made in the stuffing and setting-up of skins; and the specimens of rare game sent home recently by the great hunter Mr. F. C. Selous now afford faithful representations of the living animals, instead of, as in the case of many of the specimens, absurd and hideous caricatures. The only stuffed giraffe in the collection of the Natural History Museum is certainly of great size; but it is wretchedly set up, and gives no sort of idea of the animal in its natural state. This specimen is very old and worn, and was shot, I believe, about the year 1835. Similarly, at the Cape Town Museum the solitary example is little better than a misshapen monstrosity, and the skin is in a wretched condition. When it is remembered that this very skin lay for three years upon the open beach at Walfisch Bay before it was sent to Cape Town and sent u some idea may be formed of its miserable plight. But the Cape government is not renowed for its anxiety to further the interests of sicence and natural history, and hard working and zealous as are in the Museum authorities, the establishment is in a pecuniary sense very ill supported.

The most beautiful point about the giraffe is the eye, which is large, dark, full, and of the most melting tenderness, and shaded by long lashes. The eyes of the most beautiful gazelle cannot hope to surpass the bewitching softness of the timid giraffe's. Dependent as this animal is, from its sheer defencelessness, for its safety upon its scent and vision, the senses are extraordinarily acute; and the eye is so formed and set in the head that the animal has, without moving, a wide field of vision both in front and rear.

The pace of this animal is singularly deceptive. When the hunter first sets eyes on it as it moves away, he thinks it is going slowly at a curious gliding walk, and can be quickly overtaken. He canters slowly, and is surprised to find he is still losing ground. Even at a hard gallop it takes a good South African horse to run up to a giraffe; and unless a tremendous dash is made during the first mile of chase, forcing your horse at top speed with spur and sjambok, the tall quarry is as likely as not to get clean away from you. When pressed, the gait is most extraordinary. The giraffe progresses by moving two legs on one side simultaneously, and when forced to its greatest speed, its action resembles a series of striding leaps in which the hind legs are kept very wide apart. As it runs thus, the great neck swings up and down, and the long black tail switches with the regularity of clock-work. Its limping, pitching action can only be compared to a gigantic and awkward automaton, or to the motion of a great ship pitching on a troubled sea. Nothing can be more wonderful or more exciting than to have a large troop of this most beautiful and stupendous game thus rocking and swaying in front of one.

As a rule, the giraffe is found in open, bushy forest, and when pursued, it invariably runs for the most thorny and entangling portion. Its own thick hide and great weight enables it easily to force a way through the densest obstacles, which tear the rider and his horse terribly. It is not only advisable, it is a necessity to wear a stout thick cord coat when hunting these animals

in forest-country. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which these tall creatures duck and evade the branches of trees. The long neck is bent and the beautiful head lowered, so that branches which all but graze the withers are passed; and the operation is performed with great rapidity. In the same manner trees and bushes are avoided with sudden and astounding ease, the great creatures sheering and tacking in thick forest in a perfectly bewildering way. Curious though it may seem, the giraffe is extremely hard to find in forest-country, even although a troop may be feeding with their heads above bushes and low trees within the vision of the hunter. The long neck has a strange resemblance to the trunks and limbs of dead trees, and the coloring of the animal assimilates very wonderfully, especially in winter, with the sun-scorched vegetation, the yellow glare around, and the play of light and shade through foliage. Every distant tree or limb is therefore most anxiously scanned when giraffes are known to be in the neighborhood.

At the present time, the giraffe is mainly sought after for the value of its hide, which, even so far up country as Khama's Town (Palachwe), now commands a value of from two pounds ten shillings to four pounds ten shillings a skin, varying according to age and sex. The hide of a tough, thick-skinned old bull, from an inch to an inch and a quarter in thickness, is of course the most sought after. When one of these great creatures lie prone upon the veldt, it seems as if enveloped in a mantle of brass, and the fingers can make no impression whatever upon the carcase. Not many years since, the hides of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus furnished ox-whips and riding-whips, known as *sjamboks*, all over South America. But the rhinoceros is all but exterminated south of the Zambesi; the hippopotamus becomes scarcer year by year; and the hide of the giraffe is consequently in greatly increased demand. A few years back, there happened a dearth of sjambok hides, the price of whips rose immensely, and a giraffe skin sold readily for five pounds and more. Forthwith, parties of Dutch and native hunters flocked into the Kalahari, and scores upon scores of giraffe were slaughtered. Most up-country natives, especially the Bechuanas, use the hide of the giraffe for making the neat sandals they habitually wear, preferring it for its strength and toughness to any other. It seems a pity that for the sake only of whips and sandals, and to furnish the hunter with meat and an exciting form of sport, this stately creature should be exterminated from South Central Africa, as it bids fair soon to be.

I would never again, if I could help it, lay low another of these creatures, except to furnish a supply of absolutely necessary meat.

Its speed and staying powers and the nature of its habitat will always render the giraffe well worthy of the sportsman's skill; but in these days, when game is vanishing, almost as if by magic, from the face of the earth, unless its flesh is actually and imperatively needed, this, the most rare and characteristic of the African fauna, should, in my judgment, be suffered to go unmolested.

Roughly speaking, the present geographical distribution of the giraffe may be said to extend from Khama's country—Bamangwato, North Bechuanaland—in the south, to the southern Soudan in the north; and in dry, suitable localities, where the giraffe acacia is to be found, its range extends all over Africa between these limits. Utter extinction is for the present, therefore, happily not immediately assured. But as Africa become opened up year by year—almost month by month—these beautiful and defenceless animals must surely pass away. At the end of another century, our successors will probably, as they gaze at pictures of the extinct camelopard, marvel that so extraordinary a creature could have lingered so late into the world's history. Yet another hundred years and their successors will be inclined to rank the giraffe among dragons, unicorns, and other creations of fable.

STRIKING OUT FOR HERSELF.

"SHE hasn't any talent at all, " said Mr. Smith, "not a particle!"

"O pa!" said Mrs. Smith.

"Let her stick to the dressmaking," oracularly added Mr. Smith; "there's money in that."

"But its hard earned money, pa," urged Mrs. Smith; "and it isn't as if Jacintha was a very young girl that couldn't be expected to know her own mind. Jacintha is twenty-four."

"Old enough to know better," said Mr. Smith, curtly. "And there's John Jacob Finlay has as good as said that he won't have nothing to say to a girl that goes careering off to the city, and obtrudes herself upon the public where she ain't wanted nor won't be appreciated."

Mrs. Smith's meek blue eyes grew round with mingled terror and apprehension.

"O pa, don't talk so dreadful!" was all that she could say.

"Truth is truth," said Mr. Smith, "and I can't make nothing else outen it! And Jacintha may just make up her mind whether she'd rather be a good fore-handed farmers wife, or one of those draggle-tailed artists that are always being turned out of their rooms on account of rent not paid."

The Smiths were generally a most peaceable and harmonious family. Mr. Smith liked to dictate, and Mrs. Smith was willing to obey; but to-day the tides of argument ran high. Jacintha, Mr. Smith's sister, one of the womankind whose duty he considered it to listen and obey, had actually presumed to have an opinion of her own! She had got tired of dish-washing, butter making and the endless cooking of dinners. She wanted to become—an artist!

"Painting!" echoed Mr. John Jacob Finlay, who, although a very worthy young man, was rather narrow in his ideas, "painting! why, it ain't a woman's business, climbing up on ladders, and hanging on by scarf foldings, besides the white led being poisonous to breath!"

"It ain't that, Mr. Finlay," said Mrs. Smith, anxious to make the best of things, "it's painting pictures in a studio. Pictures, you know, such as you put in frames."

"Oh!" said John Jacob.

"It ain't must better according to my idears," gruffly observed Mr. Smith.

"O pa," said his wife, deprecatingly.

"Well," said Mr. Finlay, "why couldn't you have said artist, instead of painter?"

"Where's the difference?" growled Mr. Smith.

"Whichever way it is, it won't suit me," said Finlay. "There's a deal too many artists in New York as it is, and it's a woman's business to stay at home and help her husband save money!"

"But," gently interposed Mrs. Smith "wouldn't it be just as well if she could earn instead of saving?"

Mr. Finlay shook his head.

"It ain't in the nature of things!" said he, while the less ceremonious Smith grumbled out:—

"Earn, indeed! I'm willing to eat every sixpense she earns for the next ten years at picture-painting."

"O pa!" said Mrs. Smith.

But Jacintha had her way. Jacintha was a bright-spirited girl who was not inclined like her meeker sister-in-law, to bow down to the will of "the men-folks."

"It may be that I shall not succeed," said she, "but I intended to risk it. I've saved a little money, and I choose to lay it out in this way. And if John Jacob does not like it—why he can lump it!"

Mrs. Smith looked with admiring terror at Jacintha.

"I don't see," said she; "how you dare to be so positive!"

"Because," Jacintha returned, "I know I'm in the right!"

Mr. Smith openly opposed. Mrs. Smith tremulously discouraged. John Jacob Finlay set his face, like a flint against the whole proceeding, but Jacintha persisted and went to New York with her little trunk and her gigantic anticipations.

"I wash my hands of it all," said Mr. Smith, "and I want you to have nothing more to do with that girl, Phebe."

"O pa," twittered the little matron, "she is your own sister!"

"I don't recognize no woman for a sister that don't hear to reason," said Mr. Smith, sternly.

Jacintha Smith cheerily went to work. She lived economically, slept on a sofa behind a chintz curtain in her studio, and rose at daylight to cook her own breakfast

over a kerosene stove, and got to work early. And she had not been in New York a week before her first order came, to paint a portrait of a child whom her landlady had just lost. Her only guide was a battered photograph, Jacintha made a success of it. She idealized the whole subject. She put the figure of the little child on a daisy-strewn bank, with a brook in front, and a tangle of hazel bushes in the background. The poor mother burst out sobbing at the sight.

"Oh, how beautiful it is!" she cried. "Oh, I love to look at him so! Perhaps he is playing just that way with the angels in heaven at this very minute!"

The landlady was only a poor woman but she knew plenty of people who were better off. In her business of lodging-letting she came across a great variety of the human species, and the little picture with the glittering shining ripples of the brook, the green gloom of the hazels, and the banished gleam of the child's long fair hair, was admired far and wide. More orders came in. Some were paying, and others were not—but Jacintha was kept tolerably busy. In the midst of it all, she made time to paint up a pretty sketch of an old ruined mill-wheel outlined against a red sunset sky, which was hung on the walls of the Spring Exhibition.

After that, Jacintha had no more doubts nor fears. She knew now that she was going to succeed.

Mrs. Smith had not quite kept faith with her husband. Now and then express parcels of spring chickens, new butter, delicious red apples, jars of home made mince meat, would make their appearance at the studio, and more than once the good soul sat up late to write a laborious letter to Jacintha, telling all the home news, and hinting that any time that Jacintha would come home and abandon her wild project of a career, Mr. Smith would, she was almost sure, overlook the past! Jacintha smiled as she read Phebe's irregular scrawls, but they did not move her fixed determination.

Success is a wonderful medium of reconcilination, however. At the end of two years Mr. Smith actually deigned to enter his sister's studio, on one of his visits to New York. It was a large, elegant room now, with another apartment separated from it by Turcoman *portieres*, and Jacintha had a regular "reception day," and her meals were sent in from a neighboring restaurant.

"It must take a deal of money to keep this thing going," said Mr. Smith, glancing around him.

"It does," quietly answered Jacintha.

"Humph?" said her brother. "Be careful you don't get into debt."

"I'll be careful," said Jacintha. While Phebe eyed the Persian prayer-rugs that covered the hard-wood floor, surreptitiously felt of the red silken hangings, and edged away from the lay-figure which had an unpleasantly human appearance.

"And how much do you expect to get for that painting there?" said she glancing at the work now on the easel—a twelve-inch piece upon which a pretty little "interior" was now beginning to evolve itself—an open fire-place, with an old lady teaching a child its letters by the red glow, while from a distant window a square of silvery moonlight lay on the carpet.

"It is an order," said Jacintha. "I shall probably charge seventy-five dollars for it."

"Oh, goodness me!" said Mrs. Smith.

"It ain't worth that," said Mr. Smith, with more frankness than courtesy.

"A picture is always worth what it will bring," observed Jacintha, calmly.

"And John Jacob Finlay is so set up because the girl he's paying attention to, can earn her dollar a day at plain sewing!" said Mrs. Smith. "I wonder what he'd say to the money our Jacintha makes, Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith turned on his heel.

"Can you tell me the nearest way to the Somersetshire Saving Bank?" said he "I've bought that up-land meadow from Squire Dannerley, and I want to borrow a thousand dollars there on bond and mortgage, to pay for it. You remember that twenty acre meadow, Jacintha?"

"I remember it perfectly well," said she. "It's a fine piece of land. What interest does the Somersetshire Saving Bank charge you?"

Smith looked rather surprised.

"Five per cent," said he.

"I'll lend you the money at three and a half," said Jacintha, composedly.

"The—mischief you will!" shouted her brother. "And where will you get a thousand dollars to lend me, at three and half per cent?"

"Where other people do—out of my business," said Jacintha—and she produced her bankbook.

And the sight of Mr. Smith's face, as he surveyed its entries, was a study.

"Jacintha," said he, "I give in. You've done well to come here and open your studio. What will John Jacob Finlay say?"

John Jacob himself came up town next day.

"Jacintha," said he, "the best of us are liable to make mistakes."

"Yes," she interrogated.

"I haven't committed myself to Betsy Dow yet, although folks have been silly enough to talk," he added.

"No?" still with that questioning air.

"And if you'll say so, we'll let by-gones be by-gones, and renew our old engagement," he went on, with a persuasive smile.

"But I don't say so," cried Jacintha. "I wouldn't cut out Betsy Dow for the world. Pray return to her at once. As for me, I am too much absorbed in my art to care to marry anyone at present."

And she bowed the discomfitted Mr. Finlay out of her studio.

And perhaps, of all the results of her success, this was the most satisfactory to Jacintha Smith. She was only human after all.

WILD ROSES.

NATURE'S own nurslings! lifting up your heads
With the pink buds, and with the blossoms sweet,
All the deep light of beauty in me glows
As the rich perfume all my senses meet.
In the grand Catskills have I found them oft,
Close springing up besides the mountains stern,
Shedding their odors, and their petals rare
Amid the grasses and the branching fern.

Wild roses near the sea, close by the brook
That crossed the fields, around my seaside home
Where standing on the height, we heard the roar
Of ocean waves, and saw the milk-white foam.
My children loved to hear the free birds sing,
And pluck the roses, with their little hands,
While the sweet perfume from the roses shed
Was wafted far upon the grassy lands.

Other wild roses have I gathered oft
Close by the pool that skirts the shaded lawn,
And by the path that leads toward the shore,
Have held them closely, as I watched the dawn.
They add to every joy that comes to all
Who love the beauty of this sea-girt isle,
My own grandchildren gather them with glee
And pass them to me, with a kiss and smile.

Roses! Queen roses of the gardener's art,
Varied in hue, and spiced and perfumed air,
Attract at friendly feasts, and bridal days,
And fitly deck the form of woman fair:
But the wild roses brook no treatment grave,
Nor flourished in gay and crowded ways,
Nature's own nurslings; in her quiet nooks
They ope their tiny buds, and lift their sprays.

"WHO MURDERED DOWNIE?"

ABOUT the end of the eighteenth century, whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, incurred the displeasure of the humbler citizens, he was assailed with the question: "Who murdered Downie?" Reply and rejoinder generally brought on a collision between "town and gown;" although the young gentlemen were accused of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatized as murderers, when their accusers have probability on their side; but the "taking off" of Downie occurred when the gownsmen, so maligned, were in swaddling clothes.

But there was a time, when to be branded as an accomplice in the slaughter of Richard Downie made the blood run to the cheek of many a youth, and sent him home to his books, thoughtful and subdued. Downie was sacrist or janitor at Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in securing the gate by a certain hour; previous to which all the student had to assemble in the common hall, where a Latin prayer was delivered by the principal. Whether, in discharging this function, Downie was more rigid than his predecessor in office, or whether he became stricter in the performance of it at one time than another, cannot be ascertained; but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere punctuality, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescribed time, were shut out, and were afterwards reprimanded and fined by the principal and professors. The students became irritated at this strictness, and took every petty means of annoying the sacrist; he, in his turn, applied the screw at other points of academic routine, and a fierce war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. Downie took care that in all his proceedings he kept within the strict letter of the law; but his opponents were not so careful, and the decisions of the rulers were uniformly against them, and in favor of Downie. Reprimands and fines having failed in producing due subordination, rustication, suspension, and even the extreme sentence of expulsion had to be put in force; and, in the end, law and order prevailed. But a secret and deadly grudge continued to be entertained against Downie.

Downie was, in common with teachers and taught, enjoying the leisure of the short new year's vacation—the pleasure being no doubt greatly enhanced by the annoyances to which he had been subjected during the recent bickerings—when, as he was one evening seated with his family in his official residence at the gate, a messenger informed him that a gentleman at a neighboring hotel wished to speak with him. Downie obeyed the summons, and was ushered from one room into another, till at length he found himself in a large apartment hung with black, and lighted by a solitary candle. After waiting for some time in this strange place, about fifty figures, also dressed in black, and with black masks on their faces, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in the form of a court, and Downie, pale with terror, was given to understand that he was about to be put on trial.

A judge took his seat on the bench; a clerk and public prosecutor sat below; a jury was empanelled in front; and witnesses and spectators stood around. Downie at first set down the whole affair as a joke; but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity, that, in spite of himself, he began to believe in the genuine mission of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment, charging him with conspiring against the liberties of the students; witnesses were examined in due form, the public prosecution addressed the jury, and the judge summed up.

"Gentlemen," said Downie, "the joke has been carried far enough; it is getting late, and my wife and family will be getting anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you in time past, I am sorry for it, and I assure you I will take more care in the future."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, "consider your verdict; and if you wish to retire, do so."

The jury retired. During their absence the most profound silence was observed; and except renewing the solitary candle that burnt beside the judge, there was not the slightest movement. The jury returned and recorded a verdict of Guilty. The judge solemnly assumed a huge black cap, and addressed the prisoner:—

"Richard Downie! The jury have unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberty and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive lieges for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death. In fifteen minutes the sentence of the court will be carried into effect."

The judge placed his watch on the bench. A block, an axe, and a bag of sawdust was brought into the centre of the room. A figure more terrible than any that had yet appeared came forward, and prepared to act the part of doomster. It was now past midnight, there was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. Downie became more and more alarmed.

"For pity's sake, gentlemen," said the terrified man, "let me go home. I promise that you never again shall have cause for complaint."

"Richard Downie," remarked the judge, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who must have your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry, and you are seized, and your doom completed before you can utter another. Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night; they are known to none but ourselves; and when the object for which we have met is accomplished, we shall dispense unknown to any one. Prepare, then, for death; another five mintutes will be allowed, but no more."

The unfortunate man in an agony of deadly terror raved and shrieked for mercy; but the avengers paid no heed to his cries. His fevered, trembling lips then moved as if in silent prayer; for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but as a few more tickings of that watch.

"Now!" exclaimed the judge.

Four persons stepped forward and seized Downie, on whose features a cold clammy sweat had burst forth. They bared his neck, and made him kneel before the block.

"Strike!" exclaimed the judge.

The executioner struck the axe to the floor; an assistant on the opposite side lifted at the same moment a wet towel, and struck it across the neck of the recumbent criminal.

A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end. But Downie responded not to the uproarious merriment; they laughed again; but still he moved not; they lifted him, and Downie was dead. Fright had killed him as effectually as if the axe of a real headsman had severed his head from his body.

It was a tragedy to all. They now in reality swore an oath among themselves; and the affrighted young men left the body of Downie in the hotel. One of their number told the landlord that their entertainment was not yet over, and that they did not wish the individual that was left in the room to be disturbed for some hours. This was to give them all time to make their escape.

Next morning the body was found. Judicial inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The ill-will between him and the students was known; it was also known that the students had hired rooms in the hotel for a theatrical representation; that Downie had been sent for by them; but beyond this, nothing was known. No noise had been heard, and no proof of murder could be adduced. Downie's widow and family were provided for; and his slaughter remained a mystery; until, about fifteen years after its occurance, a gentleman on his deathbed disclosed the whole particulars, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered Downie.

"Let me not die before I've done for Thee
My earthly work whatever it may be.
Call me not hence, with mission unfulfilled;
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled;
Impress this truth upon me, that not one
Can do my portion, that I leave undone."

THE MAID OF BREGENZ.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

WHERE the "blue heart" of Lake Constance sleeps calm and serene in its azure depths, there came three hundred years ago to the little Swiss village on its banks, a young and interesting girl from Bregenz, on the Austrian frontier. She was evidently poor; for she sought work in a farmer's employ, and stated her willingness to perform any kind of labor which her strength would permit her to engage in.

She became an intimate of the house of Paul Hentzner, a farmer and goathered; and made herself so eminently useful in every way, that the family would not hear of her ever leaving them. Alternately she carded and spun, tended goats, or sung sweet and tender ballads to the children of the household, who loved the sweet Bertha dearer than their own mother.

Not alone did she attend to the domestic concerns. She had other occupation, dearer and far more pleasant. She tended the little garden, carried the children to school, to the house of an old woman, more than half a mile distant, and in the twilight she sang sweet ballads to them by the fireside. No one was so good to the little people as Bertha. She it was who walked with them, in the first dewy light of early morning by the lake side, or drew them on the little sledge upon its frozen edge, in the winter noons.

Outwardly, the young girl seemed content with this; and her life and mission was apparently fulfilled in the serene round of duties that presented itself to her performance. But inwardly a fire was burning in her heart, almost as intensely as in that of the heroic maiden of Orleans; and in the hush of her little bed-room, where she lay watching the stars that beamed over Lake Constance, and thought of the dear home she had left, lying just beyond it, all soft and sweet and holy emotions became mingled with a burning desire to do something for that home which should make it grand and glorious.

High dreams and wild were these for the humble little maiden of the Tyrol; but they were born of the enthusiasm of her own soul, and of the record, even then of a hundred years old, of the heroic young standard-bearer at Rheims; and who shall say that those visions were not prophetic of the future?

Year lapsed away after year, and the girl grew in strength and beauty. The dwellers on the banks of Lake Constance—simple, quiet, straight forward people—most of them peasants—saw this beauty in the young goat-tender, but could not tell whence came its mystic influence upon their hearts. Other eyes—young, gay and laughing eyes—were as bright, as deeply blue, and shadowed by lashes as long and dark as hers; but none wore that mysterious beauty that beamed in those of Bertha. But this soul-light in hers! in that lay the mystic meaning which they could not fathom.

Bertha had sung little Fergus and Louise to sleep one evening, with a more warlike ballad than her wont. She was even startled when she thought of the strange words she was carolling over the soft white eyelids and bright red cheeks of the innocent babes; and changed her tune suddenly into a low, sweet lullaby, that seemed far more appropriate to the occasion; but ever and anon, when they stirred in their light slumbers she would involuntarily break out anew with:—

> "Brave Leopold led on the ranks,
> And Victory claimed him as her own."

The apartment was adjoining that of the family, and she could distinctly hear every noise that was made in the latter. Dame Hentzner had gone out to have a bit of gossip with a neighbor, and there had been no one in the cottage for half an hour, save Bertha and the children. She had just succeeded in lulling them into that "peaceful sleep which only childhood knows," when she heard Paul enter with a subdued step, in the outer apartment, followed by two or three men, whose voices she knew. There was no egress for her save through this outer room; and she concluded to stay there by the window and watch the soft starlight through a chink in the folds of the curtain which effectually darkened the room. Paul opened the door, but she knew she was not visible and did not speak; and he closed it again, unconscious that any one was there.

For a long time she gazed upward upon the starry fields. Their stillness and beauty penetrated deep into her mind, and she forgot for awhile that any human being was near her. The stars alone seemed to bend towards her, and she almost fancied that she heard mysterious hymnings from their sparkling depths. High and lofty imaginings had then place in the simple maiden's guileless heart, and it would almost seem that the angels themselves talked with her that night, in the dim, low room, with the two children's—"God's possible angels,"—lying near her.

Such exaltation of spirit, however, cannot last long; and Bertha was startled back into human feeling again, by hearing the word Bregenz. This is the little frontier town lying at the eastern extremity of Lake Constance, between the Swiss and Bavarian territories. It is a romantic little place, although stripped of some of its ancient romance by the introduction of cotton manufactures, and that of the frames of wooden houses for the Alpine districts of Switzerland, besides vast quantities of vine poles, for the vineyards on the lakes. But nothing can exceed its local situation, for beauty and pictureness, as it hangs over Lake Constance, as if it were gazing into its fair and peaceful depths, as human eyes love to gaze there.

She did not realize where the word was uttered. It seemed spoken to her soul, more than to her human ear. She had opened the window, for the little room seemed close and warm, and the girl panted for air, long before the bright influences of the stars had taken possession of her.

Just as she heard the word, a soft touch upon the arm that lay outside the window, startled her almost into a cry. She hushed down the half-uttered scream, into a low sobbing, suppressed breathing, like that which comes to our ear from a heavy sleeper. Something white stood beside the window, and for a moment she believed that some spirit was near her. It was but for an instant. She saw immediately that the object was only the pretty white horse which Paul Hentzner valued most of all his possessions, scarcely excepting either wife or children; leastwise, he bestowed upon him far more care and thought. None of the Swiss in that region could exhibit an animal comparable with White Olgerd. He had been sent as a present to Paul, from the choicest of the Ukraine breed—a remembrancer of a time long ago, when the goathered had taken home a wounded huntsman, and restored him to life and health.

White Olgerd was swift of limb as the wild steed that carried Mazeppa; but as gentle as swift. He would pace around the little paddock all day, nibbling the sweet, though scanty grass, or feed daintily from the hands of Bertha and the children as quietly as did their goats; yet if but a bird stooped to drink at the lake and flapped its broad wings as it rose upward, White Olgerd's silky ears were strained back, and he would gallop off as if a hundred whips were held above him.

Berth patted the head that now rested on the window-sill, and drew a few crumbs from her apron pocket, to feed him with; almost forgetting the dream in which she thought she had been reveling, of her native Bregenz; when the same word came again to her ear. This time she was awakened sufficiently to distinguish that it came straight from the room beyond; and that it was now mingled with indistinct murmurs of some great deed that was to be accomplished. It filled her with strange fears. She recalled words and detached sentences that she had heard for several days among the peasants, but which she had only considered mere pass words of jesting import, and had paid no more attention to them; and she now remembered, too, that under pretence of amusement, Paul and one or two of his neighbors had spent several hours a day in practising at the sword exercise.

All these things rushed into her mind at once, forming a distinct picture, to which the finishing touch was given by the impression made on her at the sound of a low cautious voice, saying a few words, in which she distinguished: "Bregenz—midnight—surprise."

She crept to the door that separated the two rooms. Paul and two of his associates were within the range of her vision, but she felt, rather than saw, that the room was nearly full. The faces she saw wore a determined fierceness, and the hands of the confederates seemed to be grasping each other, as if in token of a league.

"Bregenz—midnight—surprise! Bregenz shall be ours!" was the hushed yet audible sound that reached her now.

A prayer—fervent, but unspoken save in the depths of that brave, heroic heart, rose to heaven at that moment. "O God! save

Bregenz!" Another voice that seemed to come from the shining stars, uttered audibly to her soul, "Go forth and save Bregenz!"

She sprang to the ground from the low window, and White Olgerd came to her side. She led him noiselessly to the little shed where his simple trappings hung, and saddled and bridled him hastily. He walked as gently as a child over the turf that lay behind the house, until Bertha stopped him at a rock that had answered the purpose of a horse-block. There she mounted him, and touching him lightly on the neck, he bounded off at the signal at his utmost speed. Mile after mile, over stone, morass and brier—on the very edge of precipices from which, not the rider's eye, but the animal's instinct kept them, past rushing streams and dark ravines and gloomy dells, with the wild prayer lingering on her lips, "O God, bring me to Bregenz!" the maiden guided the spirited steed. Bravely did White Olgerd do her bidding. She paused a moment to let the gallant steed take breath, and then in that pause, she heard the loud rushing of the Rhine. The horse drew in a long—long breath, and gave out a grateful neigh. She dared not let him kiss the silver brook that ran coldly beside the road, although White Olgerd heard it and paused; but his dripping sides forbade her to allow the dangerous luxury, and she spurred on the obedient creature to new speed.

Eleven chimes from the tower of the old cathedral! Press on, gallant steed! The heights of Bregenz rise in the distance. Nay, plunge into the stream! Thou carriest a brave and noble heart as ever beat in woman! No longer the simple maiden, who but yesterday tended goats and sung lullabies to children—but a gallant, heroic, dauntless woman, bent on the noblest errand. No warlike chief that rides triumphant over the battle-field, ever deserved better of his country than the simple Maid of the Tyrol.

"O God! bring me to Bregenz!" And with that heart-felt aspiration on her lips, the brave white steed winds up the pathway. The moon has risen now, and Bregenz lies bathed in her light, the roofs catching and reflecting her beams. The sentinel at the old stone gateway calls out, and Bertha, panting and almost breathless, bids him ring out the chimes from the tower on the hill. Even while its deep, clanging sound falls on the sleeper's ear, White Olgerd is bearing her rider on through the streets of Bregenz, while she calls upon all to arouse and prepare for defence.

Twelve o'clock! Midnight! and Bregenz is save! Saved by the maid and her charger. White Olgerd lies that night in state; his tired limbs bathed with costly oil, and rubbed by the hands of one that never condescended before to any but a princely service.

And Bertha put off the travel stained robes—the peasant suit—and puts on find linen fit for the royal forms, and sleeps on eider down, instead of last night's couch of rushes. And so indeed she ought!

The Bregenz women sit spinning in the warm sunshine that rests lovingly on the peaceful heights. Over Lake Constance there hangs a silvery mist like a robe of dazzling tissue, through which the sun is pouring his softened and subdued radiance. Night comes on, and they leave off their work, but sit and gaze upon the old stone gateway in the west, where, in full relief against the lingering clouds of sunset, stands the monument of a gratefull people—the "Maid and the Charger," in enduring stone. Every time the warder passes by, he cries the passing hour. At *eleven*, he calls out the name of "Bertha." Three hundred years ago this deed was done, and they still keep the memory of the heroic maid green,

Bertha waited not for death to bring her a birdal day. Nor did she wed with plebeian blood. An Austrian prince acknowledged her nobility—that nobility of which nature had stamped the patent—and the fair children to whom she gave birth, were descended from a long line of unblemished ancestry—a line in which all the men are brave and all the women beautiful. Yet when questioned of their highest boast, it would ever be—not of their princly descent, but of the higher rank of the descendants of the immortal "Maid of Bregenz."

FOILED.

"WELL, I suppose I must let you go, Norah, but I don't half like it. You have never been away from me before, and I shall miss you frightfully."

"Yes, I hope you'll let me go, Jim. I don't want to be selfish, but I should enjoy it so much, and, after all, you can see me every day if you like."

They were husband and wife, these two, and had been married just a year. Their married life up to this point had been one of unclouded happiness, and perhaps the term "married lovers" best expresses their relations to one another. Jim Kennedy was a fine speciman of a man, tall and broad-shouldered, but no one ever called his stern, rugged face good-looking, though there were people who found in it a charm that handsomer features often lack. Norah, on the contrary, was extremely pretty, there could be no two opinions on that point; her tall, slight figure, clear, fair skin, crisp golden-brown hair and deep blue eyes fully entitled her to take rank with the beauties of her sex. Jim was well aware of this fact, and the knowledge afforded him great gratification; perhaps the pride of possession, so prominent a feature in the male character, was even more strongly developed in him than in most men; at all events, his pride in his pretty wife knew no bounds. His devotion to her was quite proverbial among their friends and neighbors, nothing could exceed his tender care and forethought in all matters that concerned her; she was always his first consideration. His was a curiously contained and concentrated nature—a nature that was incapable of more than one love—and she had stirred it to its utmost depths.

The subject under discussion was an invitation that the Kennedys had received, to spend a fortnight at one of the neighboring country houses. This invitation Jim, for business reasons, was obliged to decline, but there seemed to be no good reason why Norah should not accept it, and she was very anxious to do so, being, naturally enough, greatly attracted by the prospect of unlimited fun in the shape of dancing, theatricals, and all the thousand-and-one amusements that are always rife among a large country house party.

"It isn't as if it was far away, you know, Jim," she urged. "Why, Woodlands is only three miles from here; you can walk or ride over to see me as often as you like. Of course, I am awfully sorry that you can't go too, and I sha'n't enjoy it half as much as if you were there; but I can tell you all about it afterward, and it seems so ungracious to refuse Mrs. Mervyn's invitation altogether, when there is really no reason at all why I shouldn't accept it."

Jim looked down at the eager, uplifted face, and smiled.

"You shall go, dear," he said. "I may be selfish, but I hope I am not selfish enough to do you out of any pleasure just because I can't share in it myself. Of course, you shall go; and if you want any new toggery you had better set about getting it at once."

"Oh, you dear old Jim!" cried Norah, flinging her arms around his neck and kissing him after her usual impulsive, girlish fashion. Oh, you dear, dear old Jim!"

So the weighty matter was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, and in due course Norah went off to Woodland in a very fetching new gown and the highest possible spirits.

When she had been away for two days, Jim rode over to see how things were going on. He arrived at Woodlands about half-past four, and was received by Norah in the library, every other room, as she informed him, being turned topsy-turvey; some cleared for dancing, and some given up for theatricals, which was just then in process of rehearsal.

"And how are you enjoying yourself?" asked Jim.

"Oh! so much," Norah answered, her bright face aglow with excitement and pleasure. "It is perfectly delightful. I only wish you were here to enjoy it, too. Do you miss me very much, Jim?"

"Frightfully," said Jim, with a little sigh, "I feel quite lost without you; but never mind that, tell me about yourself. What special line have you taken up? Are you going in for theatricals?"

"No, I am afraid I should be no good on the stage. I have had no practice, you know. I enjoy looking on immensely, and there is plenty of fun to be got out of dancing and other things."

"Mrs. Mervyn is a clinking actress," observed Jim.

"Yes," Norah agreed absently; "she is awfully good, and is going to play all the leading parts."

After that she was silent for a few minutes, looking into the fire with a thoughtful and preoccupied air, that somewhat puzzled her husband, who was more accustomed to her brighter moods.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said at last.

Norah started, and glanced up at him with rather a curious expression.

"Jim," she said, nervously, "if I say something you won't be cross, will you?"

He looked surprised.

"Cross, Norah? No, of course not. You may say what you like."

"It is something that I overheard," she went on, absently fingering his coat sleeve. "I couldn't help hearing it; I wish I hadn't, but I couldn't help it. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Willis were talking, and I couldn't help hearing what they said; but they didn't know that I was near. Is it true, Jim—is it true that there was ever anything between you and Mrs. Mervyn?"

A heavy frown crossed Jim's face, and he uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Confound the women!" he cried, angrily. "What a lot of chattering magpies they are!"

"O Jim!" Norah pleaded, "don't be cross; you said you wouldn't. It isn't true, is it?"

Her voice quivered a little, and something suspiciously like tears glittered in her bright eyes. Jim muttered something under his breath as he looked down at her, then he put his arm around her waist, and drew her close to his side.

"Listen, Norah," he said, impressively; "I am going to tell you the whole truth. A year or two ago I was rather intimate with the Mervyns, and used to come to Woodlands a good deal. Mervyn and I have always been good friends, and at that time Mrs. Mervyn and I seemed to get on uncommonly well. I can swear that I never gave her a thought even that passed the bounds of friendship, and it was some time before it dawned upon me that she was trying to lead me into a flirtation. When at last I woke up to the state of the case, I gave Mrs. Mervyn to understand that that sort of thing wasn't in my line, and then promptly cleared out. I have always kept on friendly terms, because I thought that people would begin to think and talk if we had an open split, but I have never come here much since then. That is the truth of the whole matter."

The quiet tone and simple, straightforward words carried conviction with them, and Norah's perturbed face dimpled into a smile as she asked:—

"Why did you never tell me all this before, Jim?"

"My dear child," he answered, gravely, "a man doesn't care to tell tales of that kind at the expense of a woman, even to his wife. Besides, I had almost forgotten the affair, and, in all probability, Mrs. Mervyn has quite."

"A woman never forgets," she said, emphatically. "You may depend upon it, Jim, Mrs. Mervyn has forgotten nothing—but she may have forgiven, and that is more to the point."

Jim stooped down and gave his pretty wife a hearty kiss.

"What a good little soul it is," he said, affectionately; "you take things uncommonly well, Norah. Some women in your place would have treated me to a scene and refused to believe me."

"I should like to see any one refusing to believe you," cried Norah, indignantly. Then she rubbed her soft cheek against his. "Dear old Jim," she whispered lovingly.

Thus ended the first doubt that had ever threatened to mar the happiness of their married life.

A fortnight is only a short time after all, and very soon Norah's visit to Woodlands was drawing to its close.

Three days before the one on which she was to return home, Jim got a note from her asking him to be sure and go over that afternoon, as she had something important to say to him. It was some days since he had been there, and he had not intended to go again, but Norah's word was law; and so he ordered his horse and rode off, arranging to get to Woodlands about four o'clock, as usual.

In the hall he was met by Mrs. Mervyn, and he fancied that she started and turned rather pale when she saw him.

"How do you do, Mrs. Mervyn?" he said, as he shook hands. "Jolly day this, isn't it? Is Norah anywhere about? She sent me a note asking me to come over and see her."

"Your wife is in the house," Mrs. Mervyn answered, "but I don't know that you can see her now."

She spoke rather absently, and Jim thought that she looked at him with a curious expression.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked hastily, "I hope Norah isn't ill."

"No, no, she is quite well, but"——

"But what?" asked Jim, who was beginning to feel rather impatient.

Mrs. Mervyn turned away and looked out of the window.

"Can you bear a shock?" she asked, in a low tone.

"A shock!" Jim repeated, feeling more and more bewildered. "What kind of a shock? What do you mean, Mrs. Mervyn? If you have anything to tell me about Norah, for heaven's sake tell me and have done with it. Don't beat about the bush, that is false kindness."

"Your wife is quite well," Mrs. Mervyn said, in the same low tone, "quite well, but"— She broke off sharply, and suddenly turned from the window. "Come with me," she cried, "Come with me."

A curious sense of doubt and wonder thrilled Jim as he followed his hostess across the hall; he could not at all understand the state of affairs. Mrs. Mervyn led the way to the small drawing-room. Outside the door she paused and looked up at him.

"You had better go in alone," she said; "your wife is in the morning-room. If you are quiet you can hear without being heard."

"Hear!" Jim repeated, with an expression of blank surprise. "Hear what? I wish you would explain yourself, Mrs. Mervyn."

"Don't ask me," she said, giving him a little push towards the door, "but go—go."

Jim hesitated for a moment with his hand on the handle, then he opened the door and went into the room.

Now, the two drawing-room and the morning-room were *en suite*, and the latter was only divided from the small drawing-room by some soft silk curtains drawn across an archway. Mechanically Jim moved across the room until he came to these curtains, and then he stopped. He could hear some one speaking on the other side, and instantly recognized the voice as that of Captain Warner, one of the guests staying in the house, a man whom he had never liked.

"Tell me," the voice urged tenderly "what makes you so unhappy? Perhaps I can do something to help you."

There was a moment's pause, and then the answer came in Norah's voice, low and tremulous, with feeling.

"No, no, you can do nothing. Heaven only knows how miserably unhappy I am, but no one can help me—least of all you."

Jim's hand clutched the curtain involuntarily, his brain seemed to be in a whirl, he felt like a man in a dream. Norah, his Norah, miserably unhappy, and confiding her woes to another man! The thought was madness.

"I can sympathize with you, if I can do no more," Captain Warner went on, in the same tender tone. "Tell me what troubles you—it is always a relief to talk to a sympathetic friend. I am afraid you and your husband are not very well matched."

Jim moved a step nearer to the curtain, listening intently.

"We couldn't be worse matched," cried Norah, in a tone of passionate rebellion. "He does not, it is true, openly ill-treat me, but he makes my life one long torture. If it lasts much longer I shall go mad. Marriage without sympathy is moral suicide."

Jim drew a deep breath and fell back a pace or two. Norah saying that he made her life one long torture! Was it possible, or had his ears played him false?

"My poor darling!" Captain Warner cried, passionately. "Oh! my poor darling! There is nothing that I would not do to save you from such a life. Only trust yourself to me and you will never regret it—never. I swear, as long as you live. I need not tell you that my whole life's happiness is bound up in you, that I love you with all my heart and soul. You know it already."

Jim ground his teeth savagely. In that moment he could have killed the man who dared to plot against his honor and make love to his wife, but he waited to hear Norah's answer.

It came at last.

"Yes," Norah said, and oh! how softly and tenderly her sweet voice thrilled, "yes, I know you love me, and that knowledge is my only comfort. I cling to it with all my strength. Yes, I know you love me, and you must know that I—that I"——

Jim waited to hear no more, but turned and made his way to the hall, staggering as he went.

Five minutes later he was galloping across the park like a madman.

When he reached home, he went straight to his smoking-room and flung himself into his favorite chair. He tried to think, but his thoughts were in a whirl, his brain seemed on fire. He wished to consider the matter calmly and coolly, but found that an utter impossibility. One thought alone possessed him, one bitter, cruel, maddening thought. Norah was lost to him forever. With his own ears he had heard her encourage another man to make love to her. Norah, his Norah, his wife whom he had loved so dearly and trusted so blindly, had played him false. With all his strength he strove to forget the words that he had overheard; but he could not forget, and memory was madness.

It is impossible to put into words all that he suffered. The whole night long he sat alone in his smoking-room, fighting with himself and with this crushing sorrow that had bowed him to the earth. When morning dawned, the cold grey light that stole in through the chinks in the curtains showed him to be but the wreck of his former self.

What should he do? That was the question that forced itself with maddening persistency into his brain, and the answer was not easy to find.

There were two or three courses open to him, but he could not decide which to follow. He considered and reconsidered them all, but none gave him satisfaction. At last a sudden thought struck him that put the others to flight. There was to be a large party at Woodlands that night. Mrs. Mervyn had invited him, and he had refused her invitation; but now he would go. He would give himself one more chance of seeing with his own eyes, and hearing with his own ears; and if his suspicions were confirmed he would tell Norah then and there that all was discovered, and that she was free to go to her lover.

Acting on this idea he drove over to Woodlands in the evening, feeling like a man who was going to his execution. In the hall he found Mr. Mervyn enjoying a surreptitious cigarette, and was welcomed with great cordiality.

"So you've changed your mind, Jim, and come to see the show after all; that's right. I'm enjoying myself in my own way, you see; dancing in one room, theatricals in another, neither of them in my line, so I came out here to have a quiet smoke. Better stay and join me."

At that moment Mrs. Mervyn came slowly down the wide staircase, and crossed the hall toward the two men, struggling with a refactory bangle that refused to fasten.

"Try to do this for me, Edgar," she said. Then she looked up and her eyes fell on Jim. "Mr. Kennedy!" she cried.

"Yes, it's Jim," said her husband, "you needn't look as if you'd seen a ghost."

The startled look still lingered on her face, and she laughed, nervously.

"You are the last person I expected to see," she said to Jim, "you refused so positively."

"Upon my word, that's a hospitable speech," cried Mr. Mervyn. "Jim has changed his mind, and we're very glad to see him. Come, take him into what you call the theatre, Kate, and let him look at his friends making fools of themselves."

Mrs. Mervyn led the way across the hall, and Jim followed like a man in a dream. It all seemed so strange, so unreal; he could hardly realize the state of affairs.

A minute or two later he was in the room that was doing temporary duty as a theatre. One or two people spoke to him and he answered, but made no attempt at conversation. He looked round in search of Norah, and failing to find her, threw himself into a chair and gave way to gloomy thoughts.

The bell rang, and the curtain rose on the second act, but Jim did not look up. He felt no interest. What were the mimic joys and woes of the stage to him? They could not compare with the tragedy of his own life.

He sat there, with his eyes fixed on the ground, wrapped in miserable meditations, till all at once a voice sounded through the room that thrilled him like an electric shock.

It was Norah's voice. What were the words that she was saying?

"No, no, you can do nothing. Heaven only knows how miserably unhappy I am, but no one can help me—least of all you."

Jim drew a deep long breath, and raised his eyes slowly, like a man awakening from some hideous dream. Norah was on the stage—his Norah, looking prettier than he had ever seen her, and by her side, holding her hand in his, stood Captain Warner.

"I can sympathize with you, if I can do no more. Tell me what troubles you—it is always a relief to talk to a sympathetic friend.

I am afraid you and your husband are not very well matched."

There was no need to hear more. Jim saw it all now. As in a lightning flash everything was made plain to him. What he had overheard the day before was a rehearsal of this particular scene, and he had thought—he had thought—Ah! what had he dared to think! He cowered, guiltily, as he remembered all. Norah must never know of what he had accused her in his mind.

He hardly knew how to sit through the remainder of the play; it seemed interminable, but it came to an end at last, and the curtain fell, amidst great applause.

Norah flew up-stairs as soon as the performance was over, to change her dress and wash the rouge and powder from her face. Her first attempt at acting had been a distinct success, there could be no two opinions about that; and she was, naturally enough, proud of the fact. She smiled, well pleased, as she dipped a sponge in soft water, and began to bathe her face.

There was a sharp knock at the door, and Jim came into the room.

"Here you are, my darling," he cried gladly.

She paused in her operations to look up at him:—

"Yes, here I am, and likely to be; I don't know when I shall get rid of this horrid rouge. So you were there after all, Jim; I saw you in the audience, and I was so surprised. Why did you change your mind? It all went off splendidly, didn't it, and—and—oh! Jim, are you very cross with me?"

"Cross with you?" He had come quite close to her now. "No, I am not cross with you Norah; why should I be?"

"Well, I was afraid you would be, and I sent for you yesterday so that I might explain matters, but you didn't come. You see, I was rather forced into it; I could not very well help myself. Mrs. Mervyn made such a point of my undertaking the part, that I could not refuse. I thought it was rather a risque part, but I am awfully glad you are not cross."

Jim took her in his arms, sponge and all, and kissed her wet face.

"I am fonder and prouder of my little wife at this moment than I have ever been before," he said, "but I think we'll have no more theatricals, Norah darling; this shall be your first and last appearance."

"Very well," said Norah, returning the kiss with interest; "I am sure I don't mind. I don't mind anything, so long as you are not cross."

And that was the end of Mrs. Mervyn's attempt at revenge.

"What, going so soon, Mr. Kennedy?"

Mrs. Mervyn looked up with a well simulated air of surprise, and smiled pleasantly into Jim's white, wrathful face.

"Yes," he replied; "but let me first thank you for giving me an opportunity of attending the performance as well as the rehearsal."

LUNACY.

BY BURTON T. DOYLE.

BEAM out, O Moon, with all thy might
And let the stars attend thy reign.
My drooping soul will not complain
So long as darkness leaves the night.
The argent glow of mellow light
Awakes in me the cheerful gleams
Of new-born hope which now, it seems,
Flash through my soul and make it bright.

For in thy smiles the night-shades leave
The windows of my sleepless room
And beams rest there instead of gloom,
Then from my soul sad thoughts depart
Till melancholy grants reprieve.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ON A DESERT ISLAND.

THE shipwrecked crew of the bark Compadre, eight hundred tons register, Captain Jones, bound from Calcutta to Talcahuano, Chili, recently arrived in New Zealand, after a series of remarkable adventures, having escaped the successive perils of fire and shipwreck, and the hardships of a prolonged sojourn on the bleak and desolate islands to the south of New Zealand, known as the Auckland Islands.

The vessel left Calcutta on the twenty-second of January, last year, bound for Talcahuano with a cargo of jute bags. All went well until the sixteenth of March, when a fire was discovered by the captain in the after-hold. The subsequent events are very well told in a clear and graphic narrative which the chief mate, Mr. F. Bates, has given of the affair. The captain, it appears, at once called all hands on deck to cope with the fire. Holes were cut in the cabin deck, and water was poured in incessantly from ten A. M. to six P. M., but without much result. Finding it impossible to extinguish the fire, the captain ordered his men to batten all down, and then shape a course for the Benff, a harbor in the extreme south of the Middle Island of New Zealand, that being the nearest port. Before finally closing the hatches, several men tried to obtain bread from below, but were rendered insensible by the smoke, and had to be carried on deck. The attempt, therefore, had to be abandoned. The vessel made fair way until the night of the eighteenth of March, when to the peril of fire that of tempest was added. A furious westerly gale came down upon the ill-fated vessel, accompanied by terrible squalls. At seven A. M., on the nineteenth of March, land was discovered on the starboard bow, distant about twelve miles. It was very hazy at the time, and, owing to the fearful sea, the vessel labored heavily. One tremendous wave swept the foresail and foretop-mast staysail out of the bolt ropes, burst the forecastle ports, smashed the scuttle forehatches, and swept the decks of everything movable. Worse than this, it burst in the cabin, thus giving air to the fire, which could not be prevented from breaking out, though quantities of water were flooded in. The men could not man the pumps, being washed away by the seas which continually broke on board.

It is almost impossible to imagine a situation of greater peril. The carpenter sounded the well and found eight feet of water in the hold. The vessel was rapidly sinking, and it was quite impossible to lower the boats in such a sea. Only one hope remained, and that of the slenderest possible character. The land which had been sighted was the Auckland Islands, and the vessel was now to the windward of the North Cape. The captain, therefore, ordered the mainyard to be squared, and steered for the land in the hope of saving life. It must, however, have indeed seemed a forlorn hope in such an angry sea, with a rock-bound coast backed by precipitous cliffs towering hundreds of feet above the sea-level. Still, with the indomitable pluck and resolution of British seamen, those on board determined to make the best fight they could for their lives. Just before the vessel struck, oil was poured on the waters over the stern, which greatly reduced the violence of the sea; and then all hands hastened to the bow and hung on the bowsprit, waiting for the critical moment. Their coolness and prudence were rewarded with good fortune. The vessel struck with a great crash, every one making a jump for the rocks; and all got safely to land, although some were much bruised by the violence of the concussion. In ten minutes nothing of the vessel was to be seen.

Although the men had safely reached land they were in a pitiable plight. The Auckland Islands in the winter are as drear and desolate a place as one can imagine. They are swept by furious tempests and almost incessant rain. They are the homes of such sea birds as love the storm; but except for the occasional visits of sealers or of a Government steamer searching for ship-wrecked mariners, the islands see no trace of human life, save only, as in the present case, when ship-wrecked seamen are cast upon their inhospitable shores. On several occasions the place has been the scene of disastrous wrecks. The Invercauld, Grafton, General Grant, and Derry Castle are the names of a few of the vessels which occur to the mind. In many cases the loss of life has been total and complete. In the case of the Invercauld, out of nineteen men who scrambled ashore, three only were rescued after twelve months of fearful sufferin

The surface of the islands for the most part is mountainous, and a great deal of it is covered either with dense bush or a wilderness of high tussock, standing in deep peat, almost equally impassable. The prospect which met the Compadre castaways therefore was by no means hopeful. They had of course been able to save nothing in the shape of food from the vessel, and were barefooted and scantily clothed, each man having partially stripped, preparing for a swim for life. It so happened, however, that assistance in the shape of food and clothing was within their reach, although they were not aware of it, and only discovered the fact by a sad and curious accident, although it turned out fortunately for them. After getting on the rocks, the whole ship's company climbed the cliffs, which, as already stated, were several hundred feet in height. They saw a mountain in the distance, and made straight for it, to get a better view of the island they were cast upon. They reached it with some difficulty, and, looking round, saw a flag-staff close to the beach. They at once went towards it; but losing their way in the bush, and night coming on, they made for the nearest beach, where they found a few limpets and one little fish, which they divided into sixteen parts, one for each man. This scanty fare was greedily devoured, as they had only had one meal since the fire broke out, four days before. What stores were saved from the lazarette had been kept for the boats, and were therefore lost when the ship went to pieces. While the men were dividing their miserable meal, it was discovered that one of the seamen, named Peter Nelson, was missing. An attempt was made to find him; but the night was so dark that the attempt had to be given up. A miserable night was spent owing to the rain and snow, which fell incessantly. In the morning, they divided themselves into parties, and proceeded to search for Nelson, but with no success. In the course of their wandering, however, they came upon a neatly-built hut, and on examining it, found that it contained a store of food and clothing. It was a depot, established by the New Zealand Government for the relief and succor of ship-wrecked seamen cast upon the islands. By a strange oversight, however, the existence of such a depot is not mentioned in any of the shipping directories; and but for the fact of poor Nelson wandering away to his death in the bush, his comrades might never have hit upon the depot, and, like him, might have perished of starvation.

From a record in the hut, the castaways learned that the New Zealand Government steamer Hinemoa had visited the islands only a week before on her periodical cruise, and they made up their minds that they would have to make a prolonged stay on the islands before there was any chance of being rescued. Consequently, they had to be very careful with the food in the depot. There is scarcely any fish to be caught at the Aucklands; and the castaways found that the seabirds and seals, which were comparatively easy to approach at first, became so wild after a week or so of contact with human beings that it was impossible to get near them. The ship-wrecked people, however, found some goats and sheep, which had been placed on the island by the New Zealand Government. Of the former they caught three, and of the latter eight. The sheep never having been shorn were covered with very long fine wool, which also proved very serviceable to the men.

It is not necessary to enter into details of the life of the castaways on the islands. They suffered a good deal of pain and discomfort from exposure; but the Government stores preserved them from danger of absolute starvation, and they enjoyed fairly good health during their stay. On Monday the sixth of July, to their great joy, the sealing-schooner Janet Ramsay called at the islands, and the men having been there exactly one hundred and three days, were taken on board and brought to New Zealand.

WISDOM.

WHAT is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see others' faults, and feel our own.—POPE.

SAFE NO. 27.

BY CARROLL KING.

IT was some time in the early eighties I was appointed agent for Rawlin's Bank, at least for the branch of it situated in the busy seaport town of Keppelwade, on the Yorkshire coast. I was graciously informed by my superiors, the Rawlin Brothers, principals of the bank, that my trustworthiness and punctuality had induced them to promote me to this post at an earlier age than bank clerks usually blossom out into inspectors or agents. I thanked them deferentially, but adhered to my own previous private opinion, which I was indebted for it partly to the influence of my uncle, Sir Gilbert Varcomb, of Kepplewade, and partly to the adventure which I am now about to relate.

The agent under whom I had qualified for my present position was John Seaton, a canny old Scotchman, slow as the tortoise, but of exceeding kindness and faithfulness of heart. To know him was to love him. He and I both lived in the bank house, just above the business premises, which were large and commodious. It was a substantial and imposing mansion, built of red brick, with stone facings and polished granite pillars. The whole of the ground floor was required for business purposed, besides a large portion of the cellarage. A side entrance as handsome as the other led up to the first floor, where the agent lived. On a higher story I had my bed-room and sitting-room; and I have lived contentedly on the premises, finding plenty of healthy amusement and variety in fishing, shooting, even occasionally riding after the hounds, when my uncle, Sir Gilbert, gave me a good mount, and various dinner and evening engagements in their season.

There was a beautiful little place belonging to my uncle called the Cedars, within a mile of the town. It was tenanted by a retired Indian officer, Colonel Gower, his wife, and daughter, Miss Eleanor Gower, a very handsome girl, but cold and stately in manner. Shortly after they took possession of the Cedars, about a twelve-month before my story begins, Colonel Gower and his daughter drove into town and stopped at the bank, where they both alighted and entered, the colonel bearing in his hand a large brown leather bag. I went with them to the manager's room, as Mr. Seaton was out, and Colonel Gower opened his business to me without any hesitation.

"I have here," he said, laying his hand on the bag, "many thousands of pounds' worth of jewels. My daughter's godmother, Mrs. Haseldine, a very wealthy and eccentric woman, died recently, and bequeathed all her jewels to Eleanor—more trinkets than a reasonably sane woman could wear in a lifetime. We have brought them to you for safe keeping." He set down the bag on the table with a heavy thud.

I explained to them quietly the precautions we took for the defence of such valuables.

"I will give Miss Gower a written code or cipher that will be known only to her and me—and, of course, Mr. Seaton. She must give an order in her own handwriting to any messenger, even you, Colonel Gower,—bearing the half of this cipher on its face before any of the jewels are delivered. The key of the safe in which they are kept"——

"One moment, please," interrupted Miss Gower. "I will retain only one key—that of the leather jewel case inside the iron box."

"As you please," I assented. "If you let me see them now, I will catalogue them, and make a copy-inventory for you to retain."

I looked into the front office to tell the clerks that no one was to be admitted to the manager's room except Mr. Seaton if he returned; then I locked the door and sat down to my task. The Colonel opened the bag and disclosed a strong box with iron clamps, marked with a large "H" in brass-headed nails on the top. Miss Gower handed him a key, and he opened this also. Inside was a strong leather jewel case, and of that, too, Miss Gower gave him the key.

We had many beautiful and valuable family jewels in trust; but anything like these new revealed I had never seen. Rubies of rich, intoxicating lustre; flawless pearls, opals, emeralds; but the diamonds were the especial glory of the collection, filling the dull room with fairy sparkles of light,

like the ripples of a sunlight bay. Starry clusters of diamonds for the breast, coronets of lesser stars for the hair, necklets, pendants, brooches, clasps, lockets, eardrops without number! And besides all these in their rich settings, a little chamois bag under the lowest tray, lying beside a set of magnificent and very ugly cameos, held a number of unset and smaller diamonds. I worked rapidly, laying each article when catalogued on a velvet-lined tray. When the long list was finished I read it over, the colonel replacing each piece in the case as I named it; then, before taking a copy, I put my list carefully into a secret drawer of the desk and locked it.

"Now we will put this iron box away first, for it is not safe to leave the gems even for a moment. Come this way, please."

I left the agent's room by a door that gave on the corridor, and they followed me to the strong-room, a separate building, burglar and fire proof, lit by electric light. This strong-room had been designed by a celebrated engineer; none but skilled artisans, with time and appliances, and noise, could break through from without or below. The lock of the iron door was a special patent, opened by only one key, and that key never left Mr. Seaton's possession, or, when he was absent mine. I explained all this to Miss Gower as we entered the vault, where light burned day and night and strong safes held priceless deposits.

"This will do—Safe No. 27," I said, stopping before one. I opened it with the key on my bunch that bore the corresponding number, and placed the iron box inside, taking out the key of the box.

"Now," I explained, "I shall connect an alarm with this safe that will ring both in my room and Mr. Seaton's if it is tampered with, so your treasures are quite secure, Miss Gower."

After that day the jewels lay undisturbed for months, except that Miss Gower occasionally brought a friend to admire them, when John Seaton or I brought the iron-clamped box to the manager's room, and remained beside the gems until they were restored to their stronghold.

The winter wore uneventfully away, the spring passed, and then a slight stir came even to Keppelwade, for the two or three hotels began to fill with summer visitors, who were finding out the beauty of our secluded hamlet and its sunny bay. Among others came a young Anglo-German, who brought letters of introduction to Colonel Gower from various old friends abroad and at home. He told us he needed rest and quiet, and Keppelwade had been recommended to him for its salubrious air and seculsion. He was a handsome man, of brilliant parts, with a wonderful fascination of manner. Colonel Gower did not invite him to stay at the Cedars; he took rooms at the Windsor Hotel, and made himself free of the whole town, captivating all and sundry by his good looks and his kindly, affable manners.

A polished, widely-traveled man of the world was John Hessel, and he could converse with equal ease and brilliance on literature, science up to date, ethics, or metaphysics. In a week or two he was as much at home in Keppelwade as if he had been born among us, and his face became as familiar at the bank as that of old John Seaton himself.

Mr. Hessel was a profound believer in mesmerism, and told us some strange tales of "subjects" he had seen abroad, in Paris and at the German seats of learning, where at that time "metal baths" and mesmerism where the prevalent craze. He told us with a laugh one evening at Sir Gilbert's, that when all other means of living failed him, he could become a professor of phrenology and a mesmerist. "Few," he said, "could resist his influence." Sir Gilbert proposed a "mesmeric entertainment," but Mr. Hessel rather haughtily refused.

I dreaded the influence he might establish over Eleanor Gower; but when I saw no special preference on either side, I became content to wait, patiently and quietly as before, until time or circumstance favored my own suit. I thought my case was not hopeless. I was heir presumptive to Sir Gilbert Varcomb, and had a good allowance, besides my salary; and I had my expensive tastes; so I thought it was not unreasonable to hope that I might win Eleanor Gower for my wife some day. Meanwhile the months passed; other visitors came and went—John Hassel remained.

One evening I was dining with him at the Windsor, and our conversation had turned, as it often did, upon mesmerism. He seemed to like to talk of his own powers, and he reiterated his often expressed belief that I was one who would fall a ready victim to

his will power. I knew he was mistaken, for many "professors" to whom I had freely offered myself as a "subject" had given me up as impracticable, and quite unmanageable but when Hessel still persisted in his opinion, I agreed carelessly to a trial of his skill. I could do no less when he—my host—was so evidently in earnest, and seemed even a little nettled at my unbelief.

I sat in an easy chair and fixed my eyes on his face. He made gentle passes before me with his hands—strange rhythmic movements that, but for fear of annoying him, would have made me laugh outright. Suddenly, with an inward laugh, I resolved to feign the mesmeric sleep; I thought of nothing beyond the passing fun of the moment, and I would turn the tables on him when he began to boast of his power, or gift as he called it. Again, I say, I thought of nothing beyond this. I allowed my eyes, under his steadfast gaze, to become narrower and milder, then the lids drooped slowly, and I fell back limply in the chair and breathed gently and regularly. There was perfect stillness for a few moments, and then I heard a muttered "That's well!" uttered with an intensity that filled me with curiosity. About five minutes passed, and then he said gently: "Varcomb, can you hear me?"

"Yes," I replied, in a dull mechanical way.

"Where are Miss Gower's jewels kept?" he asked, in a low, eager tone.

It was a wonder I did not leap to my feet in my great astonishment, and a good thing that I did not. I found voice enough to say in the same dull manner, "Safe 27."

"Can you obtain access to it—to them?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"John Seaton holds the keys."

"How is the vault protected?"

"Night watchman, big dog, iron door, electric alarm."

A very unorthodox execration broke from him, and there was a lengthy pause, during which I dared not move a single eyelid.

"How shall I obtain access to Safe 27?" he asked at last.

"You must have a written order from Miss Gower, headed by a code or cipher known only to her and Mr. Seaton."

Again a baffled ejaculation, and he rose and walked about the room, muttering angrily.

I sat motionless, ruminating deeply on my idiotic answers. Some ready-witted men could have coined misleading answers to Hassel's questions without hesitation; I was not one of those who cannot be taken by surprise. I had been taken by surprise. How I longed to be alone, to think this well over. A few minutes more, and I felt that he was making rapid passes before my face again.

"Wake up," he said, sharply; and I started up quickly, rubbing my eyes, and looking, I dare say, dazed and stupid enough. He was looking at me earnestly.

"You don't make a very good subject, Varcomb," he said lightly. "Confess, now, that you have been half awake all the time, laughing at the rediculous questions I asked."

"You are quite mistaken," I replied truthfully, and with a great yawn. "I was not even half awake! That I should live to say it, who never believed in mesmerism, except among a parcel of weak, nervous women!"

"Come out for a stroll along the shore," he said quietly. "It is a pleasant evening."

We went out together. It was a gray, quiet evening; gray clouds cast leaden shadows on a slate-colored sea.

We strolled along the breakwater, and met an officer of the coast guard, who gave us the interesting information that a bottle-nosed whale had been seen in the offing. We stood talking with the man—I was determined not to hurry—and then we turned back with him, discussing the probable capture of the doomed whale.

Hessel asked jestingly if I would not go out to cast a harpoon with the fisherman, and I replied with a laugh: "Yes, if he would insure me against the fate of Jonah!"

I passed a sleepless night, thinking over the whole situation. It was impossible to avoid the conclusion that some danger menaced Miss Gower's jewels, yet it was at present so intangible that I could not make up my mind to take any one into my confidence. I was not afraid of an attack upon the vault; it was to strongly guarded. I could only think of one plan by which I could insure the safety of the jewels, and to follow out that plan might place myself in an awkward predicament. I resolved upon it, however; and waited my opportunity. The first time old John Seaton went away for a few hours, leaving the keys with me as

usual, I went to the vault, straight to Safe 27. I took out the iron-clamped box, opened it, and removed the leather jewel case, of which Miss Gower alone held the key. I put a small letter weight or two in the box and filled it up with copies of old deeds, receipts, and such worthless documents. I replaced the box in Safe 27 and locked it carefully. The leather case I took up to the second floor, to my own room, deposited it in a strong little box of my own, and that in the bottom of my wardrobe, which was always locked securely. The event proved that I was right; but I positively tremble still to think how easily I might have been arraigned as a thief had the jewels been found in my wardrobe.

About a week after I had transferred the leather case to my own keeping John Hessel came into the bank, fresh and smiling as usual. After his pleasant and courteous greetings he presented to old John Seaton an order, written in Miss Gower's firm handwriting, bearing on its face the half of the secret code, and requesting that the iron box containing Miss Gower's jewels be given to bearer—they would be returned next day. I saw Mr. Seaton referring to his private ledger to vertify the code, smiling the while at an amusing episode Hessel was relating in his gayest manner. I could scarcely contain my uneasiness. What if Hessel had the key of the leather case, and should wish to open it there. What if all were being done in good faith, and he should really convey the box safely to Miss Gower!

After a short absence Mr. Seaton returned, bearing the iron box, which he wrapped up in brown paper, passing a strap round it for easy carrying. He detached the key from his own ring and handed it also to Hessel.

"See you at Sir Gilbert's to-night, Varcomb," called Hessel gayly as he was passing out with his prize. I only nodded in response; in truth, I was almost incapable of speech without betraying my deep anxiety. The torture compressed into the next two hours was indescribable; kind old Mr. Seaton told me to go up-stairs and rest—he was sure my head was aching badly. I only shook my head, and worked on desperately, for I must be on the spot when Colonel Gower and his daughter would come in to denounce the thief who had stolen the Haseldine jewels! I did not even go up to lunch, but made old Martha, our housekeeper, bring me some biscuits and cheese and a glass of milk. When three hours had passed without any alarm being given, I went to the other extreme of feeling, and could have capered like a madman in my joy and relief, for I was pretty sure then that my vague surmises had proved correct. When we put up our shutters for the day the strain on my nerves had really brought on a violent headache, and, after partaking of toast, I was glad to lie down in my room and sleep, which I did soundly for two hours. I awoke refreshed and thankful, dressed for dinner, and set out for Sir Gilbert's with a light heart. I would allow the affair to develop naturally, now when I knew the jewels were safe.

The kind old manager smiled and nodded to me as I was passing out, and told me to enjoy myself.

Colonel Gower and his daughter had arrived before me. I found both in my aunt's drawing-room when I entered.

"Have you seen Mr. Hessel, Bert?" asked Lady Varcomb. "We are waiting for him."

"Not since morning," I replied. "He came to the bank at eleven o'clock on business."

I made my way to Miss Gower, as I generally contrived to do within five minutes of entering any room where she was present.

"Did you show Mr. Hessel my jewels to-day?" she asked, after our greetings were over. "He wished particularly to see those large ugly cameos, in their old-fashioned gold setting."

"Mr. Seaton gave him the iron box, after reading your order, and he carried it off with all its contents," I replied quickly.

She slightly raised her eyebrows, more in amusement than alarm. "He had not my authority for such a proceeding," she said quietly; "nor had Mr. Seaton."

"In what terms did you couch your order, Miss Gower? Mr. Seaton is rigidly exact."

"Not quite in this case," she pointedly persisted. "I asked Mr. Seaton to show Mr. Hessel all my jewels, and I enclosed the key of the leather case, to be returned to me immediately. You showed them to my aunt, Mrs. Gower, of Hardwicke, a few months ago, when I could not go with her at the time, and you brought me back the key yourself, Mr. Varcomb."

"Very true; but I heard nothing of a key this morning, and Mr. Seaton is so precise

and correct that I am certain he has not exceeded his instructions, as he understood them. I assure you, Miss Gower, that"——

I was interrupted by a movement of the company toward the door, and after a confirmatory nod from Lady Varcomb, in response to my inquiring glance, I offered my arm to Miss Gower, and we joined the procession, of which Mr. John Hessel did not form a part.

"How does this matter strike you, Mr. Varcomb?" asked Miss Gower, in a low tone, when we were surrounded by a subdued hum of voices at table.

"Well, I can scarcely offer an opinion as yet," I answered; "but I think it should be looked into, straight in the face, and at once, Miss Gower."

We did not again allude to the subject; but when we were all once more in the drawing-room I saw that she contrived to have a few moments' speech with her father, and I saw him glance toward me with a look of uneasy perplexity. He approached me a little later and whispered under cover of a noisy duet on the piano-forte:—

"Try to leave when we do, Varcomb; I must speak with you."

Truly the repose and self-control that "stamp the caste of Vere de Vere" are beautiful and admirable in themselves! This father and daughter knew that the fate of a large fortune hung trembling in the balance, yet they smiled, conversed, enjoyed, with high-bred ease—unmoved composure. They left early, and I accompanied them. We drove straight to the bank and told John Seaton, who, in great surprise and consternation, sent me down to the cold empty offices for Miss Gower's order, which I found filed with others in the manager's room. He read it aloud, and then handed it without comment to Miss Gower, who looked astonished.

"It is my own handwriting," she said, "and yet I never wrote that! I never mentioned either 'to-night' or 'to-morrow' in my note."

"You see that I acted only on what I believed to be your instructions, Miss Gower," said John Seaton. "I cannot yet believe that an actual robbery has been committed. Varcomb, will you not go up to the Windsor—it is not quite eleven—and ask for Mr. Hessel?"

"And I'll go to the Cedars," cried Colonel Gower, eagerly. "He may have left the box at our house since we left there. I, too, feel unwilling to believe that John Hessel has really taken the jewels—appropriated them—stolen them, in fact."

I sped away to the Windsor Hotel, hoping Miss Gower would remain with John Seaton until my return; hoping, also, that the fretful invalid mother might not appear on the scene to precipitate my commission with her jeremaids. As I expected, they had not seen Mr. Hessel at the Windsor since the early forenoon, and he had paid his bill, as he did punctually every week, the evening before. I went back with the news to the Bank House. Miss Gower was still there; and within a few minutes of my return her father came in, triumphantly brandishing a letter. "This came for you, Eleanor, by the evening post. I have no doubt Mr. Hessel explains all satisfactorily."

Eleanor took the letter with some eagerness and read aloud:—

"DEAR MISS GOWER:—I have at last attained the object to which I have devoted months of patient waiting—the Haseldine jewels. They are mine by right, not yours; for I am John Haseldine. I am sorry to deprive you of them, but they are certainly mine."

"JOHN HASELDINE."

The others turned bewildered looks on each other; but I, with the knowledge of that leather jewel case safe in my wardrobe up-stairs, pictured the cool scoundrel's collapse on opening and searching the iron box, and laughed aloud. John Seaton looked at me reproachfully; visions of Scotland Yard detectives on the trail, commotion among the Rawlin magnates in the city, possible reprimands and severities were evidently passing before his mind.

Colonel Gower was intensely angry, and no wonder, at the cool manner in which we had all been hoodwinked.

"What will he deserve at your hands, Colonel Gower," I asked, "who will restore all the jewels, without one missing? Would you let him name his own reward?"

The colonel looked at me grimly from under his shaggy eyebrows. "Yes; I would let him name it," he replied with emphasis.

"And if he named that which was promised to Schiller's Diver?" I persisted boldly, though my face had grown very hot.

He looked at me still more grimly, but with a twinkle in his eye, which I inter-

preted favorably. Miss Gower and John Seaton were talking together, and had not heard us. "I should say," he answered deliberately, "that he had better ask the princess herself."

"So he will," I said, gladly. "Listen, then, to my small story, Mr. Seaton. Sit here, Miss Gower; I have something to tell you. We all know how John Hessel believed in himself as a mesmerist. His power was real, but his mistake was in being so sure that he could influence all and sundry. I knew he could not hypnotize me, but he was so eager to try, so determined to succeed, that, for fun, I feigned the coma, and made him think I was wholly overcome. All his questions related to Miss Gower's jewels. He had hoped to get them directly from me, and when he found how strongly they were guarded, he was angry. I acted so well that he never found me out; and, Mr. Seaton, the day you went to Harper Henge last week, I took the leather case out of the iron box, filled up the box with one or two paper-weights and bundles of old balance-sheets and receipts. Your jewels are quite safe, Miss Gower, in a box in the bottom of my wardrobe up-stairs. Take my keys, Mr. Seaton, and see for yourself."

In a moment John Seaton and Colonel Gower were bounding up, three steps at a time. I stayed Miss Gower when she would have followed. "Miss Gower—Eleanor, I am quite content to owe your father's consent to his gratitude, but—what do you owe me? Not gratitude, I hope. Love is worth love."

I will not record her answer; it was satisfactory.

The lock of the leather case had to be forced, but the jewels were intact; not one was misplaced.

We have neither seen nor heard of John Haseldine since then; but Eleanor and I often say that we should like to have seen his face when he examined the contents of his iron box so long and carefully kept in safe No. 27!

THE MAGIC CAP.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

ALTHOUGH the following agreeable little romance of a handsome young wife and a jealous old husband, is by no means an original theme—having been used, I presume, by the frace writers of every age and country—yet to those who are presumed not to be generally conversant in those matters, I feel but little hesitation in saying that our proposed account of Hans Vanheiderbilt, and his magic cap of real morocco leather, cannot fail to be interesting, and may we not hope—instructive; since it has generally been conceded in all ages, that a handsome young wife must necessarily be the plague of any old fellow's life, who has been thoughtless enough to lasso one of the hoyden creatures in the golden noose of matrimony.

Hans Vanheiderbilt was a small burgomaster, living near the close of the last century in a small town or hamlet near Saxony, where, for a year or two anterior to our setting out, he had presided with the most jealous care over a comely and attractive young wife, whom public report pronounced to be less than half as old as himself; and of whose affections we are sorry to say, he had been suspicions—and perhaps not without cause—from the first.

Indeed, so jealous of his "vrow" did he at last become, that he never went abroad without first taking the precaution to lock her up in his strong box, i. e., his castle, where, however much against her inclinations, she was forced to remain till the return of the ungallant old burgomaster. If Katrina (that was his wife's name) happened to smile on any of the young men of the neighborhood, Hans was sure to fly into the most ungovernable rage, and overwhelm her in a twinkling with the most abusive threats and recriminations. There was one young man in particular, of whom the old man was supremely jealous, and that was one Karl Sneghgle, the only son of a neighboring innkeeper, whom our chronicle affirms to have been quite a rustic gallant, and of whom Katrine was known to have been fond prior to her marriage with the burgomaster; and what made matters still more unpleasant, Hans could not rid himself of the disagreeble

impression that his young vrow still regarded the youth with more favor than was creditable to the wife of a rich burgomaster. And especially was this the case, when he observed him almost every day of his life prancing by his door on a gaily caparisoned horse, and bowing to Katrina as sweetly and familiarly as though he had been a favored lover, and she the light-hearted fraulein he had once known her, before she had consented to wed an old man to save her father from a debtor's prison. The father died a few months later, in blissful ignorance of the great sacrifice she had made for him, or the fact that any woman must needs lead a miserable existence with such a querulous, miserly old wretch as Hans Vanheiderbilt—from the more obvious fact that he was called upon to make no sacrifices in his own behalf; and people are not very apt to acknowledge the heart-aches of others, till they are brought to feel them, or something very nearly resembling them, in their own experience. Hence was it—because he never knew what it was to feel a disappointment of the heart—that Katrina's father died in blissful ignorance of the great sacrifice she was making every day of her life since.

In fact, though the lovely Katrina might have strangled Hans a thousand times, which she never did, or dosed him with arsenic, or poured boiling lead into his ears, or brained him with a spike (exquisite methods in that age of the world of curtailing human existence—and I am not sure but the gallant Karl Sneghgle would have approved of any similar method to have been well rid of him), yet Katrina did neither, but bore her yoke as patiently as she could in hopes of natural deliverance.

At length the querulous, ill-conditioned old justiciary became so extremely jealous without cause (for Katrina was never allowed to go abroad, neither were any male acquaintances permitted to visit the house, by virture of the foregoing reasons), that he would fly out and close the shutters whenever he saw a man less ugly than himself approaching—and you may be sure he had little leisure between whiles—but he was determined, however laborious the task, that his own good face should not suffer by the contrast, and so he was content to keep on opening and shutting to the infinite annoyance of Katrina.

Karl, who rode by every day only to witness the closed shutters, was in sore perplexity. But understanding fully the jealous disposition of the old burgomaster, he was not long in ascribing this new freak to its proper cause, and being withal a youth of much natural shrewdness, he very speedily devised an ingenious method to relieve Katrina from this disagreeable species of conjugal tyranny, as well as of effectually curing Hans of his jealousy. He found an old woman of the village, who sometimes visited the house of the burgomaster, and through her hand he despatched the following brief note to Katrina:—

"DEAR MADAM:—To-morrow I shall present myself before your husband, the burgomaster, disguised as an itinerant Jew. And now mark me Katrina, if you would have me do you a lasting kindness, you must conceal yourself somewhere handily, so that you may overhear our conversation and act accordingly. Karl."

The next morning, while Hans was seated in the porch, with his attention pretty equally divided between his pipe and a tankard of beer, he espied an old Jew peddler making his way up the lawn. Slowly removing his pipe, he shouted to the vagrant to go straight about his business and not trepass on his time and grounds; but instead of obeying the command, the Jew steadily advanced toward the porch where the doughty burgomaster still sat, and began importuning him to buy his goods.

"I vants no goots," returned Hans, boiling with suppressed rage, on thus beholding his authorithy set at defiance by a miserable Jew vagabond. "You have no piziness mit me. Dunder and blitzen, I puts you in der stocks—I vill, py tam!"

"Oh, no," persisted the Jew, leisurely unstrapping his pack and glancing keenly at Hans, "I have everything that a body can want, and I never saw a body yet that did not want something. Now, my gentle master, there is something in this pack that you want, and something that you will buy, too, when you have seen the contents, I am sure." And with this assurance the Jew opened his pack, and displayed a motley collection of miscellaneous articles of itinerant trade, consisting of pins, needles, shawls, scarfs, and last, but not least, an ordinary skull-cap of red morocco leather, such as you might purchase in any of the market towns for a couple of guilders.

"There, master," persisted the Jew, displaying a gaudy shawl in one hand, and a gossamer-like scarf in the other, "if you happen to have a lovely daughter, here are two things indispensable to her toilet. I think you must want them."

"Mine Gott, no! Vot dosh te varlet mean?" shouted Hans, throwing himself back in despair, and taking a heavy pull at the tankard. "I has no daughter—I ish in vant of nothing!"

"Perhaps, then, you may have a handsome young wife? If so, they will do equally well for her. And if she happen to be very handsome, and you a little jealous, which would be quite natural, here is my magic cap, which will make anybody who sees it as true as steel to the wearer,"

"Mine Gott! how dosh te ole Jew know so much?" mused Hans. "Dunder and blitzen, he dinks right when he say I have a young vrow mit vich I pe jealous. Look here, you Jew vagabond, mit te red cap," cried Hans, turning fiercely on the Jew, "vat petter ish dat from any oder cap you see!"

"Oh, good master, there is a wide difference, answered the Jew. "Here I have all sorts of caps, black, white, pink, blue, yellow, and in fact almost any color you can name, but this one above all others has a particular charm, for it was worn by the prophet Elijah on the occasion of his ascension to heaven, but having been dislodged in a flurry of wind, was wafted back to the earth, where it was picked up by a pious priest and consigned to a monastery, where it has remained for four thousand years."

"Four tousand years? Der tausend! ish dat true?" cried Hans, his rage suddenly giving place to wonder.

"Yes, master," responded the Jew, reverently; "and to him who wears it, everybody will be forced to reveal all their inmost thoughts and secrets."

"Mine Gott! ish all dis vot you tells me true?"

"Ay, true, master—every word of it. And as I said before, if an old man wears it who has a jealous wife, she will always remain true to him, and regard him as the wisest and handsomest of men."

"Dunder, you old vagabonds, I don't pelieve one word vot you says," cried Hans, turning away his head, and trying to look incredulous.

"Well, master, you have but to try it."

"And what you axes for him, yah?" inquired Hans, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Twenty guilders, master, no more, and no less; mind you, it is much less than the worth of such a wonderful cap."

"I pelieve you are jesting, you Jew rascal," returned Hans, "but I'll try it, and if vot you say is not true, I'll put you in der stocks!" And without further parley he drew the cap over his head, and then called loudly for his wife. Katrine, who had been an eager listener to all that had passed, came forth accordingly, and seeing the bald pate of the burgomaster surmounted by the Jew's cap, she exclaimed, in apparent astonishment:—

"O Hans, what a strange cap you have got on!"

"I bought it, mine dear, of te Jew; it pe good for der headache."

Without deigning to look at the peddler, Katrina fastened her eyes more earnestly on mylor': "What strange sorcery is there in it?" she exclaimed. "I declare, dearest Hans, you are no longer an old man, but a young one, and a very handsome one at that!"

Hans was astonished, but more thoroughly to test the virtues of this wonderful cap, he removed it from his own head and placed it on that of the Jew. Katrina turned suddenly and exclaimed: "Mylor', what beautiful youth is this? Now don't be angry, Hans, but I cannot resist the temptation for once to kiss him." And with this, she ran towards the Jew. Alarmed at this, the burgomaster rushed between them, and snatching the cap from the Jew's head received the kiss himself. His wife paid no further attention to the peddler.

"It is strange," muttered Hans, to himself, "but I will never more lay it aside, and by this means I shall prevent any one else from wearing it. Here, Jew," he exclaimed, "are your twenty guilders. And now pe off mit yourself pefore I burns you for a conjurer."

The Jew took the money, winked at Katrina underneath his false eyebrows, and presently took his departure. After this, the burgomaster was never known to torment his young wife with jealousy. He even allowed her to go abroad and receive visitors, and nevermore troubled himself to lock the doors nor close the blinds when a handsome youth rode by, so strong was his

faith in red morocco. Hans Vanheiderbilt lived five or six years after this, and then one day went quietly off in his chair in a fit of apoplexy.

It would be superfluous to add (for the reader may have guessed as much already) that after a descent period of mourning, Katrina, still beautiful and young, and free to choose, became the bride of Karl Sneghgle, and the burgomaster's red cap became an heirloom in the Sneghgle family.

A COLLECTION OF FANS.

WHO loves to ponder over tasteful and elegant trifles of bygone day of fashion, and to weave fanciful love romances while gazing on the dainy relics of the past, will delight in paying a visit to the Collection of Fans at the South Kensington Museum, London. This collection includes specimens from most of the great fan-making nations of the world, and it is interesting to notice how the national character exhibits itself even in the design for so simple a thing as a fan.

The Oriental fans are rich in carving—carving that the European can only marvel at, and dare not try to imitate. The Spanish and Italian fans are both brilliant in color; while the French are elegantly designed and painted, and often they have jeweled studs to fasten the stick and guards together. Among the Oriental fans there are some Chinese fans of the finest sandal-wood, faultlessly carved. Others, of ivory, are pierced with figures of animals and birds, or minutely carved with a delicate lace pattern in fine open-work. One of them has the old story represented on the willow-pattern plate, exquisitely carved in ivory. There is the house and the island, the bridge and the three angry figures, the boat and the lovers, and the willow tree with the two turtle-doves. Who knows, perhaps some almond-eyed Celestial maiden has trifled with this ivory plaything while her lover was kneeling at her feet and whispering a tale as soft as the tale of the two lovers in the story on her fan who eloped "when the willow begins to shed its leaves." Some of the fans have only the guards the sticks ivory; while on the body, which is of fine silk, painted in most brilliant colors, are quaint groups of Chinese is wonderful costumes; and in the scrolled corners of the fan, under the blossoming almond and orange and peach trees, are beautiful specimens of fantastic and grotesque vases. Another fine specimen of Chinese art is a fan the body of which is made of feathers of the argus pheasant, the sticks being of carved tortoiseshell. An old Japanese fan is painted on strips of wood with a delicate landscape, with herons and reeds in the foreground. A Japanese fan of the nineteenth century has the new well-known design of a lady-bird and beetle on the ivory guard.

Some of the German fans are very brilliant in color, and have quite ambitious pictures painted on the small arc that stretches from guard to guard. There is one specimen of the seventeenth century that was purchased for twenty pounds, and represents Bacchus and Ariadne and bacchanalian groups. The subject is treated in a very masterly manner, and the whole fan is a work of art. Another German fan of about the end of the eighteenth century is made of chicken skin, and the subject painted on it is Venus and her doves; with the boy Cupid as her outrider, descending to a sleeping warrior who is guarded by Minerva with her shield and spear. One German fan of about 1760 represents the sale of Joseph by his brethren, and is somewhat pretentious, for a fan. In the foreground is a dark-looking circular hole, supposed to be a well, with a long end of rope dangling out of it and trailing along the ground. In the background wait a great number of camels and the attendants of a long caravan. Joseph is represented as a small boy in a blue blouse with a red sash around his waist, and wiping his streaming eyes with a large white handkerchief. Judah is holding up one finger to the band of Ishmaelites, who also are each holding up one finger; and thus according to the artist, the bargin is concluded in dumb-show.

Some very pretty canal scenes form the subject of some of the Dutch fans. One specimen is very striking; the body of the fan is ivory, plain, and bound with green

silk. The subject is a quaint Flemish scene by the side of a blue canal, with trawlers and old-world vessels. Another Dutch fan is made of horn stained saffron color and ornamentally pierced. On many of these fans are miniature sea-views and sandbanks and sailors and fisher-boats, long belts of dark clouds and gray angry billows, such as Van de Velde loved to paint the Zuyder Zee; or quiet inland scenes with quaint old Flemish churches and gable-roofed houses by the side of placid canals, where the rising moon throws a mysterious blue glimmer over the trees and the reeds and the windmills and the sleeping hamlets—scenes that Van der Neer might have painted. Maybe rich burgomasters' wives have dangled these toys at their wrists, and opened and shut them while they heard the news of the fate of John de Witt, or of De Ruyter's exploits in the Thames, or the tale of Van Tromp and the broom that he lasted to his masthead.

Very dainty are many of the French fans, and great skill has been employed to give delicacy to these toys, that beauty uses and makes beautiful; and the airy national fancy has ingeniously produced a harmonious *ensemble* in these magnificent trifles of art. Many of them represent pastorals and revels and masquerades and joyous scenes, such as Watteau depicted with delicate coloring, when he was "Painter of Gallant Feasts to the King." Gaily-attired shepherds are either playing on the lute or kneeling at the feet of their mistresses, who, with dainty ribboned crook and pink frock and blue bodice, are seated on green hillocks archly trifling with their adorers. These are the fans that fluttered to and fro in the old *salons*, and behind them played the eyes of the rulers of France. We can now only imagine the love tales whispered behind these dainty screens of Cupids and Venuses, and the little court intrigues that were woven while the fan still fluttered to and fro.

Among the more modern French fans is a specimen made by Alexandre, and bought for sixty pounds. The guards and sticks are of carved ivory, by Brisevin; the body is fine silk, and is exquisitely painted with groups of figures, in the costume of the period of Henri III. The mount of this fan is of delicate lace. Another by the same maker has the guards and sticks carved by Brisevin, with enamelled mountings by Lepec, the body of the fan being of pale sage-colored silk. This was bought for eighty pounds. Many of the English fans are very delicate, and much talent has been spent in perfecting these gems of art. A prettily pierced ivory fan of the end of the eighteenth century is decorated with medallions containing a classical group of figures watching doves; the treatment is exquisite, and the coloring is in the style of Angelica Kauffmann, and may have been done by her.

But who can tell us now of the brilliant scenes that have opened to these fans, and of the whispers and sighs have been concealed in their folds? Alas! the actors and actresses in the play that was performed ever so many years ago, have played their little parts; they have smiled and sighed and bowed, and the curtain has come down upon them forever? And who is there can tell us the life-history of one of their fans?

LOVE'S HARMONY.

Slow glide the hours. All pleasure is but pain.
Dim is the sunlight on the upland hill,
And cold the fiercest glow of summer's prime
Until we meet again.
Speak then, dear heart, speak but one gentle word
And bid me hasten to thy side at last,
That so the future lost in vague sweet hope,
Blot out the troublous past.

Clear came a voice from out the silent wood—
Deep in my soul its perfect harmony
Sank like the echo of an ancient chime,
Hallow'd to memory.
Nearer it came—and then as in a dream,
My love and I once more together stand
Where troublous past and smiling future meet
Forever hand in hand.
While from the upland hill a gleam of light
Breaks thro' the dusky gloom of dreary night,
And mystic murmurs trembling soft above,
Low mingle in the new-born song of love.

HIS CARELESS WORDS.

JOHN A. PETERS

CHAPTER I.

SCREENED from observation by the umbrageous boughs of a low, brown-bodied tree, the fragments of a conversation floated to Faith Whitney's ears. Only a few carelessly spoken words, but enough to ring a death-knell to the hopes of the young girl who heard them; to convince her that the man to whom she had given her heart, whom she had exalted above ordinary mortals, was simply a heartless villain, a mercenary fortune-hunter—nothing more! Crushing the handful of early summer roses in her lap till they sent up a fragrance that made her faint, she listened with every nerve on the *qui vive*, with hearing preternaturally acute, to hear what followed. But she was not rewarded. Only those stinging words that congealed the life-blood in her veins, roused her from her *dolce far niente* dream of happiness, and shattered the brightest hopes of her life; and then, his work completed, the speaker disappeared from view.

Starting up from her seat at the foot of the tree, letting the scented, crushed roses lie unheeded on the ground, Faith Whitney, with the calm of her nature broken up, restlessly disappeared in the depths of the wood, not daring to be seen in her present perturbed state. A lovely girl, with the face of a flower, the daintily cut features of an Athene.

"To think," she murmured, traversing the serpentine winding of a forest-path, where the tangled branches of the trees met above, "that Homer Gilbert, whom I deemed a very Sir Galahad of honor, should stoop to marry a girl merely to win her fortune. Thank heaven! it is in my power to balk his schemes; that I have found him out ere it is too late."

'T was a beautiful summer day. The sun shone; the birds sang; wild-wood violets cuddled in their nests of moss, nodded their pretty heads as the girl passed; but oblivious to all else save her own sorrow, Faith hurried on till she came to the place she sought, a pretty, picturesque spot on the edge of a chasm, where a huge, gray boulder uplifted itself out of a mass of gnarled roots, and chaotic bodies of water seethed below. Gathering her drapery about her, the girl seated herself on the brink of the cavernous rock, and with face buried in her hands gave herself up to thought.

The sound of a man's footstep—his footstep—aroused her; but she did not stir, did not attempt to flee; her heart seemed to cease its beating and stand still.

"Faith?"

How could she bear to look into his mesmeric eyes? She shivered, and drew the warm-tinted scarf she wore closer about her throat and waist; then, she lifted her head proudly, and fearlessly met his glance.

What a dainty, high-bred creature she was! The man's eyes fastened admiringly upon her face. Was there a fairer under the sun? So pure, so sweet, with the merest suspicion of pink flushing either cheek; an exquisitely-cut mouth, red as the sun-kissed strawberries; eyes dark as purple pansies, with heavily fringed lids partially veiling them; and her hair! how rich and warm, as if it had caught and entangled in its clustering waves a rain of golden sunshine.

"What is your will, sir? I expected to be free from intrusion in this secluded nook."

How strangely she spoke. Did she regard him as an intruder—the man who was about to woo her for his own? He hastened to say:—

"I caught the glimpse of a woman's shape while penetrating the depths of the wild-wood, and aware of your mania for this spot, hurried hither. Are you sorry I came?"

"As your movements are of no moment to me whatever, Mr. Gilbert, it is immaterial whether you came or staid away. However, as your presence is not particularly agreeable this morning, I will, with your permission, withdraw."

She rose from the rock, made him a defiant little courtesy, and was passing him with the most perfect *nochalance* imaginable; but he put out his strong, white hand, stayed her footsteps, and said, in a tone so stern that Faith failed to recognize it as the one which ever sounded so mellifluously to her ear:—

"Nay, you cannot go till you have settled my fate. Girl, I love you! deeper, truer, love man never felt for woman than that which surges in my heart for you. Is it returned? Tell me, Faith, do you love me?"

No reply; the maiden had resumed her seat, and, with averted face, listened to the play of the waters below. Imperceptibly she felt, rather than saw, his eyes riveted to her face. She dared not look up for fear her eyes would reveal what she desired to conceal. Ah! if he were but sincere. His voice had the ring of truth in it, but she dared not trust it; his eyes were ablaze with an all-devouring love, but she knew it to be simulated. What a consummate hypocrite the man was! If she had not heard with her own ears, an angel from heaven could not have made her believe him false. She would then have gathered in his words as greedily as the sodden-brown grass in the spring drinks in the falling rain. Even now she longed to be clasped in his strong arms, held to his warm breast, and have him rain kisses on her trembling lips. Such a weak, silly creature as she felt herself to be! What should she say? how convince him that she would suffer torture, death even, rather than wed him when she knew why he sought her? Dared she trust her voice? would it betray her?

It did not. Chill and sweet, it reminded the passionate man of a subterranean streamlet, whose crystalline waters once babbled music to his ear.

"A man is not apt to consider a girl in love with him, who peremptorily declares that she would rather die than become his wife. Now, sir, you have my answer. If you are a gentleman, you 'll stand aside and let me pass. Not being sentimentally inclined, I do not care to listen to any more nonsense. I never did fancy melodramas."

"No matter what you fancy, Faith Whitney. You shall not coquette with me—put me off so! Hitherto I have deemed you as innocent of coquetry as a *religieuse*. Do you realize that I love you, girl, that I want you to be my wife? Have you no heart? Is that organ of your mechanism nothing more than a valve to circulate your blood and keep you alive? Revoke your decision. Tell me that you will be my wife, Faith."

A thrill of the keenest anxiety pervaded his voice; his face was the embodiment of passion; his eyes blazed with such insufferable splendor as they peered into the girl's that she grew mortally frightened and tried to hide her face in her hands. Abortive attempt! He imprisoned in his great palm her fluttering hands and compelled her to look into his eyes. Entranced as a lark under the spell of the serpent's orbs, she could not move her gaze. His glance intoxicated her; his grasp hurt her hand; she grew more and more afraid. All the dainty coloring fled from her cheeks and lips, and, pallid unto ghastliness, she looked no more like life than a creature carved from marble, save for her strained, tortured eyes, which could not look away from his. Oh, if he would but remove his gaze! It mastered her, frightened her, nearly took away her breath. Was he a psychologist, peering through her eyes into her soul, and reading aright her innermost thoughts? Doubtless, and—oh, the feeling of relief that swept over her unexpectedly like a wave, as perfect as that which comes to a hag-ridden man aroused from the nightmare. What had occasioned it?

A voice cool and firm—was it Homer Gilbert's? said:—

"Do not stir, Faith; do not look down. You'll be frightened if you do, and—mark me!—you are in no danger from which I cannot rescue you. Do as I say."

No longer oppressed by his glance, her aching hands at liberty, she was perfectly willing to do as he bade; only, being a woman, she felt a bit curious as to why he uttered those singular words. Of course, she stood in no jeopardy. What around but him could hurt her? And, Eve-like, she looked down, and if she had encountered the fabled Medusa-head, she could not have been more appalled. Her very vitals seemed frozen with terror, but she attempted no outcry. What good would it do? And, even, if Homer Gilbert were a stranger, instead of the man she loved, a cursory glance at his well-knit, muscular figure, his swelling chest, his bronze, stern face, with the lips tightly compressed, would have inspired her with faith in his prowess, assured her he was the reverse of a coward, a truly brave man. What did she see?

There, on the lichen-draped rock, at her very feet, with part of its graceful, rounded body touching her dress, coiled up, with head erect, as if to spring, was an enormous reptile. She closed her eyes and awaited the pressure of its poisoned fangs, the terror of death creeping over her, overwhelm-

ing her, an unsyllabled prayer quivering on her lips. Brave as Homer Gilbert was, he could not deliver her from the danger menacing her! But she was mistaken. The girl he loved should never feel the touch of that slimy, repulsive thing.

His movements were instantaneous, quick as lightning. There was no time to deliberate; the danger was too great, too imminent. No weapon of defence, no bar within reach to slay the satanic thing. Only one way, and at the thought, strong man that he was, he shuddered; but he made up his mind, as he saw it gliding along the lichen-studded boulder in its silent, undulating way, how to act; and with unflinching hand he caught it by the body, as it reared up its crested head and sprang, and whirled it writhing in the air. Its bright colors flashed gloriously in the sunlight as it described a circle; then it disappeared forever in the gulf of waters below.

Thank God! Faith, his darling, was untouched. Down on the rock he knelt, baring his regal head, and touched the pallid girl.

"Faith!"

At the sound of his voice, soft, persuasive, and full of thankfulness, she opened her eyes. The venomous reptile no longer swayed its body in the air; instead, the eyes of the man she loved met hers with a wistful glance.

"The danger is past, darling. You must have had a terrible fright. If you had minded what I said."

"Yes, yes." She shuddered violently, and twisted the glowing-tinted scarf round her throat and shoulders, though the day was oppressively warm, and a broad gleam of sunlight was bathing her in its amber light. "But I am a woman, and have inherited the fatal gift of curiosity from Mother Eve. Ugh! the accursed, beguiling thing! Bewildering circlets of flame seemed to shoot from its tiny orbs, and— Oh, what would have happened if you had not got rid of it, Homer Gilbert? How did you dispatch it? By what act of sorcery did you make it flee your presence?"

"I caught it in the act of springing, and hurled it into the abysmal gulf of waters below. Think no more of it, Faith."

"I cannot help it. My nerves are all unstrung. Do you know, Homer Gilbert, that your eyes, when they looked into mine and held me spell-bound, were like those of a hooded basilisk? And your hand—it fairly crushed mine in its pitiless grasp. Physically you are very brave; morally"——

"I am somewhat deficient, eh?" he interpolated, as she hesitated. "Is that the view you would advance? Upon what do you base it, pray? Perhaps 'tis an erroneous one, and can be explained away."

"Nay," with slow intonation, "that is impossible. But let us leave this place. It reminds me of Gehenna since the serpent entered it."

She cast one lingering glance at the moss-shrouded boulder, around which grew straggling medicinal herbs that emitted a powerful ordor, and daintily gathering up her dress, with the waters babbling musically in her ear, left the place, Homer Gilbert walking at her side. Silence reigned between them till they came to a meadow whose lush, rank grass, stirring slightly in the caressing breeze, looked not unlike the waves of an emerald-green sea. Clusters of bourgeoning buttercups lurked here and there. With the denuded branch of an ash the rather *distrait* man decapitated a dozen of them more or less unconsciously. Faith, not relishing this savage slaughter of blossoms, gave him an admonitory tap on the arm, and said:—

"What are you doing, Mr. Gilbert? Positively it is a shame to ill-treat the poor things so. They 'll soon set this meadow all aglow with their yellow faces. By the way," a malicious thought striking her, "are you aware that, botanically interpreted, the buttercup means riches? Pluck a nosegay of them, please, and wear it next your heart. If I were to embroider you a pair of slippers, I should sprinkle them plentifully with the gaudy yellow blooms. Indeed, they should be emblazoned on the escutcheon of the Gilberts, for they are ardent worshippers of the god riches, you know. Is it not so, *monsieur*?"

"I am at a loss to understand you to-day, Faith Whitney. You are about as clear as one of Lempriere's oracles! Sarcastically inclined, your words convey some occult meaning which I cannot make out. That they leave their sting behind I do not deny. You know I am no mammon worshipper! I enjoy the luxuries money can buy, but I would not be guilty of a mean, injurious act for the wealth of the Rothschilds."

A chill, contemptuous curve of contempt marred the sweet, exquisitely-cut lips of the

girl for a second, but she did not contradict his assertion. Mentally she asked herself, "How dared he tell such a falsehood?" With her own ears had she not heard him express himself just contrarily only a short while before?

The smile of scorn did not pass undetected by Homer Gilbert. What ailed the girl to-day? He would have sworn that he had read her character perfectly; that she was a simple, gracious lady, incapable of coquetry or deceit. Now he began to alter his opinion, vowing that she was not clear of either fault, and was as unreadable as a Sphinx. Could it be that his attentions were growing irksome and unacceptable? In his trepidation he caught her by the arm, and forced her to a stand-still.

"Faith Whitney, you can go no further till you have clearly defined your feelings for me. Answer me! Will you be my wife?"

She flung his hand off her shoulder as if it contaminated her, and meeting his gaze proudly, said:—

"Indeed I will not, sir. No power on earth could force me to surrender my happiness into your keeping. I do not trust you."

"Nevertheless, girl, you love me; you dare not deny it! Such all-potent love as mine must beget love in return—must be reciprocated. Stay, you cannot go till you give me your reasons for refusing me, till you satisfy me as to your singular conduct to-day. Be seated. Here is a place cool enough for a mermaid. Billows of fragrant green grass, gemmed with white strawberry blows, o'ershadowed by a long-tressed willow."

She seated herself gracefully on a mass of twisted roots, tossed off her pretty sun-hat, garlanded with an ivy vine, in order to let the breeze lift from her forehead, with its cool, caressing touch, the soft, sunshiny rings of hair that strayed over it, and said quietly:—

"What an importunate person you are! Not one man in a hundred would detain a girl thus, after she had given him emphatically to understand that she had no desire to become his wife. Why do you care for my reasons? An insuperable objection bars our union; it cannot be explained away."

How passing fair she was! How indifferently cool her manner toward him! Did she not care for him the least bit? He flung himself impetuously at her feet.

"Why do I care for your reasons? Because, Faith, I love you so, and dare not think of the future unshared by you. The first time my eyes rested on your face my heart gave a tumultuous leap and belonged to me no more. Don't smile so unbelievingly. I swear I mean it. You stood on the porch, a net-work of vines framing you in, cool and dainty and inexpressibly lovely, your robe the color of the leaves in early spring—a pale, tender green; at your throat a knot of lilies-of-the-valley; in the warm waves of your sunshiny hair a similar knot. Your dark eyes looked into mine, and— O Faith, is there no hope? Is your decision irrevocable?"

Was the man in earnest? Could she put faith in his impassioned words after listening to the stinging ones uttered so short a while before? He was fascinating enough to make her forget them, this man with the beauty of an Alcibiades, the strength and muscle of a young Ajax. His handsome, swarthy face was close to her; she could see the fierce pain in his splendid gray eyes, the trembling of his expressive, bearded lips. So unnerved was she that if she did not terminate the interview at once she felt she must betray her ardent feelings for him. She turned away her face lest his eyes should ferret out her secret, as she said:—

"Listen and be convinced. I overheard a fragment of conversation between you and our host, Mr. Ransom, this morning."

"Well?" innocently, as she paused. "How does that affect my suit with you?"

"Most unpleasantly, sir, if I had ever deliberated the possibility of becoming Mrs. Gilbert. I see I shall have to repeat your words. You simulate ignorance so faithfully, that you almost persuade me to have faith in you. Homer Gilbert, the sentence that fell from your lips is indelibly engraved on my memory. It is this: 'If she were as ugly and unnatural as a kelpie, and I loathed her, I would marry her for the fortune that accompanies her hand.' You cannot refute the assertion."

This then was the reason she repulsed his suit, and not because she did not care for him, as he was afraid. A radiant flash of hope leaped to his eyes.

"Surely, Faith, for those few careless words, uttered merely in jest and not in earnest, as you believe, you will not wreck our happiness for life. If you had heard the whole interview you would not deem me the

prefidious wretch that could wantonly destory your future by marrying you simply for a fortune. I want to marry you for love, not money. I love you, girl! I love you!"

His hand of bronze sought hers. She dexterously moved it beyond his reach, and rose to her feet, her dress falling in soft, clinging folds about her pliant shape, the silver green hair of the willow touching her uncovered head.

"Say no more, please. If you were to exhause the English language I would put no faith in your protestations. A word or two, and then let the harassing subject never be resumed. Strongly attached to your father as well as to mine, I understand from the conversation I am glad I accidentally overheard this morning why Mr. Ramson summoned us, with other guests, to his country seat. He is an aged man, childless, unmarried, and out of spite does not wish to leave his property to his only relative, his sister's son, to whom it rightly belongs. Partially on account of his friendship for our parents, partially to satiate his malice toward his nephew, he proposes to make us joint heirs of his vast estate on condition that we favor his pet project by marrying. I will not become a party to his tyrannical plan. I am poor, but can sustain myself by teaching, as I have done for the past two years. I have a most excellent situation as governess offered me, which I shall accept at once. I leave Linden-wood to-morrow. Transfer your unwelcome attentions to Lulu Hill. Mr. Ransom will evidently be delighted with the change, for Lulu is a dashing girl, and he is found of her. Now let's move toward the house."

Was he to be silenced thus by this taunting girl? How she maddened him with her passionless eyes and quiet ways! He felt as if he could shake her with a right good will. He loved her so, and he would not be convinced. What did he care for Mr. Ransom's money when he had more of it than he could use! Foolish Faith! How had she derived the impression that he was poor? If these careless words had not been spoken!

She was hurrying across the green meadow, swinging her sun-hat in her hand, and occasionally stooping down to pluck a wild flower. He caught up with her, and said:—

"Faith, can't I convince you that I am in earnest? Let me tell you what I'll do. I'll go to Mr. Ransom and refuse to accept a cent of his property. I do not care for it. I never meant to take it. I intended, after he grew to like me and respect me thoroughly, to make him do justice to his nephew. I am not as poor as Belisarius. Forget these words, and be my wife,—all my own."

Round and round she swung her ivy-garlanded hat, regardless of the fiery lances of heat Apollo was hurling down from his home on high. Would he never let her alone? What more could she say to convince him that she was in earnest? Would he prevail upon her in spite of her self to become his wife,—this man seemingly as sincere as a St. John? Again she found herself compelled to speak. She did so icily enough.

"Impossible, sir. Tersely as you word your sentences, eloquently as you utter them, you do not impress me with a sense of truthfulness. Of course, to satisfy me, you will go to Mr. Ransom and say: 'I cannot accept what is justly your nephew's,' knowing in your heart that if we marry he will make us his heirs, willy-nilly. No danger of your refusing such a magnificent estate as Linden-wood. Dear me! how the sun does pour down? The heat is actually overpowering!"

An angry expletive rushed to his lips,—fell therefrom, but in such a smothered way, that Faith could not make it out. She wondered what it was. Then as she accelerated her spend, he jeered:—

"Faith Whitney, you are the most provoking, most unfeeling woman extant. With your nun-like demureness you are a coquette! a downright coquette! Apollo's glances can have no more effect on you than if you were a piece of quarried marble. You look like a piece of marble now, by Jove! if you don't,—a dainty piece, that people of puritanical notions would like to look at. 'Sober, steadfast and demure,' like the men of *Il Penseroso* one would think, but— There's no use talking to you," he muttered, as she sped along with the fleet steps of a deer, and he had to take enormous strides to keep up with her: "you don't hear a word I say."

As they came to the terraced walk leading to the palatial mansion of brick, half-buried in a forest of lindens, she moderated her pace, and said:—

"After to-morrow we may never meet. I bear you no ill-will; *au contraire*, Mr.

Gilbert, I wish you all possible earthly happiness. Do not think harshly of me, and do not term me a coquette, for I am not one. Barring one thing I have never known you to be guilty of an ungentlemanly action, and the many delightful walks and rides we have had shall be treasured up in my memory as something too pleasant to forget. Oh, do be true to yourself, Mr Gilbert. For the sake of wealth don't do that which will deface your manhood. You are a grand-looking, attractive man, with attainments of a superior nature, and you might be so noble, do so much good in the world. Do not, do not, I beg, sacrifice principle to mammon! Oh, I thought you a hero among men,—as nearly perfect as it is in human nature. You have wounded me terribly! I—I am so disappointed in you!"

The tears swam in her eyes, a sob threaded her trembling voice. She was not, then, cold as marble, as he thought. She was a tender, loving woman, of a sympathetic nature, perfect, except for the tinge of incredulity that clung to her. Time alone could rectify the mistake,—undo the harm his careless words had produced. Nothing he could advance would favor his suit. He held out his hand, and, as she placed hers within it like a fluttering bird, he said:—

"Now that you have dropped your scoffing manner, Faith, you represent to me all that is lovely in woman. You have judged me wrongly, and time alone can adjust the matter satisfactorily. Remember this,—bear it in mind,—for it is God's truth: I love you, Faith, and I shall go down to the grave loving you. One of these days you'll realize the worth of the man you have so cruelly rejected. I am faulty, but I never did a mean act, and, so true as there a God in heaven, that aggessive sentence was spoken merely in jest. Believe me or not it is true, and you'll find out so some day. Then perhaps you'll accord me a different answer to the question I have proffered to-day, for I do not despair of your yet becoming my wife. God bless you, Faith!"

He wrung her hand painfully, he bent his head as if to kiss her flower-like face, but did not do so; then burst impetuously into a thicket of shrubs, and she was alone,—alone at last, as she had wanted to be this long, long time. She waited a few moments to compose herself, then went on to the house. Mr. Ransom and Homer Gilbert were standing near the steps. She went placidly up the path, was about to pass them, then involuntarily stayed her steps, and, with one hand resting on the stone griffin crouching there, said:—

"It is but just to you, Mr. Ransom, to say that I unintentionally enacted the role of eavesdropper this morning, and heard some of your plans in reference to myself. I am sorry to frustrate them, but my sense of honor will not permit me to accept even a farthing of what lawfully should be another's. I will never marry Mr. Gilbert. As he does not care for me, he will not greatly mourn my loss. I leave Lindenwood to-morrow. Good-morning."

With a slight bend of the head she began to mount the steps, but she was not to get off so easily. A man of mercurial temperament, accustomed to having his own way, her words exasperated him, and he glowered at her like an infuriated beast. A dainty, lily-like girl, with the strength of a reed, to break down his plans thus! By heaven, no! And his voice was full of rage, as he hissed, rather than said:—

"You are a lunatic, Faith Whitney, else you'd never express yourself in such a crazy, nonsensical way! You would jilt a man worthy to be the master of any girls destiny—whom it would not disgrace a princess to wed. As the Sabine women were forcibly made the wives of the roman youths, so shall you be made his wife; otherwise, not one cent of my money can you have!"

"You can do with your money as you please, sir; I shall not marry Mr. Gilbert. I am abundantly able to maintain myself."

She drew her slight form up haughtily, her superb face white as newly fallen snow, and, with another inclination of her head, ran up the steps, and in a trice was in the privacy of her own room, more angry than she had been in her life.

"To try to dispose of my future as if I were a Circassian slave in the Stamboul market," she cried. "The despotic old nabob! I'll show him that he cannot intimidate me into obeying his will."

More and more incensed at the girl's intrepid bearing, Mr. Ransom turned to his companion as Faith disappeared in the hall.

"The girl is as mad as a March hare, Homer! Have you two been indulging in a quarrel?"

"Something very like it, sir. To my sorrow she heard me make use of a few careless words, that I would have bitten off my

tongue rather than have heard her hear, and would give much to be able to recall. You know I spoke in jest, and that I love her as she will never be loved again. Nevertheless, I cannot convince her of the genuineness of my passion. I am inexpressibly sorry!"

"Don't take it so to heart. The girl loves you. Her averted glances testify thus much. How fearless her bearing, how full of vim her eyes, as she bearded me. I should almost as soon have expected to see a graceful white lily comfront me thus angrily, or a blue-eyed violet, half hidden away in its nest of leaves. She is usually so staid and meek. But come, Homer, I want to show you the filly I purchased this morning. She is a stunner."

They started in the direction of the stables; a girl peering at them through the blinds of the library as they went. It was Lulu Hill, one of the guests at Linden-wood, a stylish, handsome creature, full of vivacity, somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*, and very much liked by the opposite sex. She had dazzling pink-and-white complexion, turquoise-blue eyes, and a superfluity of hair that she called auburn, but which was unequivocally red. She had a book in her hand—Ouida's fascinating *Tricotrin*—but not a line of the bewildering romance had she perused. A weightier subject took up her time and attention. She was thinking of Homer Gilbert, the man she loved, and whom she was angling for with a perseverance that would have been highly commendable in a better cause. Her piscatorial efforts thus far were not crowned with success; she herself was obliged to acknowledge them a failure; but she had no intention of relinquishing her fruitless toil just yet. She had observed the little scene from her nook in the bay-window in which the Puritan, as she styled Faith, had straightened herself up and confronted their host; had tried hard to hear the words she said, but was foiled by a crash of music in the adjoining room. Something of moment had transpired, else Faith Whitney never would fired up in that unladylike way. It was a new role, but an especially becoming one, despite its lack of gentility.

"He has singled her out as the future Mrs. Gilbert," she thought. "Odd that I with my buoyant flow of spirits, striking appearance, and dashing ways should fail to attract him, when a girl like a snow-drop, unpretentious in her bearing, and indifferent as to her dress, without the least exertion, ensnares him. In what does her charm consist? I wonder"—

The door opened, and, at Mr. Ransom's entrance, she quelled her cogitations, and prepared to interest him with her brilliant talk.

Faith made her appearance at dinner as usual, perhaps a shade paler than generally, but perfectly self-possessed, and very lovely in her gossamery grey dress, with a cluster of scarlet fuchsias in her hair.

Had she studied the effect of those radiant blooms on her yellow hair?

"She's a bit deeper than I gave her credit for," mused Lulu Hill; "not nearly so transparent. She does take pains with her toilet, and understand what colors harmonize, else how came she to know that a branch of lady's ear-drops would look prettily on blonde hair?"

The evening was a sad one to Faith, for she adhered to her decision to leave in the morning. It was at Linden-wood she had met and loved Homer Gilbert. She was about to part with him as she thought forever. Late in the evening he came over to her side, and asked for a little Scotch air that she had sung for him more than once. Her voice was marvelously sweet as she complied with his request, albeit it quivered a bit on the last verse. His lips were mute, but he thanked her with his eyes. As she rose from the instrument, one of the pendant blossoms in her hair was severed from its stem, and slipped to the floor. He stooped down, picked it up, and surreptitiously conveyed it to his pocket, but not unseen as he supposed.

The Argus eyes of Lulu Hill watched him; also the startled ones of the girl he loved; and somehow Faith began to believe he had told her the truth concerning his careless words. But she did not alter her plans, and the next morning Mr. Ransom's carriage took her to the depot, where she was to take the train for home, there to spend a few days ere entering upon her trying position as governess. Homer escorted her to the carriage.

"Faith," he pleaded, "will you not tell me where you are going? Mayn't I write to you sometimes?"

"Forget me altogether, Mr. Gilbert. Make Lulu Hill happy. My faith in you is dead. Good-by."

"It will be resuscitated," he said, as he dropped her hand. "Fair thee well."

He stood with his head uncovered till the carriage disappeared over the brow of the hill, then joined the merry group on the piazza, who were planning an excursion to the top of a distant mountain for the following day.

CHAPTER II.

RELENTLESS time moved on. One year, two years, passed by, fraught with but few incidents to the *dramatis personæ* of our story memorable enough to chronacle. They had added little to the *personnelle* of Faith. A sweet-faced, queenly girl, who attracted attention wherever she went,—whom the eye singled out, and rested upon with delight, as something different from the majority of womankind.

For the past two years she had been sojourning in the "sunny South," a governess for two motherless little girls, aged respectively nine and eleven. Her life had been brightened more by sunshine, than darkened by shadow. The home of the Morelles was a luxurious and happy one. She had found the children tractable and lovable; their father and his sister—a childless widow who presided over the household affairs—deferential and untiring in their kindness to her. She had heard and read so much of the hard life of the governess that she often wondered how these two proud, exclusive Southerners could treat her so kindly and with so much respect. She was as one of the family.

They were spending a few weeks at a celebrated summer resort among the mountains, recently sprung into notice. It was a clear, sunshine day, no vestige of a cloud on the vast blue face of the sky, the thermometer up to ninety. It was after the dinner-hour, and almost time for the stage to arrive, consequently the long, broad piazza of the American was peopled with a motley crowd, some eagerly expectant, others sluggishly indifferent as to whether there was to be an influx of guests or not.

The Morelles sat a bit apart from the rest, the two girls sorting worsteds, and Faith abstractedly pulling off the petals of a creamy rose that Mr. Morelle had given her a short time before, unmindful that his steel-blue eyes were observing her action with ill-concealed chagrin. Why did the governess do that? Was the gift not acceptable? Ah! this girl from the North was cold, so cold, with all her gracious sweetness. Where were her thoughts? It was not the first time he had asked himself the question of late; indeed he found himself continually asking it when in her presence.

She sat there now, hopelessly lost in a maze of thought, her fair head slightly bent, a green vine, running up and attaching its tendrils to one of the columns of the piazza, drooping lovingly above it, her white hands ruthlessly destroying the scented rose. It wafted up a cloud of fragrance that recalled the scene in the arbor two years ago—that brought up those cruel words as clearly as when they rang a death knell to her hopes. Those words she had found out meant nothing; they had been spoken, as Homer said, merely in jest. But what of that? He was lost to her forever; she could never speak the one word "Come" that would bring him to her side.

A crash of music from the fanciful Chinese pagoda on the green, a rumble of wheels on the road below, heralding the approach of guests, startled her from her absorbing brown study; she stirred, and glanced up to meet the blue eyes of the Southerner upon her. A hot blush suffused either cheek, surged guiltily to her very brow; then her eyes dropped to the misused rose in her lap.

"The damage is irreparable," she sighed. "Pray pardon the offence. Believe me, it was unpremeditated. The rose was lovely."

"Rarely lovely, Miss Whitney, and meriting better treatment from one of your æsthetic tastes. It would have looked well resting against your fair hair."

She made no reply; only watched the omnibus, drawn by four horses, as it neared the hotel. It was crowded with passengers, dusty, travel-stained, and weary, who were mopping their rubicund visages with not over-clean handkerchiefs, that is, all save one, a lady, especially noticeable for her genteel figure and becoming traveling attire.

There was something strangely familiar to Faith in the carriage of this lady, but her face was so effectually screened in the impenetrable folds of her veil that not a glimpse of it could be obtained.

The rolling car emptied, the driver, with a flourish of the whip, drove off to give room to another uncomfortably loaded vehicle. The piazza was now fairly swarming with people, who minutely inspected the new-comers as they alighted; and the or-

chestra, catching the inspiration, created sounds of the most jubilant kind, as if intending an ovation inaugurating some grand event.

From the top of the latter conveyance sprang a tall, muscularly developed man. His dark, splendid face made him a target for all eyes. Apparently he was used to homage and attention, for, in no wise disconcerted by the admiring glances leveled at him by the fair sex, he walked carelessly into the office, registered his name, and was conducted to his room by the hall-boy.

Flashes of heat, succeeded by tremors of cold, passed over Faith as she saw this man. At last Homer Gilbert was near her; the same roof would shelter both! She was not aware how much her face expressed till the suave voice of Mr. Morelle broke upon her ear.

"You have met that man? you know him, Miss Whitney?"

"Yes," she said quietly, attempting no evasion, "I know him."

He made no comment, and Faith soon escaped to her room, fearing that the inquisitorial eyes of the Southerner had penetrated her secret. Did Gilbert know she was there? Had he forgotten her?

She would have known that her image was enshrined in his heart, if she could have read his thoughts as he sat in his room, smoking his post-prandial cigar in the fast-gathering twilight. Somehow Faith seemed very near him to-night. A quick tap at the door disturbed him.

"Come in," he called out, lazily, expecting the hall-boy to enter with the ice-water he had dispatched him for. Instead an old acquaintance in the guise of Bob Brown walked in.

"Was out shooting; saw your name in the register when I got back, so ran right up. How are you, Homer? Glad to see you, old boy."

And he wrung his friend's hand as if it were his purpose to sever it from its arm.

"And I can truthfully return the compliment; I am heartily glad to see you. What a warm day. Here, sit down in this 'sleepy hollow,' take a cigar, and, while you puff at it, tell me what is going on here. Are there any people worth cultivating?"

"Yes, several. The Morelles, for instance. They hail from the South, but there is a Northern girl with them—a governess, I'm told—who is the daintiest piece of feminity it was ever my lot to behold."

"And who is this paragon, this nonpareil of yours?" Homer asked indifferently.

The answer caused his heart to pulsate faster than his wont.

"Faith Whitney."

Had he found her then at last, when he had begun to despair of ever coming across her? He steadied his voice in interrogate his companion, who was puffing away at a fragrant Havana.

"It is a simple, old-fashioned named, and brings up before me visions of a girl devoid of the deformities of fashion that society women affect to their detriment nowadays. Am I wrong? Is not this Miss Whitney unaffected in her manner, simple in her style of dress?"

"She is, indeed. Hers is a style that requires simplicity. She has the beauty of a regal white lily, and grace of one too, and shines down all women here without any trouble, without, indeed, caring to do so. She is the envy of the women, the admiration of the men; and is, or seems to be, unconscious of it. I would make love to her strong, if there was a possibility of her regarding my suit with favor; but Mr. Morelle has the inside track, I fear. Madam Rumor asserts positively—the *on dit* may not be true, however—that they are engaged, and even the most obtuse observers know that it is not his fault if it be otherwise."

"Humph!" was the exclamation of his auditor, his tone a combination of incredulity and jealousy. And who is this Mr. Morelle, —a rich *parvenu*?"

"The reverse of one, my dear Homer; he belongs to the F. F. V.'s. What makes you so spiteful? Are you weary of my talk, and do you want to be alone to rest? If so, I'll leave you."

"In a moment. Just tell me one thing first. The truth is, Bob," desperately, "I am in love with Miss Whitney myself—have been for the past two years. There, don't pester me; I can't bear to talk of it to-night. Describe Mr. Morelle."

"He is a great-hearted, hot-tempered, supremely handsome Southerner; your opposite in looks—a blonde, with tawny hair, and deep blue eyes. Sorry for you, old fellow, but I am afraid your opportunity with her is lost. But I must go and make myself presentable for to-night. There is to be a grand hop. *Au revoir.*"

Later, Homer descended the stairs. It was a beautiful night, the constellations

palpitating in a violet heaven, the air balmy and caressing. He slowly walked the length of the piazza, then seated himself to take a view of the out-spreading hills, all a shimmer in the uncanny moonlight. Couple after couple passed and repassed him; floods of music surged about him; he did not stir, did not take his eyes off the fairy scene, till a voice, that was the sweetest melody on earth to him, broke upon his ear.

On the arm of the Southerner she floated by; in the mystical moonlight her face as transcendentally fair as he remembered it in the days gone by. That one glimpse, all too short, and she was swallowed up in the crowd, and, strain his eyes as he might, he could not see her. He rose, all lassitude vanished now, and followed in the direction they had gone. Would Faith be glad to see him? Or was the report concerning her and Mr. Morelle true? He came upon them in the hall-way. The Southerner was uncoiling from her neck and shoulders a fleecy white shawl preparatory to entering the ball-room, ablaze with light, and alive with music and gayety.

"Faith," forgetting she was not alone, but with the man to whom report said she was engaged, "have I found you at last? Are you glad to see me?

The roses flushed to her cheeks; a joyous light leaped to her eyes. She was glad, very glad, but she did not care to have him or the attentive man at her side know how glad. She held out her hand, saying simply:—

"It gives me pleasure to meet you again. Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Morelle."

The two men bowed stiffly, instinctively aware that they were rivals, both taking an inventory of the other's looks. Each in his own way was strikingly handsome, and night and day could not be more strikingly unlike than they, the one dark and debonair, the other blonde and sternly grave. Constrained, not at ease in the presence of these two antagonistic men, Faith made use of a few commonplace expressions, then, with a slight inclination of the head, accompanied by a grave little smile, took the arm of Mr. Morelle, and entered the ball-room.

Homer stood watching her as they went down the length of the room, her hand resting on his arm, waves of melody trembling about them. Simply clad in white, her weight of sunshiny hair pierced with, and fastened up in some inexplicable way by, a solitary dull-gold arrow, a cluster or two of fragrant forget-me-nots clinging to her white throat, and breathing forth their delicate fragrance.

"The Beautiful Blue Danube," was struck up, and as Homer stood, a tall, dark sentinel in the doorway, round and round in the vortex of moving couples swept into other devotees of Terpsichore, a distinguished, courtly man, and a slender, symmetrical girl, with the lovely grace of a bending willow, the beauty of a bonny flower. She who had condemed the waltz in his hearing was now whirling dizzily round to the measures of the tune, her head on his shoulder, his arm around her, keeping step admirably. Homer gnashed his teeth in impotent anger. If there was no truth in the report of their betrothal, Faith would never——

A tap on the shoulder with a feathery, scented fan, and the bright, piquant face of Mrs. Hilton, *née* Lulu Hill, smiled up at him.

Much had befallen Lulu in the last two years. A fairy with her enchanted wand could hardly have produced a more decided change in her life and fortune. Poor, she was now the inheritor of an immense property; a girl of low state, she was now at the head of the most exclusive circle of New York City—the wittiest, the best-dressed woman in her set. It happened thus: Through the instrumentality of Homer Gilbert, Mr. Ransom, brought to his death-bed, forgave his nephew, and made him his heir. Lulu, despairing of catching Homer, now changed her tactics, and once more baited her hook with honeyed words and smiles, and this time with the best of success. She caught the grandest fish of the season—in other words, became the wife of Mr. Ransom's nephew, Mrs. Harry Hilton. That she did not love him did not in the least militate against his eligibility in her opinion.

Well, for six months she led him a life that reminded one of Orestes pursued by the Eumenides, when he came suddenly to his death by a fall from his horse. For six months she lived a life of seclusion—she called it hybernating—then emerged (her word for it again) from death into life, with such a gentle, subdued air about her, so pretty and interesting in her bewitching toilets of white and jet, that she took captive the hearts of men, and had suitors by the score. Meantime she kept track of Homer's whereabouts. Learning that he was to spend the season at R——, she packed her trunks

with her costliest dresses, and, accompanied by her maid, arrived at the American the same day that Homer put in his appearance there. But I digress.

Homer felt the tap, the scent of sandal-wood greeted his olfactories, and he executed a low salaam, as he cried:—

"Mrs. Hilton, by all that's grand! I am delighted to see you."

"Nonsense! You scowled like an enraged giaour when your eye first fell upon me. Don't deny it. And you are out of patience with that elegant fair man for claiming the hand of your inamorata in the waltz. I am clairvoyant enough to see that. And no wonder. Miss Whitney is marvelously lovely to-night."

"And so is Madame Hilton," with mocking bend of the head. "Won't she favor me with her hand in the dance? The music fairly carries me off my feet."

A spirit of preversity took hold of him, and made him want to flirt with the attractive widow to see if he could not rouse a spark of jealously in the snow-maiden, Faith. Lulu comprehended his drift; but she meant to ingratiate herself in his good graces in spite of all he could do, so she acquiesced readily to his petition, and round and round in slow, ecstatic bliss, to the music of Strauss' gem of waltzes, they were whirled, drawing the eyes of all upon them, for, with the exception of Faith and her partner, they were the most distinguished-looking couple on the floor.

A bit of *diablerie*, hitherto latent, in his composition, provoked the grave Mr. Morelle to say, as he led Faith, flushed, and vexed at herself for doing what she had condemned others for doing, to a seat near the door:—

"Isn't that Mr. Gilbert wheeling around with yonder red-tressed peri? By George! she's a stunner, and exceedingly will got up, methinks. He seemes quite taken with her. Perhaps you are acquainted with the lady?"

"Yes," quietly, in the sweet low voice he loved so well: "it is Mrs. Hilton—a gay young widow. Her costume is lovely, is it not?"

It was. She had thrown off mourning, the billions of creamy white satin, set off with priceless lace, yellowed by age, swept around her majestic figure; a *bandeau* of translucent-eyed pearls adorned her red—nay, she said, Lucretia-Borgia-hued hair; and strings of pearls ware coiled about her throat, and white, rounded arms.

"Ah, a gay young widow," he repeated. "And on the most amicable terms imaginable with Mr. Gilbert. Does he contemplate making her his wife, think you?"

"I cannot tell, I am sure," she replied, creating a faint zephyr with her maraboutfeathered fan; "it is possible."

She felt in her heart that it was not possible; that he was true as steel to her. In various ways she had discovered the worth of her quondam lover. Through the gossipy letters of an old school-friend she was kept informed of matters pertaining to Homer and the others who had crept into her life at Linden-wood.

She thoroughly understood and appreciated her lover now—king among men as she began to term him. Her eyes wandered in his direction now. Over the gay widow he bent, assiduously creating little breezes for her benefit with her sandal-wood fan. She wished he would come up, and speak to her.

But the evening was quite far advanced, and Faith was about to retire to her room, when he approached her. Neither Mr. Morelle nor his sister was at her side. A gentleman held them in conversation, for which Homer was unutterably thankful.

"No," he said, as Faith motioned him to a seat, "I shall not sit down. I want a breath of fresh air, and I want to talk with you. Come out, please, on the grounds. It is a lovely night, light as day, and many a couple is promanading on the green. You must not refuse," he added peremptorily, as he noted her air of indecision.

She cast a glance at the Morelles, but they were still conversing with the gentleman, and, glad to be with Homer, she took his arm; and they were soon sitting apart from the rest on a rustic bench, just big enough for two, at the foot of a mountain-ash.

The night was alive with the sounds of nocturnal birds and insects; the green ablaze with fire-flies and glow-worms. Faith leaned contentedly back in her seat.

"The night is perfect," she said; "the air is fresh and deliciously tempered, a crescent moon swings in a sea of deepest blue, the evening star has filled his chalice of silver splendor, and"——

"Happy couples are about on every hand. Faith, do you know the name of that narrow shaded path, where so many young people are slowly wending their way?" he asked half mischievously.

"No," curiously. "What is it?"

"Flirtation walk. Appropriate rather, insomuch as under cover of the umbrageous boughs, far away from mammas' vigilant eyes, the girls coquette to their heart's content. The proprietor of the American delights in fanciful, suggestive titles. The name of this seat, for instance, is full of significance.

"Indeed!"

Not caring to question him, and feeling very uncomfortable under the impassioned glances of his eyes.

"It is"—slowly uttering the words, and not removing his mesmeric eyes from hers—"the wooing bench. It is said that a lady who accepts a seat here with her escort always grants him the petition she knows he'll ask. How is it, Faith?" his tone losing its levity and becoming serious, "dare I repeat the question which was so cruelly treated in the days of auld lang syne? Dare I trust my fate once more in your hands? Darling, hasn't the truth reached you at last? Don't you believe in your heart that the words that created such a disturbance there were spoken merely in jest? Faith, do you love me?"

She had gathered in his words as the flowers drink in the dew. They were inexpressibly sweet to her. But she made him no reply; only sat there and trembled, and worked her fingers in a white knot. Her silence appalled him as of yore. After searching for her for two years, and finding her, was he to lose her—let her slip out of his life again?

"Faith," taking the unresisting, tightly clenched fingers in his, "can you give me no hope? Am I to see you another man's wife—Mr. Morelle's? Somehow I hoped against hope; thought that at the last you would turn to me, and say, 'Homer, I am yours; your great love has made me all your own. How can I bear to give you up!"

He then bowed his head sadly on his hands; again his glowing dream vanished into nothingness as a brilliant soap-bubble blown from the lips of a child. Love and marriage were not for him.

At this juncture a soft hand was laid on his. He did not feel its touch. He was thinking of the miserable future, unblessed by Faith's love, stretching a dreary waste before him. Then she spoke his name, but in such a low, tremulous voice, that it fell upon his ear unheeded. Dead to her voice and touch, what more could she do to convince him that she loved him even as he loved her—with a love that could not die—that must prove the blessing or curse of her life? Even in the moonlight her sweet face grew hot with blushes of shame. There was no other way, and if they drifted apart this time, it might be forever. So one white arm stole timidly around the silent man's neck, and a pair of soft lips just touched his bearded cheek.

The change in him was decided and instantaneous. He gathered her to his breast, and showerd kisses on her blushing face.

"You do, you do love me," he cried rapturously. "Oh, my darling, I will care for you so tenderly, that you shall never repent giving yourself to me. Tell me in words, Faith, that you do love me," man-like he persisted.

She drew herself away from his encircling arms, and slowly said:—

"There is no need for me to deny what I am proud to own. Yes, Homer, I love you, and much unhappiness would have been spared me if I had proved myself less of an unbeliever in the days dead and buried. I am ashamed of my want of confidence in you. You must think me a very foolish girl."

"On the contrary, I think you a remarkable woman to give me the right to care for you in the days to come. Bonny one, I have been so jealous of Mr. Morelle, particularly when he whirled you round in that maddening waltz."

"You had no need to be, my Othello," she made answer playfully. "I waltzed with him because—well, because I wanted to see if I had any power over you still. And you did mind? Well, I envied the bewitching widow when you fanned her so assiduously."

"Did you truly?"

A tumultuous rain of kisses silenced further words, and they sat there in the deepening night happy beyond expression—all doubts and suspicions at rest forever. The moon shone, the fire-flies danced, will-o'-the wisp fashion, on the green, the insects kept up ther tireless din, and the music rose and fell in waves of sweetest melody. A beautiful, beautiful night, and Homer would have been content to sit there a good while longer; but, remembering the Morelles, Faith started guiltily up, and made him take her back to the hotel.

A man stood on the piazza, leaning against

one of the uplifted white pillars. It was Mr. Morelle. As Faith withdrew her hand from her lover's arm, he came toward her, and said:—

"Walk up and down with me a moment, Miss Whitney. I have something to say to you."

He offered his arm, and, trembling with apprehension, the girl took it, and they began their promenade.

He plunged into the subject at once.

"Excuse my impertinence, Faith, but I must know the truth. Is Mr. Gilbert your lover?"

"He is."

"And you intend to marry him?"

"I do."

He dropped her arm, and confronted her, his face pale and sad in the silvery moonlight.

"I hope you will be happy, Faith. It is no secret to you that you have won my love, and if you could have reciprocated it I should have been very, very happy. As it is, I cannot blame you. I can only say with all my heart, God bless you."

Over her he bent, and a passionate kiss fell on her quivering lips. Then he turned from her, and she saw him no more that night.

"A noble man," she murmured, "and deserving of a noble wife. God grant that he may forget me."

Did he? Ah, no! There could never be another so dear to him as Faith; but just six months after her marriage with Homer, he led to the altar the dashing young widow, Lulu Hilton. They led a reasonably happy life, but whenever the Southerner thinks of the beautiful wife of Homer Gilbert, whose every wish is gratified as soon as made known, a yearning look comes into his eyes that is sad to see. Try hard as he may he cannot forget her.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ENDS OF THE WORLD.

DO you know the names of the two towns that respectively are the northernmost and the most southerly in the world?

They are Hammerfest, Norway, and Punta Arenas, Chili, say the *New York Herald*.

The former is the capital of Finmark, the extensive province or annex of Norway, which forms the extreme northern portion of continental Europe, and is situated between the Arctic sea and Russian Lapland. Finmark has an area of 18,306 square miles, includes Norwegian Lapland and comprises numerous islands, on the northernmost of which is North cape. It has important fisheries, which give employment to the greater part of a population of nearly 25,000.

Hammerfest is on the Quai-oe (Whale island), of which it is the chief port, and is sixty miles southwest of North cape. Its houses are of wood and are painted on the outside. Communication between its quarters is kept up by boats. Its harbor is defended by a fort.

Although situated in latitude 70 degrees 40 minutes 7 seconds north, the summer heat at times is oppressive, and even through the winter the temperature is mild enough for fishing to be carried on. The sun stays two months above its horizon. The town exports stockfish, whale, seal and fish oil, skins, walrus hides, teeth, copper and feathers.

Its population is about 2,100. In its trade Norwegian, Danish, English, German and Russian vessels are engaged. Thirty small vessels are sent out early in the spring to Spitzbergen to take part in the fisheries and walrus hunting. Train and cod liver oil are manufactured in Hammerfest. Salted fish is the principal export.

On Fuglenaes, or Birds' Cape, which protects the harbor on the north, stands a column with an inscription in Norse and Latin, stating that the town was the destination of the expedition for the measurement of the arc of meridian. It was also the place chosen by Captain Sabine for the scene of his pendulum experiments.

Punta Arenas in Spanish for Sandy Point. It is situated upon a level plain in the Chilian colony of Magellanes, and on the east coast of the Brunswick peninsula. Back of

the town snowcapped mountains rise to the height of 1,000 feet.

It houses are almost all one story, and built irregularly. Just outside the settlement are fields of moss and low hills whose timber has been burned. Opposite the point, on the other side of the Straits of Magellan, is the island of Terra del Fuego, the Land of Fire, so styled by Megelhaens, its Portuguese discoverer, because of the great number of fires which he noticed upon it the first night he approached its shores.

Punta Arenas was founded in 1843 as a penal settlement, and has ever since been known only as such to those who have read or heard of it. Its unenviable reputation led to it decline in population, until the European steamship lines adopted the route through the straight to the west coast of South America.

Then the town was used as a station of call and supply, and in 1868 Chili sent out 300 immigrants with a governor to take possession of it. The immigrates brought along with them wood for building purposes, and supplies to last until the land granted them had been cleared and cultivated.

Then the sending of convicts there was stopped. The military guard was withdrawn during the war with Peru, and all the prisoners who consented to join the army got a ticket of leave. From 1868 to 1888 the population of the town increased from 200 to 2,000.

The soil is good, coal mines abound and gold and silver are found. The coal mines are worked by a company which pays the Chilian government a small tax for the privilege. A tramway brings to town the coal, which is considered a good "steam" article.

Formerly steamers had to go to the Falkland islands, 500 miles distant to get their supplies. Now they find them at Punta Arenas. The crop of potatoes is considerable, cattle thrive, good mushrooms are obtainable in large guantities, and in the various seasons parrots, geese, ducks, snipe, woodpeckers, ibis and other birds are found.

Punta Arenas is the largest town in southernmost Chili, and the only one in the strait. From the nearest settlement on the Chilian coast to the first one on the eastern side is a distance of about 4,000 miles, and the voyage lasts from fifteen to sixteen days, and Punta Arenas is the only stopping place.

The population is of the most varied kind, including ex-convicts, fugitives of all sorts, castaway sailors, deserters from the navies of all countries, Chinamen, negroes, Polanders, Irish, English, Italians, Germans, Russians, Portuguese, Spaniards, Hebrews—men from all climes, types of all humanity. Every tongue seems to be spoken, and each language seems to have its interpreter. English largely predominates.

It is in the market for queer relics, shells, flying fish, sea lions' tusks, serpents skins, Cape Horn agates, turtle shells, armadillo tails, in which the Patagonians carry their war paint; guanaco, seal and ostrich skins and ostrich rugs. The last named are made from the breasts of young ostriches, and are of softest down and loveliest plumage. The plumes are plucked from the birds tails and wings while alive, but to obtain the rugs the little ostriches are killed and skinned. Then the breasts are sewed together. Different colors are artistically blended. The rugs are used as carriage robes, for the backs of couches of chairs, for panels in front of dress skirts and for opera cloaks.

THE LOST SLIPPER.

BY A. M. HALE.

An old worn thing! A shabby bit
Of rusty cloth and crimson floss
Of frayed embroidery—look at it,
And smile and jest at Nannie's loss.

So faring, o'er life's desert waste
She walks, where many shadows lie;
Unheeding, in its selfish haste,
The great world rushes swiftly by.

Sees not the chrism that on her lies,
And slights her royal womanhood;
To torpid hearts, and sun-blind eyes,
The cross is only common wood.

Small grace is our poor ways and times;
The angels recognize their kin,
And know who sing the heavenly rhymes,
Through all the world's wild dole and din.

DETROIT, MICH.

A MASCOT IN IRON.

HOW AN ENORMOUS KEY WAS TWICE OF SERVICE.

ON the wall of an "Old Curiosity Shop," Belgrade street, above Frankfort road, hangs a key made of iron a foot in length, and the wards rusted up. It fitly represents the old time belief that the best guarantee for security against thieves was a big lock and a key like a sledge hammer, but this rusty iron has a history and is associated with a record of human passions, hopes and frailties that once guided and controlled the lives of several people.

There was a time when the Delaware front above Callowhill street was beautiful with fine shrubbery, and men in the boat and spar yards worked under the shade of big willows whose long branches trailed in the water. This was especially the case at Grayley's timber yard. The old brick house on the bank of the river was covered with ivy and shadowed by a small grove of elms, made musical in spring by the whistle of the blackbirds and martins. Here lived Martin Bentz with his wife and daughter. He was Mr. Grayley's managing man, kept his books, paid the hands and sold the timber. The office was in a corner room in the house, and in the wall was built the safe; it didn't pretend to be fireproof, but both old Grayley and his clerk believed that all the burglars in the state could not get into it, and every night he locked the door with serious mien and much deliberation and then handed the key to Martin who kept it until next morning.

To one of our modern artists it would be a pleasant hour's work to open the old strong box with a keyhole that you could put your three fingers in; but these were primitive days, and old Martin felt safe as long as the key was in his possession. Bentz was a German by birth, but his wife American, bred and born in Fishtown. Although the couple were not always accordant in opinion, on one subject they agreed, and that was the beauty and excellence of their daughter Mabel; and parental judgements are often fallible, but there could be no question as to Mabel Bentz' merits. She was not only a good daughter, but a very beautiful girl. No race in America produces more lovely women than the German-Americans, and there could be no better illustration of this than Martin Bentz' daughter. She was not much liked by the neighboring girls, as they were rather a rough lot in those days, much given to promiscuous dances that generally ended in a free fight among their admirers, so Mabel, by avoiding them, got the credit of being proud. She was assistant in a millinery store on Second street and was never without an escort home, but very few were permitted to come to the house, and the girl herself was circumspect and as yet indifferent to the advances of any of her male acquaintances.

She had two persistent suitors, both young men; one—George Graham—was a boat-builder, a fair, manly fellow and an excellent mechanic, but he was not handsome, and, while a favorite with the old man, Mrs. Bentz had a very pronounced dislike for him. The other, Peter Daily, was a very showy young man, ostensibly a plumber, but he was seldom known to work; and yet he wore good clothes and always seemed to have plenty of money. He was rather good looking, but there was a shifty expression in his hard gray eyes that was not prepossessing; but he was Mrs. Bentz' favorite.

It was Martin's custom to hang the safe key over the mantelpiece, and it seemed to give him much pleasure to sit and watch it. He was given to moderate potations, and at times was boastful and indiscreet in speech. One Friday night the family were assembled in their one sitting-room, and both Graham and Daily were present. Martin was telling of a big sale of timber he had made for Grayley, and how the price, some twenty-five hundred dollars, had been paid in that day. Daily's eyes looked more furtive than ever, and Mabel, glancing over her sewing, thought how mean his expression was at times, but the talk became general, and Daily soon left.

Next evening he was again a visitor, bringing with him a friend, a tall, thin, showily-dressed man; he had also brought Martin a bottle of brandy. This was opened and the old man became quite convivial. Suddenly a tremendous crash was heard outside. The entire party made a rush for the door, all but Daily's thin friend —he, quick as a cat, mounted a chair, and

taking down the safe key substituted another, in looks much the same. The others came back in a few moments, it was only a pile of spars that had fallen—no doubt the work of the bad boys that infested the wharfs. Daily and his friend went away and George Graham came in, and was soon deeply engaged in conversation with Mabel. As was the custom, the parents withdrew; and George began to explain to Mabel his improving prospects and his desire that she should become his wife. The girl's temperament was placid and rather cold, and while she liked Graham she was not in the least stirred by passion, so she answered calmly that it would not be right for her to accept without her mother's consent, and here she stopped.

"Oh, my! George, there is some one in the office! I'll call father."

Graham stole to the door, and saw through the office window a faint gleam of light. He did not hesitate, but going around the house pushed open the door of the office. Three men were in front of the open safe. Graham gave a shout and dashed at them. He was active and powerful, but a blow on the head stopped him for a moment, and he saw the robbers escape through the end window. He grasped something that lay on the desk and followed. They were evidently making for a boat at the end of the wharf, but the hindmost stumbled and fell, and as he sprang up, Graham gave him a blow on the head that laid him out. Old Martin joined him with a lantern.

"Turn the fellow over till we can see his face. As I live, it is Philip Daily, the scoundrel! What have you got in your hand?"

George looked.

"Why, it is surely the safe key."

Martin was amazed—the genuine was certainly in its accustomed place in the house and yet the safe had been opened. Comparison of the two at once made the plan of the robbery manifest—the key in Graham's hands had been the means of bringing Daily to justice and he went to jail with a very sore head. Graham renewed his suit, but Mrs. Bentz had evidently resolved that he should not marry her daughter, and Mabel had not force of character enough to act independently, so George bidding them all good-by left, and next day they heard that he had shipped on a vessel bound for India.

Mabel mourned his absence, and, as is often the case, found that she loved him more than she had imagined; but three years passed away and no word came from her old lover.

Martin Bentz' health began to fail and his wife thought that it was time for her daughter to marry. Mr. Grayley had a nephew named Sands who worked around the place, and he had been paying Mabel much attention and finally spoke to her mother, and, after much persuasion and some secret tears, the girl accepted him and they were married. Sands was not a bad fellow, but he was utterly feeble in character, and after four years of dull and spiritless married life, Mabel found herself a childless widow. Her father was dead and when her mother spoke of her marrying again, Mabel said, with unusual firmness: "Mother, your interference broke up my life and I will not allow it to influence me again; don't speak to me about these matters, as you only give me pain."

George Graham had prospered as a sailor, and one day he came to Philadelphia, captain of a magnificent clipper ship. He had cargo consigned to a firm on Delware avenue, and went to their counting house and was very politely received. Captains were bigger people then than now. Glancing around he saw hanging on the wall a large key. Memory at once recalled the house in the boat-yard and his lost sweetheart. "You are looking at that key," said one of the partners; "well that belonged to one uncle of mine named Grayley—it has a history—and when the old house was torn down I kept this as a memento."

Graham was silent for a moment and then asked: "Do you know anything of the family that lived in your uncle's house?"

"The Bentzes! Oh, yes, my uncle left Martin's widow one hundred dollars a year as long as she lives. We pay it to her. Her widowed daughter. Mrs. Sands, a very pretty and good woman, comes for it, and, by the by, it's due to-day, and here she comes—do you know her?"

Graham was strongly moved. He met her at the door and said: "Mabel, do you remember me?"

Poor girl, she stared at him for a moment and then burst into tears. "Oh, yes! George, I remember you well."

The sequel needs no telling. Captain Graham made but one more voyage and then married his early love. Old Mrs. Bentz died soon afterward.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE OLD FISHERMAN'S STORY.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

THAT was a pleasant summer's evening in the warm and sultry August—just ten years ago to-night. How distinctly and freshly it comes to my memory now, with the recollection of the happy and joyous faces around me, as we stood on the long piazza in front of the hotel at W—— Beach, gazing out on the gently heaving ocean that mirrored back the rays of the full moon, which had risen from out the eastern waters. The day had been uncommonly sultry, and now as the evening breeze swept in from the Atlantic, all who had congregated at that seaside resort left their rooms, eager to breathe the fresh air.

We were a party of schoolmates who had come down from our quiet inland village to pass a few delightful days beside the waters—ready, with the zest of youth, for recreation, drives along the smooth beach, and the fine surf-bathing. Our day had been a busy one; and somewhat wearied we sat there on the piazza that evening—now gazing listlessly out on the wide expanse of ocean, then up into the starry haavens, and I doubt not but all, like myself, thoughts of the great mysteries of creation, and how far surpassing the knowledge of man is that of Him who frames the laws of the universe, regulates the ebb and flow of the ocean tides, and holds the waves in the hollow of his hand, for gradually the ringing laugh and hum of conversation was hushed, and a deep silence rested on the group. Perhaps an hour had thus passed, when the gradual rising of the wind and the scudding clouds that began to fly across the moon's disk, with the distant muttering of thunder in the west, betokened a rising shower—perhaps the prelude of a coming storm—for I observed that the waves began to gather volume and tone, while a deep, hoarse murmur came swelling in from the sea. Presently thunder clouds grew into dense piles above the western, inland hills, and the whole sky was overspread with a dark pall; then, after a slight lull in the wind, a heavy crash came, which seemed to rend the cliffs, then roll away in long echoes across the waters, a sheet of vivid red lightning spread its glare around us, revealing the landscape behind—the hotel, with its group on the piazza who had remained to watch the rising tempest, the two tall elms close by, with the swing pendant from their sturdy boughs, and before us the long line of wet sands, bordered with the curling white breakers. With that crash the floodgates of heaven were unloosed, and down came the torrent. The thunder tempest was upon us.

What a glorious sight was that ocean panorama before us, which we watched, drawing back into the shelter of the broad covered porch; the breakers dashing in like mad steed, with the foam about their champed bits overleaping and trampling upon the rocky shore! Let me always witness a thunder-storm beside the sea! There, one loses none of the grandeur and sublimity of the scene when flood meets flood, and the red artillery of the skies echoes the shock of the encounter.

I listened to a story that night from the lips of old Jerry the fisherman, whose rude cabin stood a little way inland, behind the shelter of a rocky ledge, and whose boat lay upturned high above mark on the bank of the little river, an arm of the sea, that described a bend at the northern limit of the beach. Many the night I had watched him row his fishing boat up into this creek, draw it over the rocks, spread his nets to dry, then carry his day's winnings from the deep into the fish-house close by. But I had never supposed old Jerry above his class, or sought to engage him in conversation, so entirely busied with his toils he always seemed. But that night, standing on the hotel piazza as the shower was coming up, the landlord, who came out and stood beside me, said:—

"Now there's old Jerry—a strange old fellow, too. Some mystery about him. Nobody knows where his home is—for he is no native of these parts. Came here years ago, with a little boy, his only son, I suppose; hasn't seemed himself since he was drowned. Never heard the story?" noticing my start of surprise, "he'll tell it to you, for he's fond of dwelling on it, especially on the nights of storm, like this. There are old settlers living on this coast here that remember the lad—a beautiful boy of some five or six years. And they say Jerry was another man from the day when they found the

drowned body of the poor little fellow. It was singular, too. There were two of em' drowned, they say; the other the sick child of a rich southerner, who had brought him here for the benefit of the sea air. I do not remember how 'twas exactly. Jerry will tell you himself, for here he comes up this way." And the busy landlord moved away.

"It is a sad story," said the old fisherman, when I had gained courage to advance to the pillar against which he leaned, while the wind played with the scanty gray locks about his weather-beaten temples, and the drooping brim of his tarpaulin covered many a seam in his wrinkled forehead; "a sad story, and you are too young, child, to listen to an old man's sorrows. But I love to talk of my poor lost Eddie; he seems a child to me still, though twenty years have rolled round since I lost him, and he would be a man now if he had been spared me. I love to talk of him, and on evenings like this, just such a night as I came home to find yonder house desolate," and he pointed away to the little cabin down the beach, "I always think of my poor little Eddie."

"I have not always lived here, nor always been Jerry the fisherman," he went on, after a little pause, in which he strove to gather calmness, and I saw the convulsive working of his mouth. "There were years in my early manhood, when the world looked fair and bright as it does now to you or any of yon group of young people chatting so gayly together there. And there were years, too, when I was happy in my home. It matters not now that I should speak of what sent me here, a wronged, disappointed, desolate man, without faith in God, or love for any human being save my boy, whom I had seen worse than orphaned by the same stroke that left me worse than wifeless."

"Was Eddie's mother dead?" I asked, not comprehending the meaning of his words.

"Dead! Worse than that! Ay, would she had died!" he answered bitterly. "But why do I speak of this, and to you, except that your young heart accords me the sympathy that I read upon your face? No wonder in your youth and inexperience of the ways of the wicked world, you ask me if she died! No, child, she was not dead to the wicked world, but to her child and to me. The law severed us—she, a divorced wife,—I, a wronged husband, and our boy an innocent child, whom I was anxious to bear away from the country where dwelt one who had forgotten what was due to the holy name of woman. To this wild, desolate coast, I brought my boy. There were no other cabins here but my own then. No public house stood here, and no visitors in summer disturbed these solitudes, save occasionally a chance traveler, to whom my hut gave shelter and rest. The village yonder, three miles away I visited to buy my provisions, I had not come penniless—and the ocean gave me employment for my weary hours. Day after day in summer I used to row Eddie over the waters, now dragging my net for fish, now idly floating for hours from wave to wave.

"Three years went by in this manner. and though I had learned to love my solitude, I began to think of leaving this coast for some inland town in order to give my boy, who had begun to manifest a fondness for books and to ask questions about the world, the privileges of schools and association with children of his years, when suddenly the blow was struck which left me sere, withered, old before my time." And the old man buried his face in his hands, while memory went back into his past.

"But I must tell you how Eddie died," he went on after recovering himself. "That summer, a gentleman who had been traveling through Maine, and found his way to this then unfrequented beach, left with me for a few weeks his son, a pale, delicate boy, only three years Eddie's senior, in hopes that the bracing sea air would strengthen his fragile form. The gentleman, Mr. Eustace, was from the south, and had taken his boy north by advice of physicians—and leaving him here, he proposed returning for him when he should have finished the transaction of some business which took him down to St. John's. So I received the little fellow as Eddie's companion, and a happy time the two boys had, clambering over the rocks, and strolling down the smooth beach gathering shells and mosses.

"Eddie had never attempted going out in the boat unaccompanied by me, and so I had not thought it necessary to charge him against it; nor did I on that pleasant summer's afternoon when I left the lads playing on the bank down there where the boat lay, and turned my steps over to the village yonder to purchase some stores for my little family. The tide was just coming in as I left them—and I did not think that it might reach the boat and float it before my return,

for there had been a strong easterly wind lately, and the flow-tides never ran higher on this coast.

"When the afternoon had almost passed, and I was on my homeward way, I noticed a small cloud, scarcely bigger than a man's hand, which grew rapidly till it overspread the heavens. My practised eye saw that a sudden storm was rising, and I hurried on, remembering how alarmed the two boys might be at finding themselves alone in a tempest. The rain came down in torrents before I got in sight of my home, but I hurried on, passing the bank where my boat had been drawn up, scarcely glancing that way for thinking of the boys. I entered the house—they were not there. I ran down to the little grotto under the ledge, where they often played, but there I did not find them. I called aloud, but no answer!

"A sudden thought struck me. The boat! In an instant I gained the bank. God of heaven, the boat was missing! I thought I should go mad. I called aloud, I shrieked till I was hoarse, calling their names. But the wind and thunder only hurled them back to my lips again. The tempest still raged as the night fell. I could not enter my house—I could not leave the beach to summon any of the villagers—and all night long I paced to and fro, now cursing my folly in leaving those two children together—now moaning feebly in my anguish. I had no other boat to try the billows, or I should have put out in night and darkness in mad quest of them. So, all that terrible night I heard but the roar of the raging breakers beating against the shore.

"Morning came, and I was prepared for the sight. With the incoming tide, along with great drifts of tangled seawood, came fragments of children's clothing; a torn straw hat, the boat oars, and by and by the boat came drifting in, upturned and empty. Later, when the storm had wholly died away, and the sun shone in mockery in the clear blue sky, and when a few men come down from the village to see the effects of the hide tides, then, while we watched and waited together, the two boys were cast upon the beach, pale, drowned, with sweet smiles on their dead faces, locked in each other's arms.

"The current that always boils round the outmost point of yonder ledge"—pointing away to the high reef that projected out into the sea, now faintly seen by the moonbeams struggling through the rifted clouds, for the shower had passed—"that current never beat so madly, as my heart against the decree of my Maker, when the sympathizing village neighbors bore my Eddie in their arms down to my cabin. It was dreadful! I could have died; I prayed aloud for death, but it was not granted.

"After that came calmness. Another father had been bereaved—I was not alone in my terrible sorrow. When Mr. Eustace came, what answer had I to make to his query for his boy? None, save to lead him to the little grave on the hillock behind the ledge, where, in one coffin, we had buried both the drowned boys. They had closed their eyes clasped in each other's arms—they slept together. But Mr. Eustace's grief was not so violent as my own. The bolt had entered his heart, but he was a silent, reserved man, and he did not speak his sorrow. Yet, when that night of anguish succeeding the knowledge of his boy's death, had bleached his raven hair white as our winter's snow, I knew he had suffered terribly. He did not blame me, and when I cast blame on myself he silenced me, saying, 'God took them.' But we went together and wept over their graves. For more than twenty years the grass has grown there, and I have watched and tended their sleeping-place. This is my home now. I have never had desire to leave it. I shall die here. And every summer until this, has Mr. Eustace come north to visit his child's grave. He always spent one day and night in my cabin—then returned to his home again. He was a rich and honored man, but he told me last year he would have given all his possessions for the life of his only son.

"'Perhaps I shall never make this journey again,' said he to me then, 'for I am growing old and feeble, but you will never forget to plant the spring flowers over my Robert's little grave.' His prophecy was true. He died last winter in his southern home. And I know I shall soon go the same journey," continued the old man, after a pause. "There is a wider ocean than yonder, we must all cross. Some set sail earlier, others later, and all will meet at last on the further shore. In my dreams I always see Eddie standing there waiting for me. I dreamed of him last night—I may see him soon. I like to talk about him when I find such a listener as you. Pardon me, if I have wearied you. The storm is over and I will

go. Good-night." And old Jerry gave me his hard, horny hand a moment, then turned away.

One by one the group had left the piazza, and I was the last who walked through the deserted hall and up the staircase to my room, and long after midnight I lay and listened to the roar of the deep and the wash of the waters on the beach below; and when at last I fell asleep, it was to dream brokenly of the two fair-haired boys, who had been tempted out upon the treacherous waves to meet their fate, and had been cast upon the sands locked in each other's arms.

Early the next morning there was a stir in the hotel—feet hurrying to and fro through the halls, and little knots of people hastening down to the beach. I hastily descended, feeling assured that something unusual had occurred. Yes, something strange it was, and sad, too! for an early fisherman had discoverd prone and senseless on the sands where he had fallen, the form of old Jerry. There in the night-time had he fallen—there they found him, cold, pale, dead, but with the same sweet smile on his face he had worn when he gave me his hand at parting.

His passage across the dim ocean of death had been a brief one, and he had joined his boy on the other shore. They buried him there on the hillock, beside the tiny mound made twenty years before, and not one of the sojourners at the hotel but followed him to his resting-place and dropped a tear upon those graves.

A SINGULAR LAWSUIT.

A STORY OF HUMBLE LIFE.

JEAN RENARD was a poor tiler of Grenouilleville who had a wife and two children. Jean was no advocate of polygamy. He found one wife quite enough, for La Louise, as she was called, often led him a hard life.

Jean worked with a will from morning till night; he was full of courage and strength, and yet, in spite of all the hours he spent on the roofs in company with lovelorn cats, he barely managed to eke out a living.

"The two youngsters, their mother and me," said he, "that makes four, and four stomachs to fill is not a small affair; it means: to work, Jean!"

And work he did, poor man, and yet never knew what it meant to have a few spare coins laid by in the corner of a drawer.

The winter of 1879, 1880, cruelly rigorous, as will be remembered, taxed the slater rudely. No work to be had; to warm his blood he was obliged, from time to time, to whip his arms back and forth; but work also would have kept his blood in circulation, and in addition would have brought in coins for dinners and breakfasts.

Often, at this time, Jean Renard looked up at the high steeple of the old church of Grenouilleville. In many places the ruined slates had fallen away piece by piece. What a lot of work there was to be done on that spire!

Of course it was dangerous work. Jean knew that, but he knew his trade, too.

Long ago, also, the cock that perched on the summit of this spire had been blown down during a storm. The cure had often been asked by his people to reinstate the cock in his high station, and had always replied that he asked nothing better, if he could manage to do so without its costing him anything.

Jean Renard had an inspiration: "Suppose I propose to the cure to put back his cock for nothing, if he will give me the work that is to be done on the steeple."

But the cure was a miser, and he replied that it made no difference to him if the steeple was leaky, as he did not sleep there.

"Repair as much as you want to," said he to Jean, "but I will not give you a cent."

The slater found this too little, and gave up the affair, keeping, however, a grudge against the cure.

At about this epoch there was a change in the mayorality of Grenouilleville. The new magistrate inaugurated his rule by asking the cure to repaint the flag, covered with rust, which crowned the steeple.

"But, Monsieur le Maire," objected the

cure, "you do not ask me if I have the money to pay for this work."

"Do not bother yourself about that, Monsieur le Cure," replied the mayor; "have the flag repainted, and the municipality shall pay."

"Very well, then, since you wish it," replied the cure, none too happy at seeing the national colors float over his steeple.

True to his principles the cure beat down the price, franc by franc, in making his bargain with Jean Renard; and when it was concluded, the priest added: "And it is well understood that putting back the cock is included in the bargain."

"Oh, no," said Jean, "that is not understood at all. That, you know, sir, doubles the labor; and also, the cock has to be put much higher than I mount to paint the flag. Placing the cock is a perilous job—so perilous that it is my life you are asking me to risk for nothing. No."

"Yes, my friend," said the cure, with an unctuous smile; "you will do that for the love of God."

"Do you say masses for the love of God, Monsieur le Cure? I consent to replace the cock, but you will add fifty francs to your price; it is worth that."

"Fifty francs!" cried the priest. "The deuce I will! How you run on! See here, Jean, once you are up there, it won't be much of an effort to go a few steps higher."

"But if misfortune befalls me, do you think you, for the love of God, will care for and bring up my children?"

"Come! come! No more talking. I'll give you ten francs."

"Ah, Monsieur Le Cure, you take advantage of my poverty. You know I must earn a living, and so you get the better of me. In short, I accept for ten francs more."

The cure, delighted at his success, spread the good news through the town. At last the cock was going to be in place once more!

It was December, and the bad weather still persisted. Jean, therefore, was forced to wait several days before undertaking his dangerous ascent. At length the rain ceased; by night the clouds had gone, and next morning all the roofs were covered with frost.

"Clear weather," says the slater. "I can go to work to-day."

All the good folks of Grenouilleville were assembled in front of the church, in the large square, to see Jean Renard hoist himself to the top of the steeple. He had in his belt three bottles containing red and white paints for the flag, and to his back was attached the cock, resplendent in new gilding. He entered the church to pass by a window at the base of the spire.

When he appeared, throwing one of his ropes over the first hook of the steeple, there was a murmur of consternation from the watching crowd; but terror became paroxysm when Jean, near the middle of his ascent, almost lost his equilibrium by the breaking of an iron eaten by rust. The upturned faces were pale with emotion, but the dexterous slater quickly grasped a higher hook.

Nevertheless, he was long in mounting. It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when he touched the base of the cross at the top of the steeple. He lashed himself fast thereto, feet and body, and began his first work—the painting of the flag. In about half an hour cheers and applause broke from the crowd; the national colors floated over the steeple.

The hardest part, though, was yet to be done; the cock had to go up. Two feet more to mount; and to crown the danger, it was the cross that had to be climbed, that is to say, a mere bar of iron.

In December it is soon night; already the watchers saw but a faintly outlined form amid the mists of twilight, and they began to grow uneasy. How would poor Jean manage now? He could no longer see to work, and was now in greater danger than ever.

Suddenly a small light showed in the darkening night. Jean Renard, being a careful man, had thought to carry with him a candle. Soon nothing more could be seen but that tiny light, gleaming on high like a star lost in the clouds, and the anxious croud began to disperse. Jean continued working.

On the morrow, at dawn, the early risers of Grenouilleville saw a frightful sight.

Jean Renard hung head downwards from the top of the steeple, his feet still held by his ropes.

The unfortunate man had doubtless lost his balance, and in falling his work apron had turned backward, thus concealing his face. He no longer moved; dead, probably, some hours since.

The cure, who was at once apprised, expressed his sentiments in intolerable form:—

"Unlucky fellow! Well, at least he had put back the cock!"

"Yes," was replied, "but we cannot leave the copse up there; it must be got down."

"That is true," said the priest; "it must be brought down, but who will do it?"

"That, Monsieur le Cure, is your business. Get workmen from the city, if you must, at no matter what cost; the body of Jean Renard must not remain up there."

Get workman from the city—that was very expensive, and the cure hesitated, but it had to be done. Just then it was learned in the village that the priest had pushed his avarice to the point of trying to get his weather-cock repaired for nothing, the feelings of aversion for him developed in the breasts of his parishioners.

A subscription was opened for the orphans of the tiler, and the same day a hundred francs were paid in; little, but the people of Grenouilleville were not rich. A man had gone to the city, but they asked two hundred francs, and the cure found that ridiculously exorbitant. So the next day, the corpse being still suspended from the steeple, funeral ceremonies were held in front of the great church door, draped for the occasion; and all Grenouilleville joined in the last prayers for Jean Renard.

But to inter the body, it had to be got down from its lofty perch. The fellow-citizens of the slater this time showed great decision. They would have the body and if necessary, would force the cure himself to go and get it.

When that person left the church, he found himself confronted by a threatening crowd.

"No, Monsieur le Cure. He shall not stay up there; it is an outrage!"

"You shall go yourself since you refuse to pay some one else to go;" and already the most audacious, the anticlerical faction, pushed the cure backward toward the church.

Thoroughly alarmed, he at length exclaimed:

"It is impossible; I do not know how to climb on roofs. I'll pay! I'll pay!"

"They asked two hundred francs to come from the city," cried the men on all sides.

"Oh!—but I'll give them!"

"Stop!" cried a voice. "I'll do the job for a hundred francs;" and a man forced his way toward the cure, through the amazed villagers.

"Jean Renard!" burst from their lips.

It was indeed Jean. He explained in a few words how he had planned to trick the cure, who meant to get the better of him. After his work was finished, he came down, entered the bell tower, and dressed a wooden figure in his clothes; he then remounted and hung his effigy from the steeple.

But effigy or not, it was a dishonor to Grenouilleville, suspended from their church spire, and must remain there no longer.

Jean Renard climbed up and unhooked the supposititious corpse, which fell upon the square beneath, amid general cheers and laughter.

The cure thus got the worst of the bargain; his money, after all paid for the weather-cock.

This is not the end of the matter however.

"I gave Jean Renard a first-class funeral service," thought the cure, "and he shall pay for it."

He then began suit against the slater, who, naturally, refused to pay.

"I did not ask you for burial service, Monsieur le Cure."

"None asks that, my son, and yet all finish that way. You were thought dead"——

"But I was not, happily; and also, in that case, it is never the customers who pay. Carry your bill to my heirs."

"To your heirs! You have none since you are not dead."

"Then why did you bury me?"

"But, unhappy man, I prayed for the salvation of your soul!"

"The salvation of my soul!" Pray for the salvation of your own, for I am not sure that I have a soul."

"Heretic!" murmured the priest.

"The cause is heard," said, in his turn, the justice of the peace, who gave judgment as follows:—

"Considering that Jean Renard tricked the cure, but that the cure had first tricked Jean Renard;

"Considering that the trade of a priest is to pray for the salvation of souls, as it is that of slaters to set up weather-cocks;

"But, whereas the slater could no more have set up a weather-cock that had not fallen down, than the cure could pray for the salvation of a soul that was not in peril;

"Whereas, finally, Jean Renard affirms that he has no soul, and in that case no use for prayers;

"We, therefore, reject the suit of the Cure de Grenouilleville, and do condemn him to pay the costs thereof."

And all Grenouilleville laughs yet.

The cure's money was put to good use by Jean Renard. He no longer climbs steeples. He lives by the seaside now, from whence he frequently sends me a basket of fine oysters.

So I owed him this story.

TREED BY WILD BOARS.

IN Central America there is a species of wild pig of the large wild boar breed called *Javalino*. These creatures are savage, gregarious in their habits, and if one of their number is injured by a hunter, they gather and proceed to take summary vengeance. They fear neither man nor beast. George Byam thus recounts an experience he once had with the *Javalino*. He was one day hunting alone on foot, with a double-barrelled smooth bore, one barrel loaded with ball, the other with number two shot, in a rather open wood, when a large boar made his appearance about sixty yards off, and, not seeing any of his comrades, Byam let fly the ball-barrel at him, and tumbled him over.

The old fellow gave a fierce grunt or two as he lay, and a large herd of these boars and sows immediately rushed out of some thicker underwood behind him, and, after looking a few seconds at the fallen beast, made a dash at me.

But they were a trifle too late, for, on first catching sight of them I ran to a tree, cut up it for life, and had only just scrambled into some diverging branches about ten feet from the ground, when the whole herd arrived, grunting and squealing, at the foot of the tree.

It was the first time I had ever been treed, and I could not help laughing at the ridiculous figure I must have cut, chased up a tree by a drove of pigs; but it soon turned out no laughing matter, for their patience was not as I expected, soon exhausted.

No, they settled down about the tree, about twenty yards distant, and kept looking up at me with their twinkling eyes, as much as to say: "We'll have you yet."

Having made up my mind that a regular siege was intended, I began, as an old soldier, to examine the state and resources of the fortress, also the chance of relief from without.

The defences consisted of four diverging branches that afforded a safe asylum to the garrison, provided it was watchful and did not go to sleep.

Unfortunately, I had only a few charges of shot and two balls. As to relief from without, it was hardly to be expected, although a broad trail ran about a half a mile from my perch; and as for a sally, it was out of the question. So I made myself as comfortable as I could, and sat watching the brutes wondering when they would get tired of watching me.

But hour after hour elapsed, and as there seemed no chance of the pigs losing patience, of course I began to lose mine. They never stirred, except one or two would now and then go and take a look at his dead comrade, and return grunting, as if he had freshened up his thirst for revenge.

All at once it occurred to me that though I could not spare any lead, but must keep it for emergencies, yet as powder and caps were in abundance, it would be a good plan, to fire off powder alone every few minutes, and follow each shot with a loud shout, which is a general signal for assistance.

As one barrel was still loaded with shot, I picked out a most vicious old boar, which was just returning from a visit to his fallen friend, grunting and looking up at me in the tree, and gave him the whole charge, at about twenty yards off, in the middle of his face.

This succeeded beyond my expectation, for he turned round and galloped away as hard as he could, making a most horrible grunting; and though the rest, when they heard the shot, charged up to the foot of the tree, yet the outcry of the old boar drew them all from the tree, and away the whole herd went after him.

Remaining up the tree for several minutes, until all was quiet, I loaded both barrels very carefully with ball, and slipping down to the ground, ran away as fast as my legs could carry me.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS' STORY-TELLER.

LITTLE STRIX THE SCREECHER.

BY KIT CARSON, JR.

IT was towards the last of March. We were making maple sugar over in the "Bradbury lot." It was "court week," and father had gone. He and old Deacon Stetson had been having a little difficulty about the line fence; the deacon wouldn't build his half, and father was trying to make him. So Will, and Tom, and I were in the business alone. There had been an excellent run of sap, as there always is when the mornings are cold and frosty and the days warm. We had four large kettles, hung on the "lug-pole" over our stone arch, and kept them boiling from daylight till dark.

Some folks talk as if it were nothing but fun to make sap-sugar. That's all nonsense! It's the very hardest kind of work. We used to get so tired with lugging sap through the soft snow, cutting wood, and standing over the smoky, steaming fires, that we could scarcely get to the house when night came. We enjoyed it though, for the rewards were sweet, and further up the ridge the Edwards boys were making, too; so we used to halloo back and forth. We did a little the biggest business, I think, though they were always bragging how much they had boiled down the day before.

We had driven hard all the week, and now night was coming on, with two barrels of sap still on hand. It was Saturday night, too, and it would all sour before Monday. Father had left word to get it all "turned in" Saturday night, and we had done our best, but it had been an unusually heavy run. About six o'clock the Edwards boys came down past us, drawing their syrup on a sled. They had got theirs done early, and laughed a little at the fix we were in.

"What's to be done?" said I, as they passed on, leaving us alone.

"Let's put it all in somehow," said Will.

"But it will take till midnight!" exclaimed Tom, looking wistfully after the Edwardses.

"Let it take till midnight, then," replied Will. "But, look here, Tom, you'd better go over and do the chores; you can go along with the Edwards boys, and tell them, if they ask you, that we are going to finish ours anyhow."

Tom ran off after them; he was glad to have company; it was nearly a mile to the house, and all the way through the woods; and he was younger than Will and I. So we staid to finish boiling. The wood was cut; all we had to do was to tend the four kettles. It came on dark, and by and by grew very dark, for it was cloudy. How bright the fire looked, while all around it seemed a black wall. We piled in the wood; and now and then we would throw a blazing brand off into the darkness, to keep off, as Will said, the "lucivees." They call the Canada lynx a lucivee. There were lots of them about; we didn't get sight of them very often, but saw by the tracks mornings where they had come up pretty near the fire the night before, to see us. We were not much afraid of them, though, for they rarely touch any one, for all they are such fierce-looking chaps. But as it grew late, and was so very dark, we began to feel more scary than usual.

There was a story going the rounds just then of a catamount's being in the vicinity, that leaped twenty-five feet from tree to tree. Everybody phooed at it; but it is one thing to phoo at such a story, and quite another to keep it out of your mind when you're off in the night!

It had got to be about eleven o'clock, I think; we had just turned the last of the cold sap into the "heater," when all at once there came a most unearthly scream, a long lonely screech, so near and startling that we almost jumped into the kettles.

"Oh! it's that catamount!" whispered Will; and ere he could say it, there came another cry, seemingly from the treetops overhead. "He's watching us! he'll spring down! Let's get behind the kettles!" exclaimed Will, breathlessly. And together we crouched on the further side of the arch, almost into the fire, amid the steam-clouds which gushed up from the boiling syrup.

Screech after screech followed, as we lay there trembling, expecting every moment to see the terrible form of the catamount shoot down from the dark treetops. I don't know how long we endured it, but it seemed an age. We began to get provoked in our suspense.

"By gracious, Jed!" exclaimed Will, at last. "Swallowed or not, I'll not lie here. I'm going to have a look at him."

Some long poles were within reach, and a plenty of birch bark, such as we kindled the fires with. Will lighted a piece, and fixing it on the end of a pole, thrust it slowly upward. Slowly it rose, lighting up the branches. And lo! upon the limb of a great maple, standing near, stood a little screech-owl! one of the genuine shrieking sort. Any one who has ever heard one will not wonder that we took it for something bigger.

I don't know whether we felt more glad or mad; but we certainly felt relieved. He bristled up at the torch, and shrieked again.

"Oh, that's played out!" cried Will. "Your little game's up now. You've had your day, now it's our turn. Here, Jed, take the torch and hold it before his eyes; the light bothers him. Blind him with it. I'll take another pole and knock him down."

I put the torch up within a few feet of him, and Will gave him a wack on his great round head that brought him tumbling down.

"Little scamp!" cried Will. "Chuck him under the kettles."

I caught him up, as he lay fluttering on the snow, but he instantly set his sharp talons into the palm of my hand. I had on a thick sheepskin mitten, but they went right through that, and scratched my hand pretty deep. I got my hand out of the mitten; he held on to it, however, in spite of all the choking I could give him. I didn't want to burn up my mitten, and while we were trying to get it out of his claws, it occurred to us to keep him a while. So "getting the mitten" proved his salvation, as it has many a chap's before him.

I tied my old pocket-handkerchief over his head; then we tied his legs, and laid him down to wait our motions. We didn't hear any more catamounts that night! While we were fooling with him, the kettles "went over" and put out the fire. We never finished boiling till three o'clock in the morning, and it was an hour later when we got to the house. Mother had worried and worried; she and Tom were just starting off after us. The owl explained the delay. We threw him into the woodhouse chamber to pass the remainder of the night, and get over his headache as he might. We didn't think him entitled to much clemency or consideration. I think we didn't get up very early Sunday morning.

During the day the Edwards boys came in to hear how we came out with our night job. Their older brother Addison, then at home on a vacation, came with them. Of course, we told them of the owl, omitting the part behind the kettles. They wanted to see him, so we brought him down and took the handkerchief off his head, at which he rolled his great yellow eyes around in much amazement.

"Oh, ho!" said Addison; "a little Strix, *flammea*." I think he said *flammea*. I know 'twas Strix, for after that we always called him "Little Strix the Screecher."

All through the spring we kept him in that old chamber a prisoner. It was a great place for mice, and he was a great mouser in his way; so he managed to pick up a very fair living, probably. We made no use of the chamber; and after the first few days nobody went near him, or ever troubled themselves about his wants. If he had starved, nobody would have cared. He had no friends; he didn't begin right. Rain and snow used to beat through the roof, and if he found any necessity for drink he took what came through the cracks, and made much of it.

He didn't allow us to entirely forget him, however; for such hootings and dismal cries as used occasionally to proceed from his lodgings, would have got the place the name of being haunted, from any one not in the secret.

After the warm weather began, in June, we opened the window, thus giving him liberty to go or stay. He choose to stay; he had got wonted to the place and liked it. His method of life was to mope all day under the eaves, in the darkest corner, and sally out nights for food. Just after nightfall we would hear him begin to hoot and screech, and in a few minutes he would make his appearance on the window sill, roll his eyes, flap his wings, and give a few extra hoots. After these preliminaries he would launch out, and flit in noiseless cir-

cles around the buildings, catching a bat or two, by way of putting an edge to his appetite, then start off on a regular hunt.

On one or two occasions we gave him a big dinner of mice and "chipmunks." Instead of tearing them in pieces, and eating in a sensible way, like a hawk or a crow, he just opened his big mouth and gobbled them down at one gulp. But he always fared the worse for such bolting, for an hour or so after he would have a sick stomach, and then up would come all the skins and bones in little balls. The floor of his house was covered with these dried pellets.

One night a cat, belonging to one of the neighbors, made him a call just as he was coming out on his evening rambles. We did not see the fight that followed, but hearing a most outrageous uproar, ran out in time to see the strange cat leap down from his window, closely pursued by Strix, with hoots of triumph.

After that he was down on cats, and would not allow one on his roof or in the yard by night. Perhaps he was jealous of their musical powers! No need of that, though; he was far ahead of them.

About the middle of September he disappeared suddenly. We never knew what became of him. But Addison Edwards and one of his college friends were in the neighborhood then, shooting birds to stuff for their "collection;" and Will thinks that's what became of Strix. I should like to see their collection. It would be just like Add to have done it; but we never knew.

THE LITTLE WOODCUTTER.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

THE pretty little shepherdesses smiled upon Hans as sweetly as ever, as he met them on their way to the hills, guiding their snowy flocks, and it was as bonny a morning as ever dawned upon the earth. The wild, crimson roses peeped everywhere out of the hedges, the daisies were spread like a rosy-white mist over all the fields, and the birds sang as if the world were new, and had never known anything but joy. But nothing seemed bright or merry to poor Hans, the little woodcutter.

Blithe farmer lads went whistling merrily to their toil, over the dew; cheery faces peeped out at him from cottage doors; rosy lasses, filling their pitchers at the wayside well, gave him merry greeting as he passed, but Hans could scarcely smile or speak, his heart was so heavy within him.

Two years ago, there had not been a blither lad in the whole village, and so bonny and well-clad! The village maidens were proud to dance with him at the May-day fair; the village matrons flattered and caressed him, and he wore as gay a holiday suit as the gayest of them all. But now all had changed. Hans was pale and haggard; his clothes were little better than a heap of rags. He was seen no more at the merry May fairs, nor at any of the village festivals. The cottage where he had lived so happily with his parents was tenanted by strangers now, and father and mother were both asleep in the village churchyard. Hans wished that he were sleeping there, too, for he was subjected to the most cruel treatment, having been left to the mercy of a wicked, miserly old uncle, who forced him to work like a slave, giving him almost impossible tasks to perform, and scarcely food enough to keep him alive.

Hans was a willing and industrious lad, and a brave one, too, as one might find in a day's journey. He had endured much, and hoped for brighter things; but now he felt completely crushed. His strength failed with his spirits, and, sick of heart and body, he dragged his limbs wearily over the pleasant green path to the woods. He knew that he must fail to perform his task to-day, for, yesterday, though he had no larger pile of wood to cut, and was stronger than to-day, in spite of all his weary efforts, two great logs remained uncut at night, and he was deprived of his usual scanty supper, and was forced to lie upon the hard floor, without pillow or coverlid, on that account, and if he failed to-day, his uncle had threatened him with a more severe punishment still.

Well, he would do all he could; but his

arms were small, and the axe was heavy, and the wood so hard. He wished that he were a shepherd lad, with nothing to do all day but watch his flocks on the breezy hills; or one of the farmer lads who were reaping golden barley in a field near by. And, oh, if he had only a pleasant home to go to when the day was over, and kindly voices to greet him, he thought he could bear any toil!

Sometimes he thought he would run away to the city, and find something to do there, but it was very, very far away, over the blue hills. Hans hardly knew in what direction, and his feet were bare, and the roads were stony and hard, and Hans had no money.

It was a pretty spot where Hans worked—an opening at the dusky heart of an old wood. The sunlight came in like some good angel, where the trees had been felled, and ran down the shady ways, and touched the dimpled brooks, and kissed the pallid little flowers, which had never known anything but twilight before, until they blushed, and held up their drooping heads cheerily. And the birds sang more sweetly here than anywhere else, all the day long. Hans thought they must be singing so on purpose to cheer him as he toiled, and in past days they had lent a thrill of hope to his heart, but now he scarcely heeded them.

The day wore on, and noon came, hot and sultry, but Hans could not stop to rest. He heard the great farm bells in the distance ringing for dinner, and the farmers dropped their scythes, and wiped their brows, and wended their way homeward. Even the birds rested a while in the cool leaves; but the ring of Hans's axe never ceased a moment, until the afternoon was well spent. Then his strength failed entirely, and but little more than half of the great pile was cut. He sat down on a mossy log, and, covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly. Who in the whole world, he thought, was as wretched as he?

It was very still in the woods; there was not wind enough to stir a leaf. The birds were saying good-night to each other, very softly, down in the dim aisles. It was growing towards evening, but it was June weather, when the sunbeams linger very long at the evening's gate, and where Hans sat in the opening it was still the fullest daylight. Hans was suddenly aroused by a silky rustle in the brake, like hurried footfalls over the leaves, and, lifting his head, and looking this way and that, he espied, in a moment, emerging from the shadow, a queer little being, riding a tiny white palfrey. He was dressed like a huntsman, in a green jacket, and a cap with a white owl's feather. His saddle and briddle were glittering with gems almost bright enough to put one's eyes out, and the tiny whip he carried in his hand had a jewelled handle.

Hans thought that the hoofs of the little white palfrey must be sented, for wherever they stepped, a subtle, sleepy fragrance arose, and, what was more wonderful, the flowers crushed by them arose fairer and more perfect again, as if by magic.

Up rode the tiny huntsman, and Hans doffed his cap politely, but scarcely daring to breathe for fear, for he knew that he must be one of the fairy race, and, though he knew them to be good little people, he felt a strange awe of them.

"Why do you not finish your work, Hans?" asked he, in a tone both quick and sharp, but clear as a mountain echo.

"Alas!" answered Hans, tremblingly; "I am so weary that my arms will not wield the axe any longer!"

"And why did you toil until you were so weary?" questioned he again.

And Hans's tears began to flow afresh, as he told the story, and the little huntsman flourished his whip furiously, all the while, as if he were threatening some imaginary enemy, and looking at Hans out of his keen little eyes—whether pleasantly or fiercely, he was at a loss to know, they had such a strange expression.

"Well," said he, after Hans had finished, "cut one more tree—that old gnarled one at your left, with the silvery bark—and if it doesn't scatter golden chips, I am mistaken! Gather them all up carefully, and sleep in the woods to-night; to-morrow morning steal away early and go to the city, and your fortune is made."

Hans thanked him as well as he knew how, though he waited to hear but a word, but galloped away into the thick woods again, the white feather tossing in his cap, like a bird flying through the shadows, and a great troop of golden fire-flies following, and the flowers along the way spilled their dew, they courtesied so low as he passed along.

Hans felt as if he had been asleep and dreaming, but as soon as he recovered himself sufficiently, he lifted his axe, and pro-

ceeded to fell the old, gnarled tree at his left, as the little huntsman had directed. Something that he breathed in the air revived him wonderfully. His arm was strong, and his axe was sharp. But though the tree was so large, as he cut away, he found that it was hollow in the inside, and when it came down, something fell out of its roots, and scattered over the ground—something that jingled like coin! Hans gave one shrill scream of joy. The old tree did indeed scatter golden chips, for the green moss was thickly dotted with golden coins as with yellow stars in May! Great, shining things, that glittered and flashed in the starlight. He proceeded to gather them up, with his eager, trembling fingers, but it was no small task, for one rolled under a fallen leaf, and another under a clump of flowers, and others down into the ferny hollow; but at last he had found them all, and, tying them up in his handkerchief, he laid down on the soft moss and tried to sleep. But sleep would not come to him, his heart was so full of joy, and his head of bright plans for the future, and as soon as the first glimmering of dawn looked into the wood, he was up and away, and in a few days found himself in the great city, of which he had dreamed so much. And here he found friends, and, as the little huntsman assured him, his fortune was made. And he grew up to be not only a rich man, but a good man, kindly, charitable, just.

To-day he takes his little children upon his knee, and tells them the story of the little huntsman—a story which he would count a dream, if pieces of the solid golden coin did not prove it reality.

I believe that it was in this way. Some good angel, touched by the distress of the poor little boy, and knowing of this golden treasure in the hollow tree, hidden there, years and years ago, by a band of robbers who prowled about the woods, came in a dream, in the guise of a fairy, and told him where to find it.

POISONED ARROWS.

A TRAVELER thus describes an interview with an Indian regarding the making of poisoned arrows.

I explained to him what I wished to know, and without the slightest hesitation he said to the venerable arrow-maker:—

"Tell my brother all about the poisoned arrows."

"Well," said the old man, "first me take a bloated yellow rattlesnake in August, when he is most poisonous, and tie him with a forked stick to a stake; then we tease him until he is in a great rage. This is done by passing a switch over his body from his head to his tail. When he threshes the ground with his body and his eyes grow bright and sparkle like diamonds, we kill a deer, antelope, or some other small animal, and, tearing out the liver throw it to the snake while it is warm and the blood still coursing. The reptile will strike it again and again, and pretty soon it will begin to turn black. When he tires the snake is teased again and is induced to sink his fangs into the soft flesh until all the poison has been extracted from him and the liver is reeking with it. He is then killed and the liver lifted with a sharp pole, for so dangerous is it no one dares touch it. The liver is let lie for about an hour, when it will be almost jet-black and emit a sour smell. Arrows are then brought and their iron heads are pushed into the liver up to the shaft. They are left sticking there for about one hour and a half, when they are withdrawn and dried in the sun. A thin, glistening yellow scum adheres to the arrow, and if it but so much as touches raw flesh it is certain to poison it to death."

I asked if Indians still used poisoned arrows. "No," he replied, "no man, Indian or white man, for years past has been shot with these arrows, and they are no longer made."

HOME TOPICS.

WATER AS A MEDICINE.

The human body is constantly undergoing tissue change. Worn out particles are cast aside and eliminated from the system, while the new are ever being formed, from the inception of life to its close. Water has the power of increasing these tissue changes, which multiply the waste products, but at the same time they are renewed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides fresh nutriment.

Persons but little accustomed to drink water are liable to have the waste products formed faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease, which, if once firmly seated, requires both time and money to cure. People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in the imperfect secretion of wastes, which many times may be remedied by drinking a full tumbler of water before retiring. This very materially assists in the process during the night, and leaves the tissues fresh and strong, ready for the active work of the day.

Hot water is one of our best remedial agents. A hot bath on going to bed, even in the hot nights of summer, is a better reliever of insomnia than many drugs. Inflated parts will subside under the continued poulticing of real hot water. Very hot water, as we all know, is a prompt checker of bleeding, and besides, if it is clean, as it should be, it aids in sterilizing our wounds. A riotous stomach will nearly always gratefully receive a glass or more of hot water.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

BAKED FISH.—Take a piece of halibut weighing about four pounds. Dip the black skin in boiling water. Scrape, clean, and wash quickly in cold water. Place on a greased fish sheet, score the top and lay a narrow strip of salt pork in each cut; dredge well with salt, pepper, and flour. Cover the bottom of the pan with hot water, and cook for one hour, basting four times, the last time with melted butter, and dredge each time with salt, pepper, and flour. Serve with lobster sauce. Some cooks just wipe over the black skin of the fish and then cook. This should never be done, as the black skin gives a strong flavor to the meat.

LOBSTER SAUCE.—Remove the meat from a two-pound hen lobster. Cut the tenderest part of the claws into dice. Cook the rest of the meat in one quart of water one hour, reducing to one pint. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and pour on gradually the lobster liquor. Add one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, a few grains of cayenne, and the coral rubbed to a cream, with an equal amount of butter. Cook five minutes, strain, and add the lobster dice. If you cannot get a hen lobster, which are the ones containing coral, pound the tips of the small claws to a powder and use for coloring the sauce. The small white body bones may be boiled in with the lobster meat, and as much of the sweetest meat clings to the small bones an additional flavor will be obtained. The meat should be put on to boil in cold water.

SPANISH CAKE.—Cream one cup of butter, add slowly two cups of sugar and the yolks of four eggs, well beaten. Mix two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one tablespoonful of cinnamon with two and three-fourth cups of flour, add this alternately with one cup of milk, then the whites of four eggs, beaten stiff. Bake in shallow pans about thirty minutes. Spread with caramel frosting.

CARMEL FROSTING.—Boil together one cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of milk, and two squares of Baker's chocolate, cut fine, until it ropes. Add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat and spread quickly. Do not beat the eggs and let them stand. It is better to let the cake stand than the whites of the eggs. Beat very light, but not enough for them to fly from the beater. Mix cinnamon with the flour. The rule is to mix the dry materials with the dry.

Kumyss, a few years ago, was a favorite food for invalids, when at the proper stage of fermentation it was easily digested and assimilated by stomachs which refused to tolerate any other kind of nourishment. But the great trouble was to procure *Kumyss* which was uniform and reliable. It spoiled easily, could not be shipped in winter on account of cold, spoiled in summer from heat, and so fell into disuse.

Mr. Carnick, of Reed & Carnick, New York, has succeeded in making a powdered *Kumyss* which dissolved in water makes a delicious drink. It is a product of pure, sweet milk, can be readily transported in summer or winter and is ready for instant use. Mr. Carnick claims that in *Kumyss* prepared from KUMYSGEN fully thirty per cent of the casein is soluble, double the amount in ordinary *Kumyss*. Where a preparation of this kind is demanded it certainly has no equal.—*Medical Argus.*

CURIOUS AND OTHER MATTERS.

THE RUBY MINES OF BURMAH.

It is repeated from London that the Rothschilds are about to organize a company to work the great ruby mines of Burmah. This little patch of earth, having an area of only fifty square miles, was the one spot in his dominions which King Thebaw would never permit a white man to approach. Even under the rude native system of mining, Thebaw derived an income of $100,000 a year from the mines. After the fall of Mandelay, Indian troops were sent 100 miles north of that capital to take possession of the ruby district, which has since been leased to native miners, the income being used to help defray the cost of the British occupancy.

There have been loud complaints that the Government lost a chance to derive a large revenue from the mines when it declined Lord Dufferin's proposals to lease them to a syndicate. If the Rothschilds have now got a foothold there, it is certain that the new rulers of Burmah expect to make a good thing by granting a concession to the great capitalists.

The possibilities of the ruby mines of Burmah are yet to be ascertained. We know that the largest ruby ever found there was escorted from the king's palace to the river, on its way to Europe, by a military guard, and that it was sold in London for $100,000. The gems lie in a thin stratum from ten to thirty feet below the surface, and when this earth is lifted in rude buckets and spread on the ground myriads of small rubies glisten in the sun. Most of them are too small to be of value, and are thrust aside in the eager search for larger stones. Comparatively few rubies are found that, in color, size, and freedom from flaws, answer all the requirements of a first-class gem. But when such a stone is discovered, it is a treasure; and experts tell us that a three carat ruby of the best quality is worth eight or ten times as much as the finest diamond of the same weight. Most of the marketable Burmese rubies are imperfect, but they are among the finest in the world: indeed, we are told by dealers that large rubies of perfect color and flawless are almost unknown.

About 1,200 laborers are now engaged in the ruby district, hired by the well to-do villagers around these gem-laden hills to do the heavy work of mining. No machinery whatever is employed, and only the most primitive methods of mining are seen. Western energy, capital, and appliances will soon make a change there.

GUILLOTIN AND THE GUILLOTINE.—The popular errors have long existed concerning the history of the guillotine. Its invention has been credited to one Guillotin by name; and he is said to have lost his head in the machine. The second idea has so often been refuted that we need not further allude to it. With regard to the first, there are still doubts. Certainly Guillotin did not invent the destroying angel; a mechanically falling hatchet had been used during the two centuries proceeding its French adoption, by half the centuries of Europe, even by England. But did he revive it or propose its employment to his government? It is answered—No. One French writer denies him all participation in the questionable honor, and gives the sole credit of the proposal to the physician Louis, after whom the instrument was sometimes called *la petit-Louison;* while another party, wisely preferring a non-committal name, termed it the *coupe-tete*, which, by the way, was the nickname of a French judge of the Jeffery type. The reason for the revival of this disputation has been the question of the painlessness and momentary effectiveness of the falling knife's operation. It is asserted that Louis advocated its use upon humane and physiological grounds; he knew that the death thereby must cease at the moment when the sanguine connection between the heart and the brain is severed. And it was the humanity of the process that ultimately carried it in the Assembly; for the discussion on the point was long, and nearly terminated by the adoption of the gallows. Said the law reporter of the time (1791). "The penalty of death ought to be exempt from torture, and reduced to the simple privation of life; your committee think that decapitation is the nature of death which departs the least from the principle; death by hanging appears to be slower and consequently more cruel." That Louis was correct in his conclusions has been within the past month proved by two physicians who examined and experimented upon a victim's head directly it was severed, and found that the ear, the eye, and the nose were absolutely unimpressionable. The face exhibited no sign of pain; the impression on the countenance, with its open mouth and dull, staring eyes, was simply one of stupor.

NOW AND THEN.—"Live as long as you may," says Southey, "the first twenty years are the longest half of your life." It is a reflection so trite, as to be made by every living soul capable of that mental process yeleped thought, that one of childhood's days is equal in duration to five or six of man or womanhood's. Was the case the same, I marvel, with those giants in age that flourished and whithered before the flood?

Those unfortunates, on whom was inflicted the penance of a thousand years of labor and sorrow —did their earlier days spread and multiply in the same disproportionate fashion? Did they grow to maturity, I wonder, as soon as we do? Were they full grown at twenty, middle aged at fifty; and were their remaining eight or nine hundred winters devoted to old age? A land peopled with dotards! a world full of gray heads, and gouty feet, and age-palsied intellects. The alternative, though more probable, is *assez drole*, in its necessary and legitimate consequences. At a hundred years old, those ill-starred ones were still spinning tops and dressing dolls, if antediluvian dolls there were; at two or three hundred, they were making love, and getting into those scrapes to which hot-headed youth is liable; at five hundred they were thinking of settling down to the serious business of their lives. Were the memories of those ancients strengthened in proportion to the length of time they had to be exercised upon? Did they remember in the eighth or ninth century, what they said and did in their first and second, or were they in their later days oblivious of the actions and passions of their youth? Could a man in King George's reign have any very distinct recollection of what he was thinking about in King Alfred's?

A STRONG DIET.—One of the most popular fallacies is the idea that the consumption of a large amount of meat is necessary for health or to maintain strength. It is a fact well known that the strongest animals are vegetarians. No farmer would think of feeding his horses or oxen beefsteak or roast beef in order to add to their strength, even if this kind of food was as cheap as corn or grass. The elephant, the strongest of animals, is a vegetarian. The same is true of the human race. The gatherers of rubber-gum in South America travel all day among the mountains, penetrating dense forests, climbing among the most precipitious peaks, carrying all the time upon their shoulders, a load increasing in weight until it reaches one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds; yet they subsist upon a purely vegetable dietary, the chief articles of food being plantains and bananas. The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads, and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm-hand, lived on coarse brown bread. They were temperate in diet, and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day, and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onions, and water-melon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruits, such as limes, yet he walks off with a load of a hundred pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro, fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite of endurance.

SILENT MEN.—Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up, confused and abashed. In framing the constitution of the United State the labor was almost wholly performed in committee of the whole, of which George Washington was chairman. He spoke twice during the convention; but his words were so few that they could not fitly be termed speeches. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that, had it not been for his personal popularity and the sincerity with which he spoke, the constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He could not do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability was almost without a parellel, said that his greatest trouble was in finding men of deeds, rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience, when commander-in-chief of the army in Italy, he said, "By reserve." The greatness of a man is not to be measured by the length of his speeches or their number.

MARRIAGE IN ALBANIA.—Albanian marriage arrangements are very peculiar. When a damsel arrives at marriageable age, her parents publish the fact among their friends and acquaintances. Should no suitor come forward, it rests with her brothers to find one. A brother thus circumstanced will sometime come up to a male friend in the street and make the complimentary proposal then and there. "You are just the man I wanted to see"—thus goes the abrupt fromula on these occasion—"my sister is now fourteen years old; you must marry her." As etiquette forbids a plump refusal, the gentleman thus honored gives a sort of half-acquiescence, and then hurries off to instruct some old lady to act as go-between. Should he be satisfied with the report made, after due inquiry, by this adviser, the wedding is arranged; but not until the very last moment is the expectant bridgebroom allowed to see his future spouse, and then it would be contrary to the prescriptions of society for him to draw back, however unprepossessing she might prove to be. After the performance of the ceremony, a very curious piece of etiquette comes into play. Among Asiatic and uncivilized people generally it is the rule for the bride-elect to feign coyness; but among the Arnauts the bridegroom has to make his pretence. After the marriage-feast is over, and the newly-made wife has withdraw, her husband lingers behind; and not until he has been subjected to a variety of rough usage by her relatives are the prescriptions of etiquette considered to be sufficiently complied with to admit of his following the lady.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THINGS PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE.

A HAPPY MAN

'Tis come, the ever glorious Fourth
  And all our land rejoices!
From east and west, from south and north
  Rise patriotic voices.

To-day I am the happiest one
  In all the happy masses:
Amid the frolic sport and fun,
  My Fourth in quiet passes.

For me our viliant fathers signed
  Their deathless Declaration;
For they fought and bled to find
  The freedom of our nation.

Yet as the cannons thunder out,
  No jarring sounds annoy me;
And while the crowds applauding shout,
  Their tumult cannot cloy me.

I see, with an approving smile,
  The antics of the drummer,
Who pounds the drum in frantic style
  This torid day of summer.

I watch the speaker eloquent
  Who leads the celebration;
And wonder at the strength that's spent
  In wild gesticulation.

I smile to see the crackers flare,
  While boys display their ardor;
When two go off beneath my chair
  I only smile the harder.

Perhaps you think my tastes must be
  The strangest ever known, sir?
But then the reason is, you see,
  I'm deafer than a stone, sir!

—R. H. Titherington, in *Light*.

LIFE IN A FLAT.

The following "lay of real life," written by a correspondent to the *Buffalo Express*, gives evidence of the fact that she has known many of the terrors which exists in such places and does not speak merely from heresay:—

I know considerable about high life. I have lived in the second or third stories of desirable flats or modern houses since I was put into short dresses. I have viewed the world from exalted heights, especially when I hung clothes in the garrett on wash days, and I am prepared to say that although some people pay extra to live on the first floor, they miss the very richness of existence. Cream always rises to the top.

I have just moved out of apartments on the second story of a very narrow house. I think the architect who planned the building must have done it with one eye.

Its whole width accommodated the width of an apartment of ordinary size, so instead of the rooms branching off from one another in their usual convenient fashion, they had formed a procession in Indian file from the front elevation to the coal house. If you were in the kitchen you had to go through every room in order to get to the front room. You couldn't wander about that house—you could only go through it.

The family of which I am a proud and valued member is not a small one. Families in flats never are. You will realize the truth of this if you ever come to live on the floor underneath one of them.

One of the results of large families living in small flats is the folding bed. They lean against the wall, trying to look like a bookcase or a cabinet organ, but I can always tell them. When I see a piece of furniture looming up like a monument factory, with a kind of nothing in particular air about it, then I know it is a bed in disguise.

Our parlor was situated about midway down the line of rooms so as to connect with the front-stairs. Two of us girls had a folding bed in there. We used to arrange vases and photograph holders upon it during the daytime in our endeavors to conceal its identity. Every other room except the dining-room and culinary department was the station for a bed, and when we had company to stay all night we used to spread canvas cots in the back hall.

I used to hum a sweet little song about "Oh, put me in my little cot, mother!" but since affording accommodations for my visiting relatives by spending a few nights out in the back hall on a bier, with a tent roof for a tick, I have refrained from petitioning my mother to do any such thing.

It seems natural to those not accustomed to dressing-rooms to take off and put on their clothes in the bed-room, consequently we used to dress and undress all over the house. Any one by simply walking once through our flat in the dead of night could have fallen over enough wearing apparel to have set him up in the clothing business.

We never heard the outside front-door bell ring but its sound smote us with terror. We would fly from all parts of the house and congregate at the head of the stairs to hear if what we dreaded was true—that the caller was ours.

It often was. Then real earnest work began. One of us tore off her apron, tied her shoe, combed out her front hair and scoured her teeth preparatory to opening our then carefully closed door.

People coming up-stairs to see us always heard a loud crashing and sounds of flying feet, but after they knocked upon the cherry-stained panels all was still. We used to stop just where we happened to be when the knock came.

One cold winter's evening I stopped in a small clothes press, which opened into the parlor, and I was obliged to exisit there for two hours and a half while my sister talked to a man about the likelihood of finding ten varieties of orchids at Portage Falls.

One time when my basque was hanging on a doorknob in the kitchen, when I was in the front-room, and two callers in seal sacks were waiting me in the parlor, I had to hail our groceryman's errand boy as he was going by with a sack of flour and send him around into the kitchen with an order for my basque. I thought delivering basques would come rather natural to one used to carrying sacks. He brought it around to the front of the house all right, and I fished it up with a gilt cord of our mantel lambrequin.

Owing to the marriage of several of my sisters and the raising of the salaries of several of my brothers, we have fallen into the position where it seems incumbent upon us to live in the style which our income demands, and we have concluded to rent an entire house. From my long experience in flats I know that the ringing of a door-bell will always strike terror to my soul, and I know that I shall never entertain company without glancing uneasily at the sofa to see if we threw those stocking clear under, out of sight.

On the first Sunday in June of this year the sexton brought with him to the morning service his middle-aged maiden aunt, who was paying him a brief visit, and whose heir he hoped to be. By some unexplained accident he forgot all about the signal wire, and showed the aunt into the seat which he ordinarily occupied, and was obliged to take another seat on the opposite side of the aisle. Directly behind the aunt sat Deacon Brown, one of the pillars of the congregation—an aged man of the most unblemished character.

The minister had begun his sermon, and had just finished the exordium, when he felt thirsty and signaled for a glass of water. To his surprise, there was no answer made to the signal. Probably the maiden aunt was more surprised than was the minister, for as soon as she felt the soft pressure of the clamps, she started in great alarm, and, turning her head, gave the innocent deacon a look of indignant virtue. The latter betrayed no sign of guilt, but continued to gaze steadily at the pulpit with a peaceful and happy expression of face. Presently the minister, thinking that the sexton must have failed to understand the signal, pulled the wire again. The maiden aunt, with her cheeks glowing with rage, turned once more to the placid and unsuspecting deacon and whispered fiercely to him that "he had better behave himself or she'd let him know." The good man, thinking that a poor lunatic was in front of him, paid no attention to her remark, and in a few moments was once more wrapped in the sermon. By this time the minister, becoming extremely thirsty, gave the signal to the sexton to come to the pulpit. What was his horror to see, instead of the sexton, an infuriated maiden aunt rise to her feet and fall upon Deacon Brown, with her umbrella and an evident purpose of exterminating that inoffensive man.

Of course, the sexton rushed to the rescue and dragged his aunt away. Though the mystery of the clamps was subsequently explained to her, the explanation only turned her indignation from the deacon to the minister, who, she said, ought to be ashamed of himself, and deserved to be tarred and feathered. The upshot of the affair was that the sacred telegraph was removed, and the minister now preaches without water, and is completely cut off from his sexton during service.

MADE HIS WIFE A FAIR OFFER.—"Father," said the boy, as he came into the office, "I called on a delicate mission."

"Sit down," said the old man, going ahead with his writing.

"It is a delicate mission, father, and I trust you will give it the consideration it demands."

"This is my busy day, my boy," said the old man bowing his head deeper in the mess on the desk, "but I am always interested in my family."

"Thank you, father; it is indeed a pleasure to me. I was about to say, sir, that my business here to-day was of a delicate character."

"Is it, indeed, eh?" said the father, dipping his pen in the ink and scratching away for dear life. "James, I am glad to listen to you always."

"As you are such a busy man, father, I shall take as little of your time as possible. The fact is, father, the business of importance upon which I called is—is very important indeed. I want"——

"Go ahead, my son."

"To"——

"It is the way of the world, James."

"Yes, sir; to take you home to-night, sir, and introduce you to your family, father."

"What's that?" snorted the old man, looking up, suddenly.

"Business is so pressing these days; mother sits down for days and days together, and looks at your photograph; she wonders how you look

now; it is not a flattering picture; it was taken long before the war, but it is the best she has; would you mind, sir, stepping into the gallery on the way to lunch, and giving her a new sitting?"

The old man was touched. A glow came into his pallid face. It that instant he seemed to renew his youth. Business, yes, indeed, how it had carried him away. He brushed his hand over his eyes, and said:—

"James, one of the clerks is sick to-day. Run up and ask mother if she would not like to come down and work with me here this afternoon, getting out monthly statements to 14,000 customers."—*New York Recorder.*

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—Pig, in old-fashioned Scotch, was a term always used for a coarse earthen-ware jar or vessel. The story is well known of a good-natured chambermaid who said to an English lady who had lately arrived in Scotland for the first time in her life:—

"Would you like a het crock in your bed this cauld nicht, mem?"

"A what?" said the lady.

"A pig, mem. Shall I put a pig in your bed to keep you warm?"

"Leave the room, young woman! Your mistress shall hear of your insolence."

"Nae offence, I hope, mem. It was my mistress bade me ask, and I'm sure she meant it in kindness."

The lady looked Grizzy in the face and saw at a glance that no insult was intended, but she was quite at a loss how to account for the proposal. She was well aware that Irish children sleep with pigs on the earthern floor of their cabins, but this was something far more astonishing. Her curiosity was now aroused, and she said in a milder tone:—

"Is it common in this country, my girl, for ladies to have pigs in their beds?"

"And gentlemen hae them too, mem, when the weather's cauld."

"But you surely would not put the pig between the sheets?"

"If you please, mem, it will do you maist good there."

"Between the sheets! It would dirty them, girl. I could never sleep with a pig between the sheets."

"Never fear, mem! You'll sleep far mair comfortable. I'll steek the mouth o' 't tightly, and tie it up in a poke."

"Do you sleep with a pig yourself in cold weather?"

"No, mem; pigs are only for gentlefolks that lie on feather beds. I sleep on chaff (chaff in sacking) with my neighbor-lass."

"Calf? Do you sleep with a calf between you?" said the Cockney lady.

"No, mem; you're jokin' now," said Grizzy· "we lie on the top o' 't."

ON THE BRINK.—Mr. Slimpurse—"Of course I'll take you to the opera this evening if you wish it, my dear; but—er—it seemes to me as we're so soon to be married we ought to be thinking of selecting a home of some kind, and about the furniture and so on, you know."

Dear Girl—"Oh, my thoughts are occupied with the future constantly, and I am studying up all about how to make home pleasant; and I watch the ways of married ladies every time I go out. I saw three to-day going into an intelligence office, and it struck me at once that it was a much better plan than one going alone. One can always find friends in need of servants, you know, and we can just make up a little intelligence office party, you know, and all go together when we want new cooks, and chamber-maids, and butlers, and footmen, and"——

"But my dear, you said you could get along with one girl."

"Well, y-e-s, so I did; but I really can't see how we can manage with only one, though of, course I'm willing to try. And then there's another thing I've noticed. Married ladies have so many purchases to make, that instead of running around to all the stores in the neighborhood, they have the dealers send clerks around twice a day for orders. Isn't it cute!"

"Um—there'll be only two of us, and perhaps I can attend to the small household purchases."

"That wouldn't do, my dear. I haven't seen any gentlemen attending to such things. It's all done by clerks and orders—so simple, you know, and so satisfactory. It couldn't help being. By the way, Mrs. De Rich won't have a coachman with a beard, and I suppose we must follow the fashion, although it's a silly one."

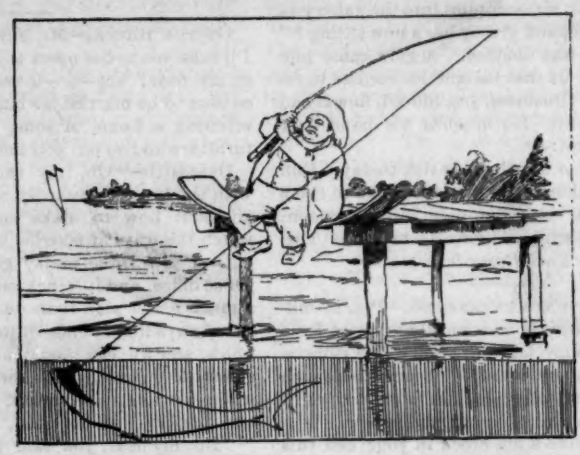
"Coachman, my dear? We can't keep a carriage."

"No, I forgot. Of course we can't. Not right off any way, because there'll be such a lot of furniture to buy, and you know everything will have to be real old antique, and that's awfully expensive. I've already picked out the parlor table. It is in the De Grabber collection, and was made for Louis XIV himself."

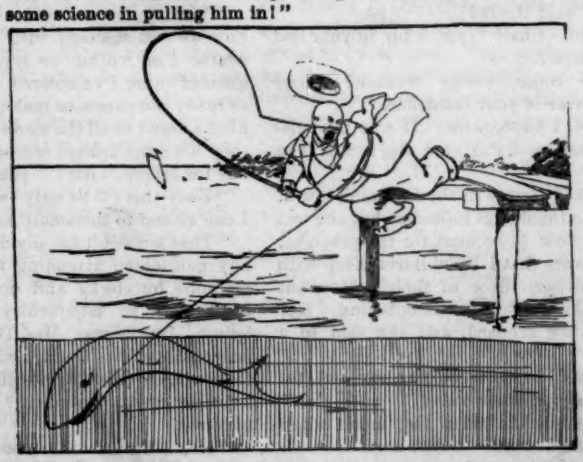
"Don't you think, my dear, that at the start a plainer table might do?"

"Oh, this is perfectly plain—it's startling in its simplicity. But my goodness, I forgot to tell you of the fashion for married ladies. It's too cunning for anything. It isn't in style to carry purses any more. All we take is one of those long slim, queer little books that you buy at banks, and pay everything by check. Isn't it sweet? And just think, you can get a book of fifty checks for ten cents."—*New York Weekly.*

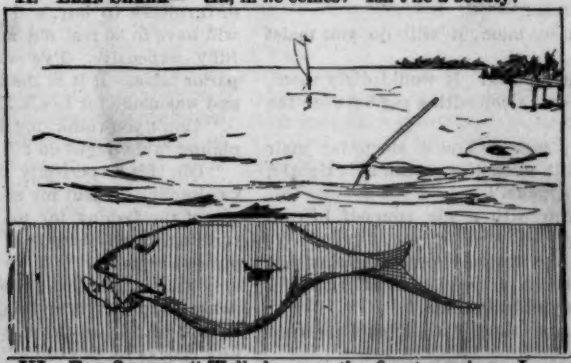
THE CATCHER CAUGHT.



I. Fat Fisherman—"Glory, I've got a bite at last! Now for some science in pulling him in!"



II. Lean Shark—"Ha, in he comes! Isn't he a beauty!"



III. Fat Shark—"Well, he was the finest specimen I ever caught."